F O R U M

VOL. LXXXII—No. 3

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*
EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

# Editorial FOREWORD

IN THIS ISSUE Bertrand Russell — British mathematician, educator, and social philosopher — inaugurates a very distinguished series of articles which will run continuously in THE FORUM for several months. Each article will be an independent exhibit in which one of the great figures in contemporary thought sets forth his own philosophy of life. The galaxy will include Albert Einstein, Irving Babbitt, John Dewey, Theodore Dreiser, Hu Shih, Dean Inge, Sir Arthur Keith, Robert A. Millikan, and Fridtjof Nansen. Each of these noteworthy men will interpret his own moral code or creed, which he has arrived at through years of experience and which seems to its author to be the most fruitful of happy and successful living. Every one of these great men is a pronounced individualist. Few of them would claim that their own philosophy has universal value for the rest of their fellow men. In making their views public, they do so simply as men who have lived in our perplexing age and have not been too baffled by its inconsistencies to give some definite direction to their lives, and who have thereby achieved at least a modicum of happiness and a considerable degree of success in what they have undertaken.

THE INDIVIDUALISM of these thinkers is a matter of supreme importance. It is not likely that any two of their philosophies will agree in fundamentals. For this reason, the problem which these articles will present to the thinking reader is a peculiarly modern one. It is the problem of exercising one's native intelligence upon all the cross currents of modern thought in order to isolate the principles upon which to build a sound individualism. This is the very central core of humanism, which is not so much a doctrine or an ordered philosophy in itself as a point of view, an attitude of critical and detached judgment which reasserts the supreme right of common sense to hold the middle of the road between the jostlings of specialists and technicians of every hue and color to right and left.

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# FORUM

## Next Month

### WHAT IT MEANS TO MARRY A PROTESTANT

*Thomas Quinn Beesley*

The controversy aroused by the article "What It Means to Marry a Catholic" brought loud demands for a reply. THE FORUM waited a long time for an adequate answer: this is it. Mr. Beesley is a Catholic who married a Protestant, and he goes at the problem of mixed marriages in the same vehement manner as did "One Who Did" — but from a very different point of view.

### MAY I ASK . . . ?

*James Truslow Adams*

Challenging a hoary dictum, Mr. Adams says that the symbol of America is not the dollar mark but the question mark — the sign of empty and hungry minds. With us the art of conversation consists in prodding a visitor with questions. In this he traces the frontier influence, which he thinks is still the determining factor in our civilization.

### WHAT I BELIEVE

*Fridtjof Nansen*

The arctic explorer outlines his philosophy of life — the philosophy of a modern Viking. It is an inspiring creed based on tolerance, good will, courage, and the determination to face reality and not be overwhelmed by it. This is the second in a series of intimate glimpses into the minds of great men of the present day.

### FREEDOM IN THE NEW SCHOOLS

*Edna Yost*

Observation has convinced Miss Yost that when little Harold is given complete freedom and encouraged to express his divine young self, he does so by whoops and yowls, and by attacks on the furniture and his playmates. In this article she relates with grim humor a number of harrowing experiences in the "new school" nurseries.

### WHITHER AMERICA?

*Walter B. Pitkin*

Another civil war is predicted; this time, between the bankers and the manufacturers. "Manufacturers as a whole are blessed with far better brains than bankers," says Mr. Pitkin. When they have wrested the affairs of state from the bankers, he believes, America may reasonably hope to become civilized.

### SHOULD ADULTS PLAY GOLF?

*Christopher Morley, "Chick" Evans, Nunnally Johnson, and others*

This weighty problem is the subject of THE FORUM's latest Socratic dialogue. Christopher Morley, who advocates weed-pulling as an outdoor sport, runs amuck among the golfers, laying them out to right and left. But "Chick" Evans swings a mean verbal mashie and scores with several birdies. The others pile on indiscriminately, adding to the general merriment.

### THE FALLACIES OF PROHIBITION

*Fabian Franklin*

A sharp analysis of the principles behind the prohibition amendment, exploding the sophistries of its defenders. A direct answer to the arguments put forward by Irving Fisher and F. Scott McBride in previous issues of THE FORUM.

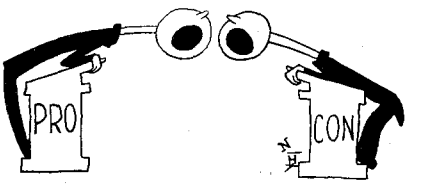
### DON JUAN

*André Maurois*

The third installment of the romantic biography of Byron, by the author of *Disraeli* and *Ariel: the Life of Shelley*.

## FOREWORD

***Continued***




IN EVERY PERIOD of human history there have always been a few men who dared in the name of reason to take issue with the specialists of their time, but it is something new under the sun to find any considerable number of ordinarily educated people who, while not united on any positive doctrine, are at least united in their refusal to be hoodwinked by a show of authority. This characteristic sets the present age apart from all that have gone before. Not that the race of suckers is extinct with us — far from it! — but that, even out of suckers, we are breeding a new tribe of fish that refuse to rise to every painted fly.

PERHAPS one example out of the past may indicate how far some of us have escaped from the primordial gullibility of the race. According to Christian tradition, Saul of Tarsus came by his personal philosophy in a very sudden and dramatic fashion: a flash of revelation is said to have struck him blind as he went along the road to Damascus, and this, we are told, not only supplied him with a new way of life, but, through him, eventually made Christians of us all. To a modern mind, which builds up its philosophy out of a slow and critical experience, this incident may seem to rank with the great fables and myths of antiquity. But to take this view is to give the great Apostle to the Gentiles less than his just due. Saul of Tarsus was a genius — a specialist in the field of religion, if you prefer — and a genius cannot be bound by the ordinary laws of human behavior. As humanists, therefore, we shall not be inconsistent if we allow him his revelation, though we shall reserve our right as thinking men and women to question its validity for us and for our times.

INDEED, if we are truly modern, we shall not deny to revelation, or inspiration, its proper place in our thinking economy. We shall not persecute a genius for trusting in revelation — his own; nor shall we deprive the untutored millions of the comfort they seem to find in leaning upon revelation — the other fellow's. But for ourselves, if we are humanists, we shall maintain our inalienable right to test every so-called revelation — even those of science — in the light of reason and common sense. By so doing, we shall hold fast to the best that has been thought and said, making it our very own, and eventually we shall arrive at a working basis for a sound individualism.

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# TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

# September Reading

*by* **DONALD F. ROSE**

## STERN ADVENTURE

A FICTIONAL form of applied behaviorism is found in HUNKY, by Thames Williamson (Coward, McCann, $2.50). Here we read of an alien primitive dumped into the storm and stress of American life and gradually awakening to it and to his own possibilities. For half the story or more this lump of imported humanity is too stolid to be particularly interesting and too simple to be true, but when love and anger and jealousy and a few other typically American emotions take hold of him he comes to life, and so does his story. In the meantime the polyglot quarters of an American city make a striking background for his transformation.

THAMES WILLIAMSON

Romance roams at will through VIVANDIÈRE, by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye (Liveright, $2.50). All the snows and sorrows of the Napoleonic retreat from Moscow cannot dim this legend of a bright young soldier and a beautiful girl of the camp and their love that comes to a bad end. These are rather fanciful figures in the midst of much realism, but they make something beautiful of what is otherwise horror and tragedy. Behind and beside and all around their precarious romance is the Grand Army, now going forth in gay color and confidence to avenge a manufactured grievance and now dwindling away in the bitter cold of Russia and the dread of her Cossacks. It is war on an ancient model, but a grim and ghastly business.

You might judge otherwise concerning war from WAR BUGS, by Charles MacArthur (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), but to do so you must miss the serious undertone of some splendid passages of description of the modern battlefield. This is a yarn that is ostentatiously determined not to take war seriously, but nevertheless its picture of the battle of Champagne is about as dramatic and effective a piece of war-writing as has been done to date. Chiefly, however, it is the buck private's version of the last year of the Great War, told from the inside of the Rainbow Division and inspired with the conviction that Illinois put all the finishing touches on Armageddon despite the Marines, the Y. M. C. A., and the natural stupidity of officers. Professional patriots, swivel-chair tacticians, West Pointers, and all Boards of Censorship will think it terrible, but those who pushed the American artillery through the Argonne mud to victory will remember all its story and rejoice in every word of it.

On the other hand, officers must occasionally have shown flashes of intelligence and humanity to justify their existence, and the chief of them all becomes a convincing, stalwart, and lovable reality in FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet (Dial, $3.00). An aide-de-camp to the famous Marshal here plays the part of Boswell, quoting freely from the sayings of his hero and elaborating them with skill to reveal the man and the tactics that won the war. The simplicity and sincerity of Foch are well set forth, and there is valuable comment on his military strategy.

There is ironic contrast between these stories of muddled millions under arms and that of CLARK OF THE OHIO, by Frederick Palmer (Dodd, Mead, $5.00). George Rogers Clark also commanded an army, but it never amounted to more than two hundred men, and — according to the biographer — with less than that and no casualties whatever he achieved victories that won more territory than all the armies in France. A century and a half ago he pushed out into the Northwest, made himself a thorough nuisance to the British, and did his share to set the Canadian frontier where it is to-day. Mr. Palmer therefore gets tremendously excited about him and magnifies him into a glamorously heroic figure of impressive proportions. It is probably a better job of journalism than of pure history, and runs close to over-emphasis. But this is a fascinating period and Mr. Palmer knows how to make the most of it.

From France comes the winner of the Goncourt prize, A MAN SCANS HIS PAST, by M. Constantin Weyer (Macaulay, $2.50). Not much of a story to this but a great deal of scenery. It is more or less the author's own experience in northwestern Canada, from the wheat plains up to the Arctic and back, vividly written, typically French, and with a fine flourish of drama at the end. Those who love the great outdoors best when sitting within reach of the coal scuttle and fire tongs, will find this story marvelously refreshing.

## CHURCH AND STATE

MORE than a century ago there were no Baptists in Burma, and one Adoniram Judson thought that something should be done about it. So he went out there with his little wife and declared war on Buddha and all his ways, displaying a courage and tenacity that won a foothold at last which has endured to this day. His story is told in SPLENDOR OF GOD, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Morrow, $2.50), which is a novel in effect, though founded firmly on fact. It is a careful and conscientious book, colorful in contrasts between the ancient and honorable filth of native India and the house-cleaning zeal of the true-born missionary, and made consistently interesting by the tragedy and pathos of a preposterous self-sacrifice.

Speaking of religion, POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley (Macaulay, $2.50), discusses very little else. Of the two gentlemen under consideration, Mr. Hearley prefers neither, and likes them less than ever in the new combination of Papal State and Fascism. He seems a little confused about it all. Whether Mussolini was too smart for the Pope or the Pope too shrewd for Mussolini, or whether both conspired to threaten the peace of the world with a new unholy alliance of Church and State, is not particularly clear. But it *is* clear that Mr. Hearley expects the outcome to be storm and strife, the unsettling of world diplomacy, the upheaval of the League of Nations, and enough embarrassment at Washington to sink the ship of state. It

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## Books

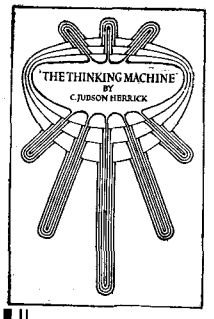
sounds a little like street-corner oratory, with copies of *The Menace* for sale on the side.

THE SEVEN VICES, by Guglielmo Ferrero (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00) goes back thirty years to seek some of the origins of modern Italy. It is recognizably a historian's novel, partly because it is almost overburdened with scholarship and partly because the reader is aware all the time that the writer cannot consider the past without making tacit comment on the present. Possibly the novel contains a parable, so well hidden that not even Mussolini can put a finger on it, but it is safer to assume that it is simply the story of Susanna Cavalieri and the countless complications that follow her conviction for murder. The two volumes are packed full of people, though the second concerns itself chiefly with young Oliviero and his youthful protests against injustice and autocracy in general and particular. The novel is elaborately written — too much so for quick reading.

### TO THE LADIES

SOME DAY somebody will prove to Booth Tarkington that there are corners in the feminine complex that are no-man's land and nobody's business, and it will break his heart. For undoubtedly he poses very prettily as the interpreter of womankind, and he continues to do so in YOUNG MRS. GREELEY (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). It is a mildly entertaining book, about as long as a *Satevepost* "short" story and somewhat less substantial, and its moral is that ambitious women without brains are terrible. After profound reflection about Mr. Tarkington's pretty dolls, we are compelled to the conclusion that they are biologically unsound. If he would only allow them a few babies they might begin to behave like human beings, but in the meantime his story would have gone up the spout.

There are a lot of women in DARK DUEL, by Marguerite Steen (Stokes, $2.50), or at least there seem to be. The explanation is that one of them, an elderly actress who is a composite of Bernhardt, Duse, Isadora Duncan, and Helen of Troy, manages a Protean performance involving four husbands and the fascination of every pair of trousers in sight. Thereby she innocently robs her beautiful but brave granddaughter of true love — personified by an artistic puppy who writes marvelous plays and has marvelously bad manners — and inadvertently drives her to the arms of a gentlemanly old rascal who knows too well what little girls are made of. But the bounder really behaves so well about it that he walks away with our sympathies, while the young hero gives us a pain in the neck. The book is surcharged with artistic tem-

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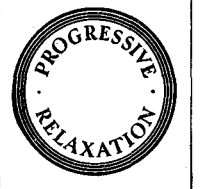


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## Books

perament, and if all actresses and dramatists talk as cleverly and behave as stupidly as these, then we will never become an impresario.

And while we are on the subject of impresarios, tribute is due the one who discovered and dressed for company the garrulous Trader Horn. His third book is THE WATERS OF AFRICA (Simon and Schuster, $3.50), and it is neither better nor worse than the rest of them. It is made like the others, with one of the Trader's novels as excuse for long intervals of spicy conversation.

Gossip becomes a real virtue in POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by the Ex-Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre (Cape and Smith, $3.00). The title seems a poor substitute for the original, *In the Time of Carriages*, for these are memoirs of polite society in France before the days of gasoline. Admirable powers of memory and observation and — what is better — an excellent appreciation of the difference between the interesting and the important, qualify this lady to recreate a lost age and make us like it. In part these are reminiscences of literary and social dignitaries and the places where they lived and moved and had their being, and sometimes they are illumined by keen wit and a touch of entertaining scandal. For most of us, however, the author's own personality is the best of the book and all the small talk of her own experiences as fascinating as a novel.

### HEADLINERS

A SYMPATHETIC and almost enthusiastic study of Lincoln's successor is ANDREW JOHNSON, by Lloyd Paul Stryker (Macmillan, $6.00). Johnson was made the scapegoat of reconstruction by his contemporaries and to a considerable degree by historians, and this scholarly and thorough-going book sets out to right a wrong and remedy an injustice. It may be somewhat biased, but it is none the less interesting throughout seven hundred pages.

Knut Hagberg, a Scandinavian student and observer of English political life, does some neat little portraits in KINGS, CHURCHILLS, AND STATESMEN (Dodd, Mead, $4.00). The intention to make these people — from King George IV to current personalities in British politics — intelligible and interesting to folk who know very little about them, results in some tabloid biographies and critical estimates that are charming and clean-cut. A safe and sane detachment from the war allows Kaiser Wilhelm and King Edward VII to rub shoulders in the same book, and later figures in European affairs to be estimated without passion or prejudice.

A biography that goes lightly where the ice is thin is JOHN D., A PORTRAIT IN

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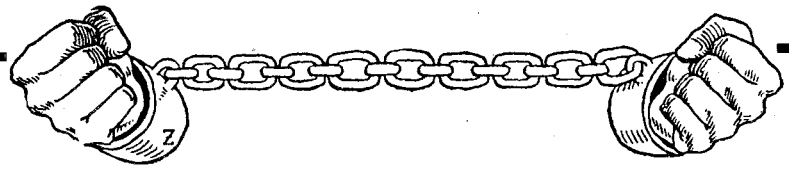

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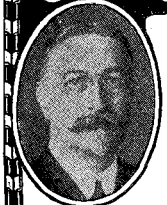

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### AMONG US MORTALS

THE EYES of two cool and calculating scientists are turned on infancy in THE PROCESS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR, by Mandel and Irene Case Sherman (Norton, $3.00), which is one of those books that are invaluable to those who need them in their business. The general effect is that of a very small baby crying at the bottom of a very large test tube. Just when and why the baby cries is the particular problem under consideration, but it leads to sundry deductions and demonstrations as to how the human experiment gets acquainted with the world and becomes more or less at home in it. At best it is a useful source-book of expert observation of the superficial facts of behavior; at worst it looks like another effort to show the superiority of guinea pigs over newborn babies.

What makes the wheels of a city go round is told in CHICAGO, by Charles Edward Merriam (Macmillan, $3.50). Mr. Merriam has served time as a city official of Chicago as well as pedogogue and student of the social sciences, and he speaks with authority. The history of the city, the inner workings of its civic and political affairs, and its reasonable expectations of a bigger, better, and brighter future are told in detail and with the spice of anecdote and personal experience. Those who habitually go off half-cocked over civic corruption and such can attend with profit to Mr. Merriam's exposition of what goes on in the city council and the mind of a mayor.

Meanwhile, there are still those who find philosophy more fascinating than facts, and count the soul still worthy of attention. MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL, by Richard Muller Freienfels (Knopf, $5.00), is a sincere and stimulating book. It is made up of half a dozen essays, loosely related by their common interest in the immeasurable elements in man. The first of these, "The Infinity of the Soul," is an answer to the pure materialists, even though it offers as a substitute for their bio-chemical behaviorism a sort of pantheism. Honesty, humility, and courageous thought are evident throughout the book and repay all the pains needed to go through it.

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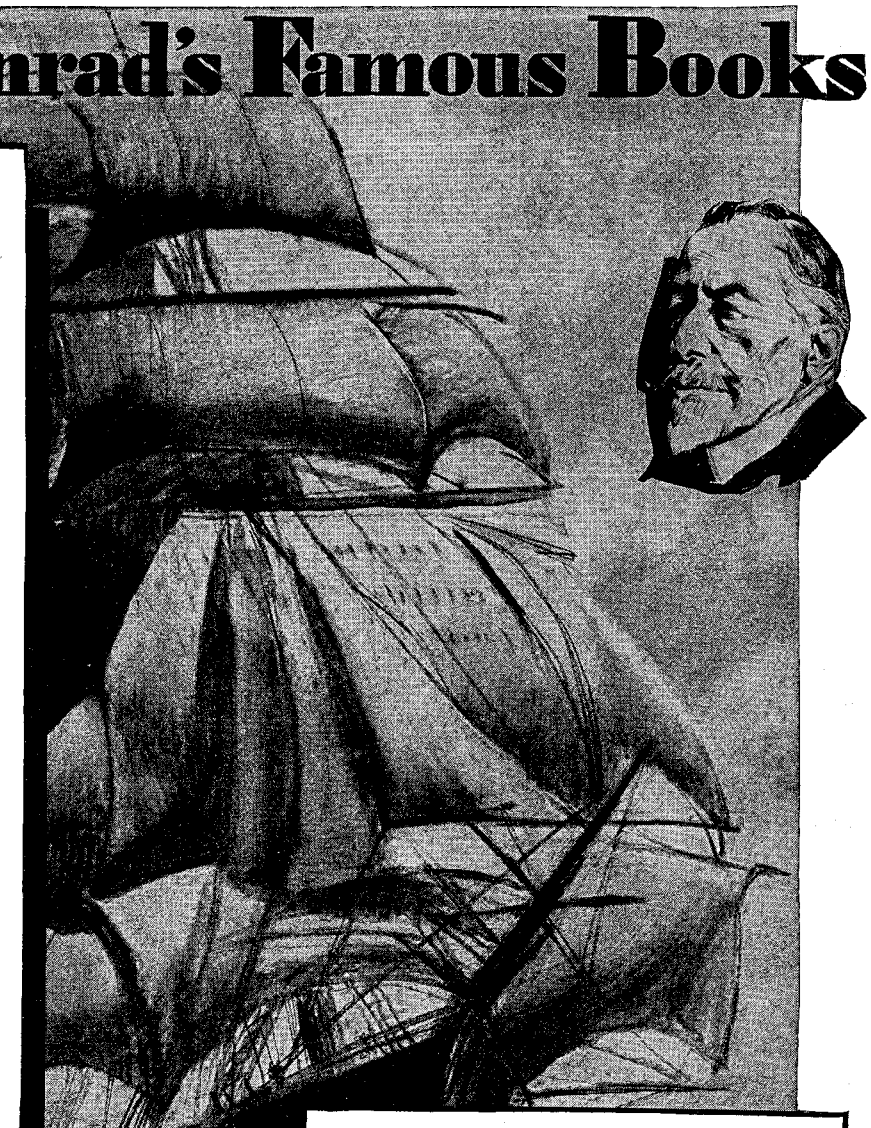

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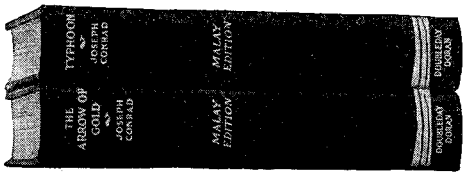


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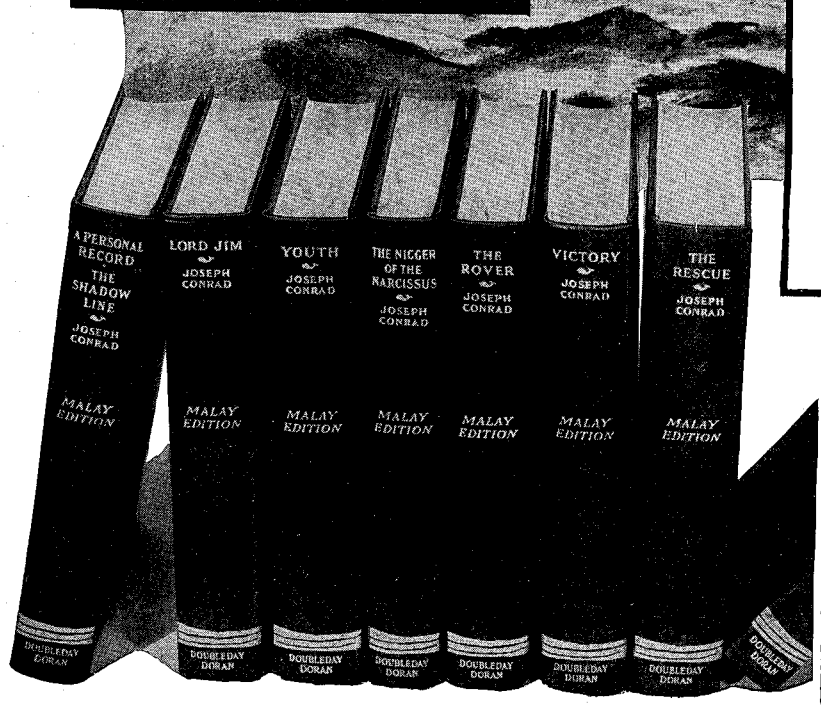


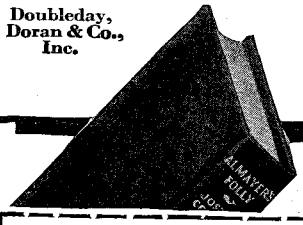


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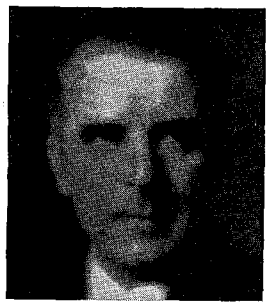

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*They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.*—KEATS

# God in the Machine

MEN AND MACHINES, by Stuart Chase; Macmillan, $2.50.
Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES.

A CERTAIN amount of mental rubbish is issued every day and as time goes on this rubbish hardens and forms a crust which people try to use as if it were good loamy soil. It is, however, dead matter; there is no life in it and it chokes out the life which might spring from the soil underneath, as a stream of lava, cooling, kills vegetation for centuries. The rubbish about machinery has been pouring out for years. Mr. Chase, with easy mastery of his material, has put down a train of dynamite and suavely, but most effectively, blown the rubbish to bits.

STUART CHASE

And not content with this, he has gone on and analyzed the machine, dispassionately setting down its inherent values and defects and the evil which it can do and is doing when it is mishandled and the good it can do at its best.

I conceive it the duty of a reviewer in the case of a significant book to direct all his energies to a single point: the point of making the book attractive to the reader. I confess I do not know how to go about it; the critical vocabulary of praise is worn out by repetition, and if one falls back on moderate statements, they imply caution and lack of enthusiasm. It is perfectly true that *Men and Machines* is balanced, judicious, well-informed; it is also true that the book is brilliant and vivid and engrossing. But adjectives are really useless; the book is an act, an explosion and a piece of construction. It concerns the essential material question of civilized life to-day, and my first thought when I finished it was whether President Hoover had anything more important to do than read it and act upon it.

The explosive portion of the book will be instantly accepted. A few chapters appeared in *The New Republic;* these and several others might as well have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* In a sense Mr. Chase gives the machine a clean bill of health: the machine does not cause standardization, the machine does not destroy the arts, the machine makes far fewer robots than one imagines, the machine does leave room for craftsmen, it creates skills. All these things apply to the machine even as it is now controlled. With more intelligent control the machine would not cause unemployment, create cheap and tawdry goods, cause overproduction, search for new markets, and wars.

The book is directed to the intelligence of those who can follow the author's separation of the machine from the present ill-use of the machine and can see that the problem of the future is to harness the billion wild horses which the power age has let loose to trample over the face of the earth. If the horses are not harnessed, we have the disasters which Mr. Chase summarizes. We have the two-hour war — the coldest and most terrifying prophecy I have ever read; and we have the breakdown of a mechanized civilization because of "technological tenuousness," that is, the complexity of mechanical specialization, the lack of a completely informed central intelligence capable of adjusting the requirements of all the specialists, their services and functions. And in addition to these major, ultimate disasters, we have more unemployment, more shoddy forced on more consumers, more waste between production and consumption because of the mounting cost of advertising and distribution, more robots, more illness, more broken and wasted lives.

I suggest that the reader look at the last pages of *Penguin Island* and then at the last pages of *Men and Machines.* If Anatole France's refined despair seems to him more philosophical than Mr. Chase's search for the courage, will, and intelligence necessary to preserve civilization, let him remember that panic, no matter

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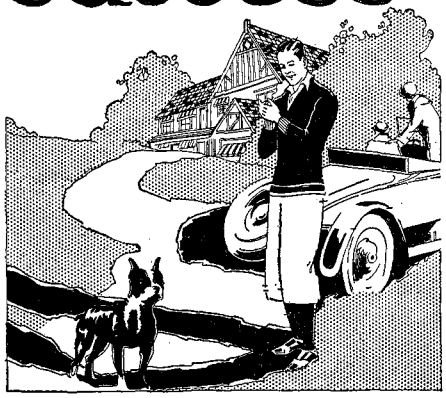

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## Books

how delicately expressed, is not the chief of man's virtues.

## Traditional Values

ADAM, THE BABY, AND THE MAN FROM MARS, by Irwin Edman; Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

PERHAPS, a century from now, historians of literature, looking back on our times, will regard this era as a turning-point in thought and expression, as the moment when the center of interest shifted from the destruction of traditional views to the restatement of old values and the discovery of new. They will point to the awakening of interest in the humanism of Babbitt and More, to the introduction of a more positive note in criticism, and to the writings of a group of young men—such men as Walter Lippmann, Lewis Mumford, and Irwin Edman.

If anything is clear in the present situation, it is that the work of destruction has been done so thoroughly that iconoclasm offers very little in the way of real sport: one cannot enjoy blasting at a rock of ages that is ready to tumble to pieces at the touch of a feather. To a few people, moreover, it is equally apparent that mere iconoclasm has become not only jejune but perilous. And finally, some of us are beginning to realize that, if we are willing to look for them, most of the materials of reconstruction are actually at hand.

What Mr. Edman tries to do in this collection of essays is to call attention to a few of the elements that might go into a new philosophy of life, into the creation of a modern temper less willing to admit defeat than that portrayed by Mr. Krutch. His tools are the study of such philosophers as Santayana, Dewey, and Whitehead, a sensitive reading of much modern literature, and the experience of friends, of students, and of his own life. He talks always in terms of relativity; there are no perfectly objective observers, not even Adam, or the baby, or the man from Mars. But he does not find life chaotic.

His ideals for the modern man may be stated in one of his own phrases—"the tough mind and the gentle heart." He is trying to recapture the great traditional human values without sacrificing other values that are peculiarly of our own age. He seeks to combine the spirit of religion with the spirit of science, not by the familiar hocus-pocus of pious reconcilers, but by defining the human meaning behind ecclesiastical ceremony and theological dogma. He would not suppress the newer sense of freedom, but he would have it guided by an intelligent and self-imposed discipline. He is far from recommending a cold and unemotional rationalism, but he points out that even rapture is deepened by knowledge and understanding.

The suggestions that he offers represent a single, carefully considered point of view, but the book is, after all, a collection of essays, and some of the essays are better than others. Some are brilliantly analytical, others highly stimulating—and a few, I fear, decidedly commonplace. The commonplaceness, however, can be forgiven if one recalls Mr. Edman's purpose: the contemporary iconoclast may have to be continuously brilliant to make his prejudices worth reading; the serious critic, on the other hand, can afford to recognize that obvious truths are sometimes worth restating. And whatever his theme may be, Mr. Edman has stylistic graces that delight the reader.

Mr. Edman's strength lies, I believe, in the fact that he is himself of this headstrong, skeptical, pagan generation. He knows that there are some qualities which we will not give up, even if the heavens fall. He does not ask us to give them up; he merely warns us lest we surrender—quite unnecessarily—other qualities of equal value. And for the most part he convinces us that we can have both. He realizes, of course, that there are many difficulties in the way of a new and satisfying synthesis, and that there is harder thinking to be done than even he has yet attempted. But, having shaken off some of the worst fallacies and illusions of the present day, he is prepared for his share of the task, and he marks out for the rest of us the path along which we may travel.

## Human Flotsam

THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott; Cape and Smith, $2.50.

Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

THOUGH in size, scope, and (may we add) general excellence, *The Wave* would make two or three novels, it is not strictly a novel. It is a collection of narratives—and for the most part disconnected narratives—of the Civil War. Miss Scott's plan is an ambitious one, and calls for powers of imagination which she has not always been able to summon up; but on the whole she has subdued her unwieldy material into a recognizably artistic form. The book is an achievement, but not a triumph.

A unity of atmosphere is conveyed, necessarily, by the subject itself. When a nation is at war, the psychological background is everywhere the same. One of the author's most difficult problems must have been, however, to thread these reflections of evanescent and dissimilar lives through one undistorting lens: it is the problem of every artist, and (fortunately or unfortunately) that lens must be his own mind's eye. To say that Miss Scott has not been the perfect lucid medium for every one of these scores of meticulously organized pictures is merely

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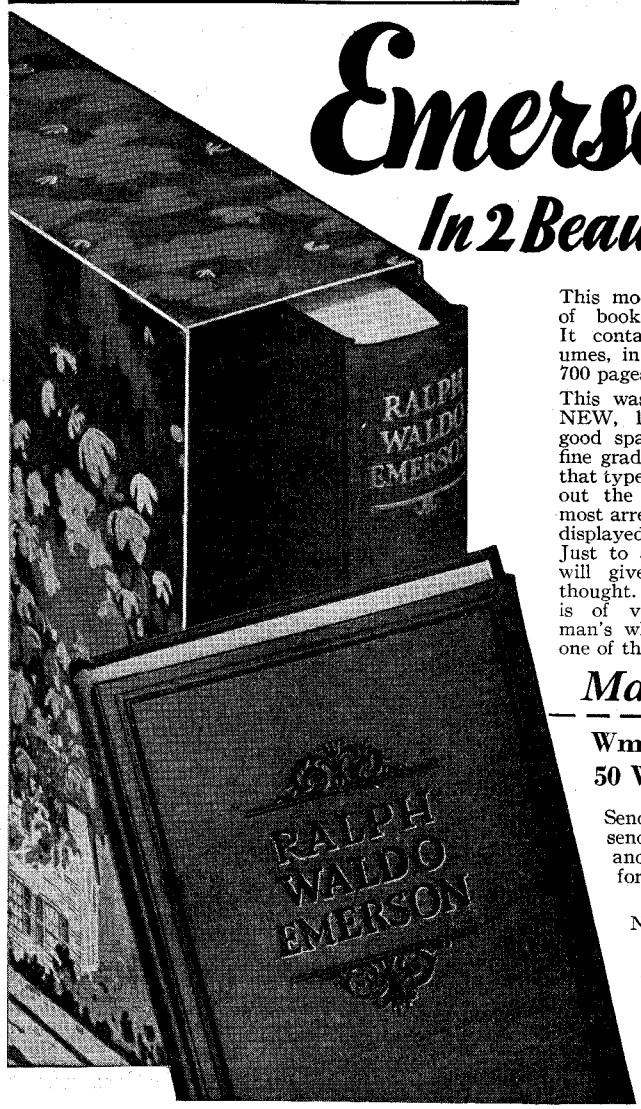


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**FORUM INDEX *** January to June, 1929**

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In this connection, it is suggested that anyone desiring January-June 1929 copies bound should send them to the Circulation Manager, THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y., with sufficient postage to cover return. Prices in the new size are: *Buckram, $4.00; Half Leather, $7.50; All Leather, $12.50.* (Six issues are bound to the volume.)


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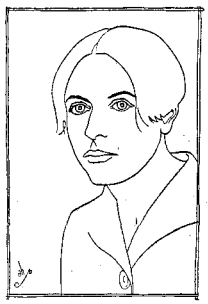
## Books

to state that she has not achieved a miracle.

For plain narrative, Miss Scott's style is not the most fortunate that could be imagined. It is too intellectualized — labored, even. Thus, when she wants to bring her language down to the plane of her characters' own thoughts and emotions, she is reduced to the expedient of



EVELYN SCOTT

translating their comparative incoherence into her own sophisticated and more modern speech, but leaving little islands of their own words set off by quotation marks or parentheses.

> In a vastness without motion the tamed hawk rises, quits the untouched, the heavy leisure of an ocean less impetuous. (That's *me.*) Even the coarse, emboweled braying of a steamer cannot awaken. *This is to be. Deathdewed the evening.* The emerald lamps flick the harbor, the hills. A chalky lace traces moon, unseen, over the dark.

It is a trick that begins by irritating and may end by wearying us. It has its own effectiveness, however, and it does succeed in keeping the figures distinct, for as long as each is before us. As for a general impression of the whole variegated mass of incidents, people, alarms, and agonies — when we have finished reading the book, that impression is a cloudy one. But the cloud remains in our memory as a big cloud, and a thunderous one.

Of the hundred or so stories which compose this epic narrative, very few fail to come up to the high standard which the author sets for herself on the first page. These few failures are so obviously poorer than the rest that one can only wonder why they were left in. A glaring example is the story of how the news of Lincoln's re-election reached his home town. If Miss Scott had not set such a high standard, these lapses into comparative amateurishness would not offend us nearly so much. But it must be said that the author not only falls below but rises above her own level. Perhaps the best example of the height to which her narrative can reach is the story of Lea Hill, the Confederate deserter, and his sweetheart, Amy Orm. Here Miss Scott's style appears to its best advantage, for, although the facts of the story are tragically simple, the implications and the

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## Books

two people concerned are even more tragically complex.

No general review of a book such as this is possible in the space at my disposal. You could say the same, perhaps, for most books that are worth reviewing at all. But in the case of *The Wave* this restriction is peculiarly disappointing, for it is the kind of book one would like to discuss from many points of view. The thesis Miss Scott has posed is not only an exceedingly interesting but a quite fundamental one: as her text she has taken the scientific definition of a wave from a treatise on Physical Geography, and, as an example of the definition, she gives us the fragmentary human beings swept into this general movement, like bits of cork or particles of the wave itself. No, she has done more than that; for, while we are conscious throughout of the rush of invincible circumstance, we are reminded also that these little exemplars are not pieces of inanimate flotsam, but men and women, some of whom cannot even wait for the passing of the wave before they drown.

## Epilogue to War

THE AFTERMATH, by Winston Churchill; Scribner, $5.00.
Reviewed by GEORGE NEBOLSINE.

IN *The Aftermath* Mr. Churchill has brought to a close his masterly story of the World War. To those who have read and enjoyed the former volumes, the present work is likely to be a keen disappointment. One has learned to expect a great deal from the versatile Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in this epilogue to the World Crisis he descends to a level scarcely distinguishable from mediocrity. The fact seems to be that Mr. Churchill had little to do with the making of the Peace. He can throw little new light upon the activities at Versailles that dominated the post-war period. His interest in the matter, however, impels him to give a rather lengthy account of the proceedings. In doing so he pays inordinate attention to the work of Mr. Baker on President Wilson. Had this part of the book appeared as a book review it would have been invaluable, but as a part of the great panorama of the World Crisis it is incongruous.

The present work falls clearly into four main sections — the demobilization, the Versailles Conference, the Russian Civil War, and the Greco-Turkish War. Of the second section Mr. Churchill has no important first hand knowledge, but of the others he speaks with authority. The most valuable part of the work to historians and students is the account of the demobilization of the British army. The prob-

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# *Many* Able Men *Waste Years*

## before they learn this simple lesson

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A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

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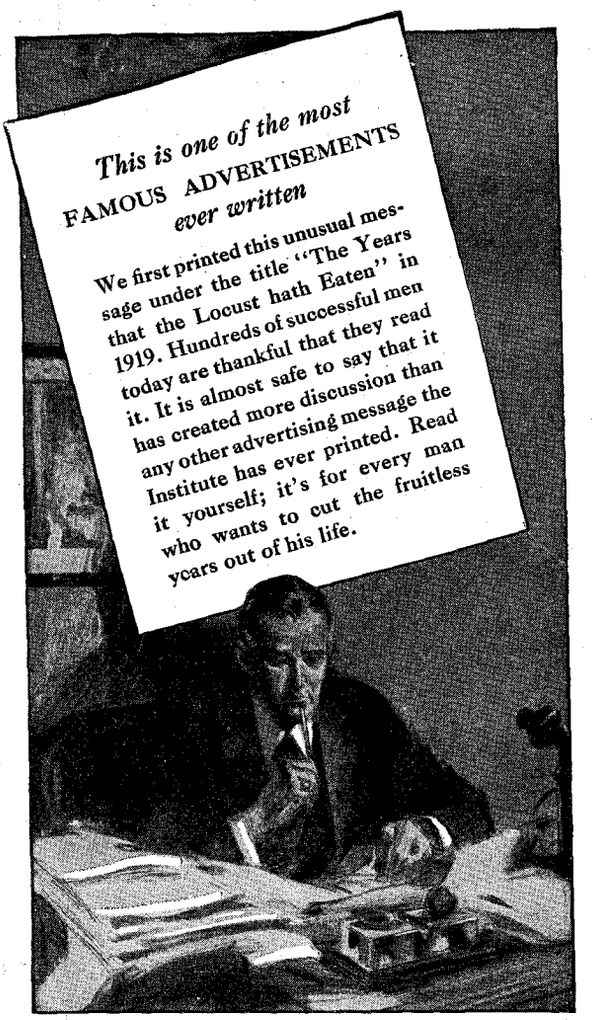
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### Today's decision may save you tomorrow's regrets

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this and, knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

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Have you ever noticed that every year scores of young men graduate from the newspaper profession into the ranks of successful writers? Why? Most newspaper men know that writing "salable stuff" is no dark and mysterious secret. Day after day, they write — and write. The very nature of their calling crowds their minds with ideas. Their copy is painstakingly corrected and criticized — by experts. Occasionally, friendly (or threatening) advice is thrown in. And gradually, fewer and fewer corrections are necessary. Astonishing how quickly an intelligent person can *learn to write by writing.*

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# Books

lem of bringing the troops back to their peaceful occupations without disorder, in the light of Mr. Churchill's testimony, assumes a place of paramount importance in any general appreciation of post-war problems.

The war had drawn vast numbers of men to the colors; it had disrupted the economic structure of Great Britain. Suddenly and unexpectedly everything changed. Vast industries that were producing munitions had to readapt themselves to peaceful life. Thousands of workers had to be discharged, thousands of soldiers had to be given jobs. Meanwhile discontent was rife among the troops who could not get back to their homes. It is no exaggeration to say that mismanagement at this time would have provoked a social upheaval.

It is with this in view that Mr. Churchill takes up the discussion of the next three topics. Briefly his thesis is that America was the only power really capable of enforcing a decent peace with the Central Powers, that the allies were not wicked, but merely exhausted physically and morally. They were unable, in short, to carry through any consistent policy with respect to the innumerable questions demanding immediate answer, such as the Russian and the Greek problems.

Mr. Churchill honestly admits these incidents to be blots upon the policy of the Allies after the war. He realizes as well as anyone what they have meant to post-war reconstruction. He gives one explanation, however, that has not hitherto received proper notice. The problem of demobilization was the dominant problem so far as Britain was concerned. Everything else took second place: both moral obligations toward former allies and the less tangible obligations in respect to post-war treaty settlements. Thus it was that the dream of an orderly and far-sighted peace was dispersed by confusion and irresponsibility. Mr. Churchill has described how the great democracies succeeded in winning the war. He has finished his tale by showing how they bungled the peace.

## Champion of the Mob

BRYAN, by M. R. Werner; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. HACKETT.

IN THE year 1925, William Jennings Bryan, fresh from the Scopes trial at Dayton, set himself to do battle on a nation-wide scale against the Satanic practice of teaching evolution to students. Fundamentalist and politician, he had spent much of his life shouldering Fundamentalism and politics ever closer together; at last he had an issue thoroughly


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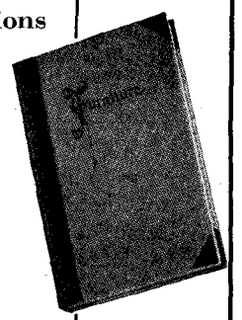

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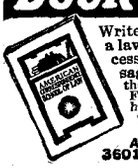

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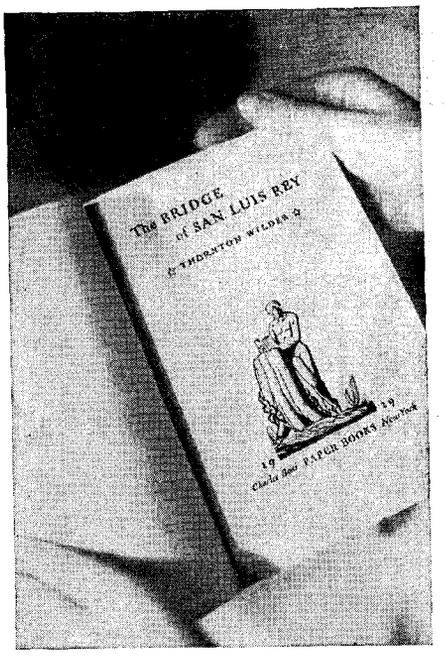


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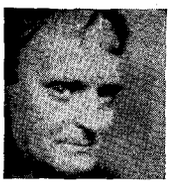

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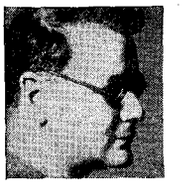

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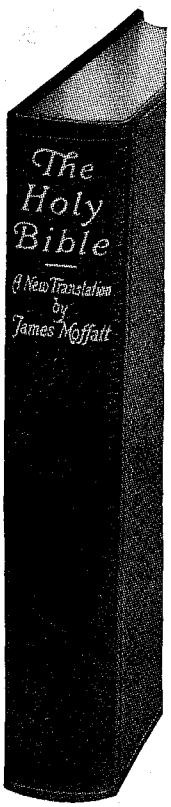


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to his liking. I suppose it would have swept the country. During forty years of public life, he kept his finger on the public pulse; at the age of sixty-five, with the doors of the White House ironically closed to him by advancing years, he put it squarely on the public heart. Then he died.

Had the anti-evolution campaign been launched, it would have epitomized his life, his philosophy, his work, his influence on America. Bryan's father was a Baptist, his mother a Methodist; he himself was a Presbyterian. As a boy he yearned to be, not a cop, but a Baptist preacher. He began declaiming while still in short pants. He manufactured his first phraseological gold bricks in preparatory school. He was in politics up to the neck before he was thirty years old, and he began exhorting religious get-togethers as soon as he left college. He whooped it up cannily for the common man in his first race for Congress, and he never ceased to do so — "Blessed," he said, "be the name of the people."

His hatred of New York was born with his first Presidential campaign. According to Werner, one of the convictions which strengthened him at Dayton was "that he was defending the honest yeomanry of the Nation from the decadent, filthy cynicism of the big city." If so, it seems to me that Bryan misjudged the pulling-power of his issue with the average urbanite. In all probability it would have fetched Catholic Boston as quickly as Baptist and Methodist Mississippi. It certainly would have had hundreds of thousands of supporters even in wicked New York.

The anti-evolution campaign would have been greatly furthered by Bryan's ruthlessness. He had no scruples about using religious issues, as William Howard Taft, the Unitarian, discovered many years ago. Given a few years in which to sound his alarm, he might have put Church into State, State into Church, and Fundamentalism into statute books and public offices with a thoroughness that would have made the Cannons and the Willebrandts, his spiritual children, sea-green with envy.

Probably a better subject for the new biography never lived in the United States. His history needs to be traced with loving care, and with far more penetration than that brought to the task by Mr. Werner. The present volume is by no means the peer of the same author's *Barnum*. The facts in *Bryan* seem to have been collected and arranged under a looming deadline. The book sounds hurried and perfunctory. There is not much evidence in it that Mr. Werner understands Bryan as a person; there is even less evidence that he comprehends the relation of the man to current history.


# *Warning!*

During the past two months THE FORUM has received a great many complaints from subscribers in western North Carolina, eastern Pennsylvania, and southern New Jersey who were victimized by a fraudulent magazine agent. In their behalf THE FORUM wishes to make an urgent appeal to its readers for their active assistance in apprehending this swindler. When last heard from he was operating in Massillon, Ohio,* but he is likely to appear in any of the larger cities in the East.

The name most recently used by this man is MILLER, although he has used many other aliases. MILLER is about 32 years of age, height 5 feet, 7 inches, weight 120 pounds, light brown hair, blue eyes, sallow complexion and has worn a short light mustache. He dresses neatly and appears emaciated. He walks with a limp, due evidently to an injury to his right hip. He claims that this disability resulted from service overseas in the war and amazes his victims by twisting his right leg around; the right leg is artificial. He has another trick of lighting a match and holding it under the forefingers of his right hand and evincing no pain. His fingers are invariably discolored as a result of this practice.

MILLER has been offering a two-year subscription to THE FORUM together with a set of H. G. Wells, or Mark Twain, or a dictionary, for the price of $4.00 or $5.00. Of course, THE FORUM has never made any offer even similar to this. He invariably collects cash. The subscriber is given a printed receipt form.

There are several warrants for MILLER'S arrest and a reward has been offered for his apprehension. If any FORUM reader should happen to learn of MILLER being in his city he will be doing other readers and the magazine a great service by reporting the fact immediately to the local police, requesting that MILLER be apprehended and held for investigation. At the same time a wire should be sent *immediately* to

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# Geometry For Beginners

*by* **DONALD F. ROSE**

It is probable, of course, that you studied geometry in your youth. It is even more probable that you have forgotten all about it. Geometry is one of the slippery sciences and rarely endures as a cultural attribute and social grace for more than three weeks after high school graduation. It becomes at best a vestigial remnant of education and at worst it vanishes entirely.

This is not altogether well. Geometry has been called the mother of all natural science and it is reported that Plato inscribed above his door, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." It is a serious matter to be turned back thus unkindly from wisdom's portals, but this is not the chief loss involved in the failure of the geometric functions. For geometry is real, geometry is earnest, geometry is essential and practical. Without geometry, for instance, it is impossible to cut an apple pie into six or more equal sections or to hang a clothes line. It calls for special genius to fit a remnant of linoleum around the kitchen range and sink without geometry. Moreover, if you are going into the real estate business you must positively understand geometry, as well as human nature and criminal law. And finally, geometry is inevitably and inextricably involved in such serious pursuits as golf, billiards, and the parking of an eighteen-foot car in a fifteen-foot vacancy without special help from City Hall. Under all these conditions a revival of interest in geometry is a pressing need.

The first essentials of geometry are the axioms. An axiom is "a statement admitted to be true without proof," such as my wife's age, my income tax — if any — and the Volstead Act. A typical axiom is that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," which is true everywhere except in politics, taxicabs, or a darkened room full of furniture. Secondly come the definitions. These are intended to clarify and simplify the original difficulties of our subject. For example, the opening pages of geometry books assure us that "a straight line is a line such that any part of it however placed on any other part will lie wholly in that part if its extremities lie in that part." It is difficult to conceive of anything clearer, or, indeed, more inspiring.

Then come the propositions, with incidental accompaniment by rhomboids, trapeziums, parallelopipedons, and other obsolete musical instruments. Mr. Euclid's favorite proposition was that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides. He went to infinite pains to prove it, though any modern schoolboy can take a bus to the zoo and measure up a hypotenuse for himself, which shows the inestimable advantages of living in a city.

A typical proposition is as follows — and you can draw your own diagram over on the advertising pages.

*Resolved:* That capital punishment should be abolished.

Let *AB* be a straight line. (This should not be difficult, if the matter is handled tactfully.)

Let *CD* be another straight line, as much like the first as is possible in a world full of imperfections and disappointments.

Let *MN* be another straight line bisecting *AB* and *CD* and continuing to infinity or until Maine goes Democratic.

Let *X* mark the spot where the murder was committed.

Then the angle *FOB* will equal the angle *COD* and the angle *PDQ* will equal the angle *RFD*, and so on until the alphabet is exhausted.

*Therefore:* A perpendicular drawn from any given point will be perpendicular to all lines to which it is perpendicular.

Which is absurd.

At the end of your proposition you should add the letters Q.E.D., which, as you all know, is Latin for "Thank God, that's over!"

# For Six

*by* **R. T. H.**

The night was dark and gloomy. The wind howled through the crumbling battlements of the old castle. Owls hooted. The immemorial elms groaned.

All the length of the long corridors the carpets writhed in the draught like serpents. As she went to her bed in the lonely room in the East Wing, although she knew her host had thoughtfully allotted it to her as one of the least haunted in the whole mansion, Maria felt a *frisson* — I might almost call it a *brivido* — run up her spine.

She was — unlike most heroines of stories like this — scared to death of ghosts; always had been, from earliest childhood. Now she drew the tapestry curtains close across the casements, to block out the sinister, watery eye of the moon, lit all the candles in the sconces, felt in the great, gloomy four-poster bed to make sure she had two hot water bottles, and then undressed.

Soon she was between the sheets.

Soon she was asleep.

She woke. The room was dark as pitch; she could see nothing. But she could *hear* — she could hear a clanking, as of chains. Someone was in the room. She felt a pressure on her chest, as if some weight lay there. The pressure, from minute to minute, increased.

But that dead pressure was not the worst.

Something, with a contact that was light, deft, unearthly, was *touching* her! Now here, now there . . . it glided over her shoulder . . . a pat, light as a feather, yet somehow horribly efficient, on her knee . . . and still that horrible clanking . . . and a faint, rhythmic sound, like some animal breathing — only *that* was no animal that ever walked on four legs. . . .

The weight was growing unbearable. Should she scream? She would never be heard, there in that lonely turret room. *Could* she scream? Her throat was paralyzed with terror. She could not move, hand or foot. At last, out of sheer excess of terror, she fainted.

When she opened her eyes again it was morning. A faint light found its way into the room through the chinks in the tapestry curtains. But still that intolerable weight rested on her, though now all was silence.

With a convulsive effort, she flung off the covers. For the last time that horrid jangling, as of silver chains, rang through the empty corridors.

But it was light enough, now, to see what had happened. The butler had walked in his sleep and laid dinner for six on her bed.

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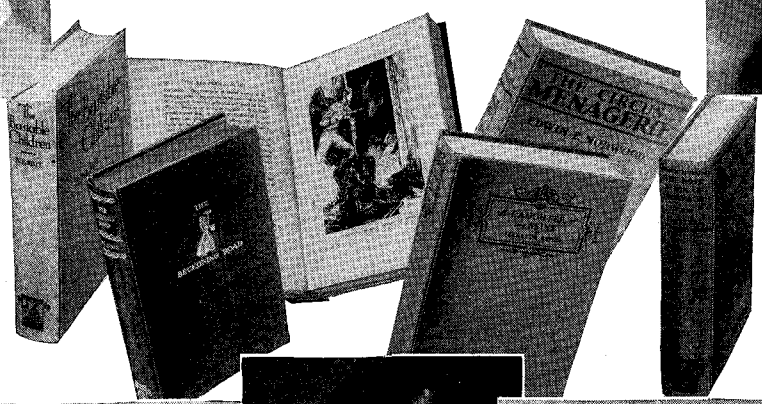
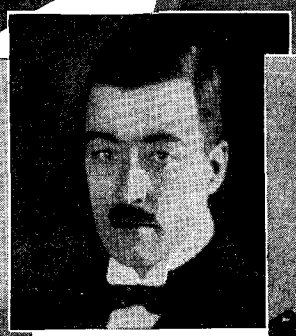


*Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been known for many years for her interest in youth. She is an educator and writer, prominent in scores of movements to develop the character and mentality of young people in America.*

*Katharine Ulrich has had a wide experience with juvenile libraries and that department of many bookstores. The books pictured here are typical examples of the vivid, interesting books this Editor favors.*



*Harford Powel, Jr., of* Youth's Companion *is a writer, a lecturer and an acknowledged authority on children's books.*

The Junior Guild *is proud to announce the acquisition of Miss Helen Ferris as Associate Editor. She is best known for her Editorial work on the* Youth's Companion *and the* American Girl.

*Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg is a director of the Child Study Association, consultant on Parental Education, Child Development Institute, Teacher's College, Columbia University. Mrs. Gruenberg is widely known for her educational work with teachers and parents who look upon her as a mentor.*

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One book is selected for both sexes between 8 and 12, a second book for girls between 12 and 16, and a third for boys between 12 and 16. The Editorial Board will select only the finest books procurable. The six volumes pictured here are representative selections but they only indicate the vast supply of good things to come.

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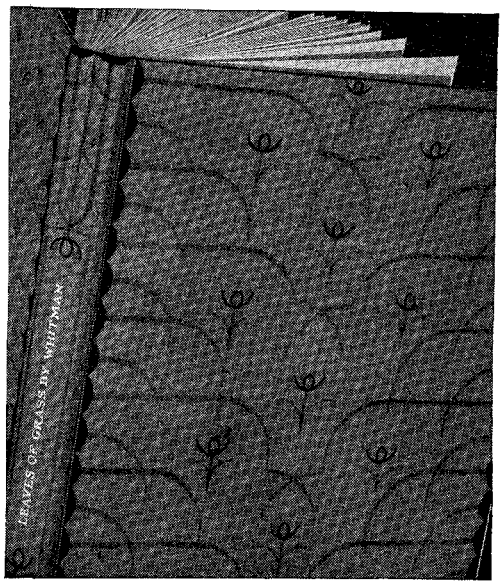


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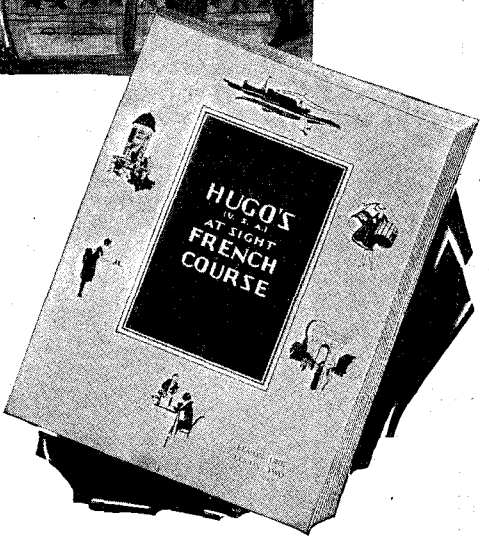


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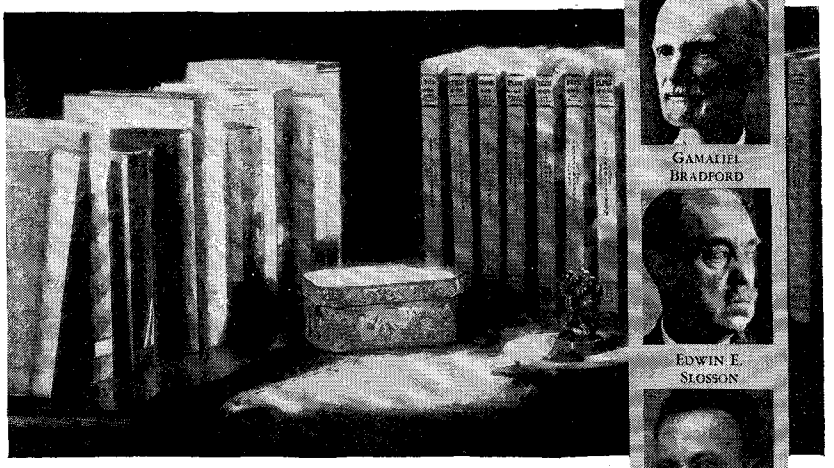

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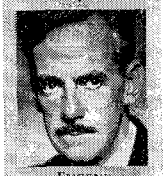
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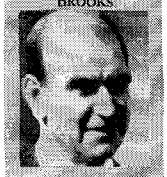
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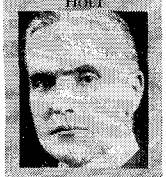
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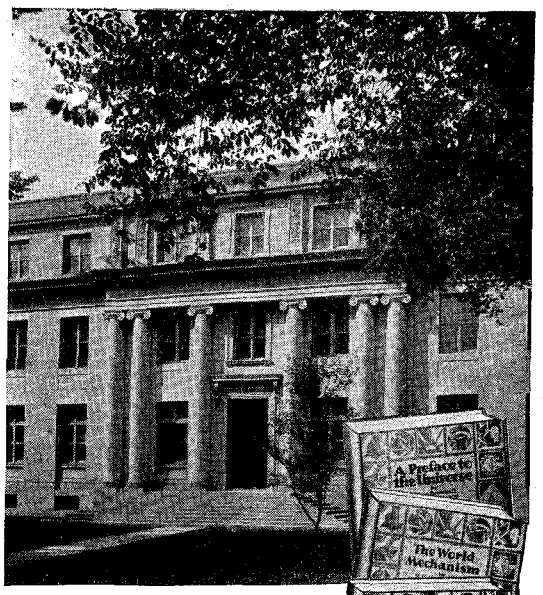

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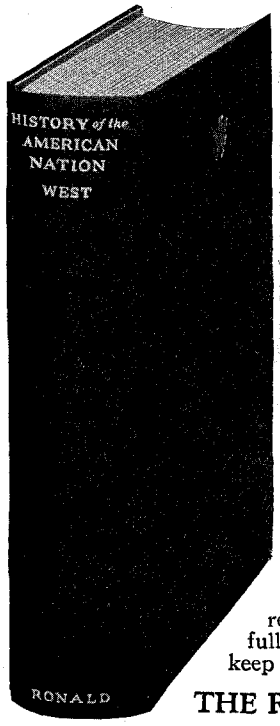


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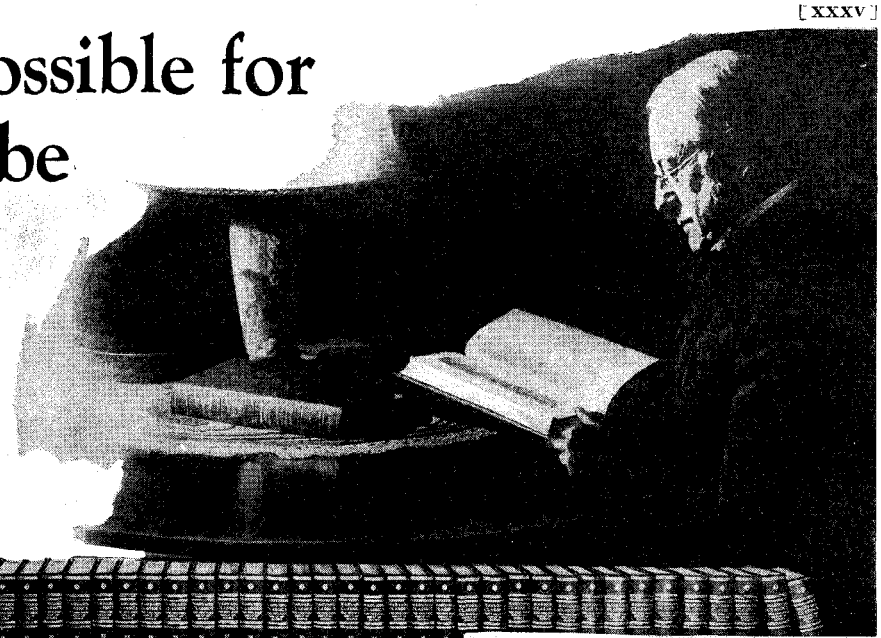

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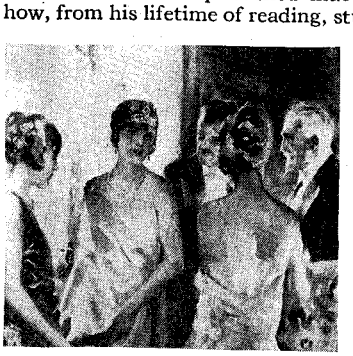

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F O R U M

SEPTEMBER, 1929 VOL. LXXXII, NO. 3

# What I Believe

## *Living Philosophies—I*

*by* **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

MY OUTLOOK on the world is, like other people's, the product partly of circumstance and partly of temperament. In regard to religious belief, those who were concerned with my education did not, perhaps, adopt the best methods for producing an unquestioning acceptance of orthodoxy. My father and mother were freethinkers, but one of them died when I was two years old and the other when I was three, and I did not know their opinions until I grew up. After my father's death I lived with my grandmother, who was a Scotch Presbyterian but at the age of seventy became converted to Unitarianism. I was taken on alternate Sundays to the parish church (Episcopalian) and to the Presbyterian church, while at home I was instructed in the tenets of the Unitarian faith. I liked the parish church best because there was a comfortable family pew next to the bell rope, and the rope moved up and down all the time the bell was ringing; also because I liked the royal arms which hung on the wall, and the beadle who walked up the steps to the pulpit after the clergyman to close the door upon him at the beginning of the sermon. Moreover, during the service I could study the tables for finding Easter and speculate upon the meaning of Golden Numbers and Sunday Letters and enjoy the pleasure of dividing by ninety, neglecting fractions.

But I was not taught to suppose that everything in the Bible was true, or to believe in miracles and eternal perdition. Darwinism was accepted as a matter of course. I remember a Swiss Protestant tutor, whom I had when I was eleven, saying to me, "If you are a Darwinian, I pity you, for it is impossible to be a Darwinian and a Christian at the same time." I did not at that age believe in the incompatibility, but I was already certain that if I had to choose, I should choose to be a Darwinian. I continued, however, to believe devoutly in the Unitarian faith until the age of fourteen, at which period I became exceedingly religious and consequently anxious to know whether there was any good ground for supposing religion to be true. For the next four years a great part of my time was spent in secret meditation upon this subject; I could not speak to anybody about it for fear of giving pain. I suffered acutely, both from the gradual loss of faith and from the necessity of silence.



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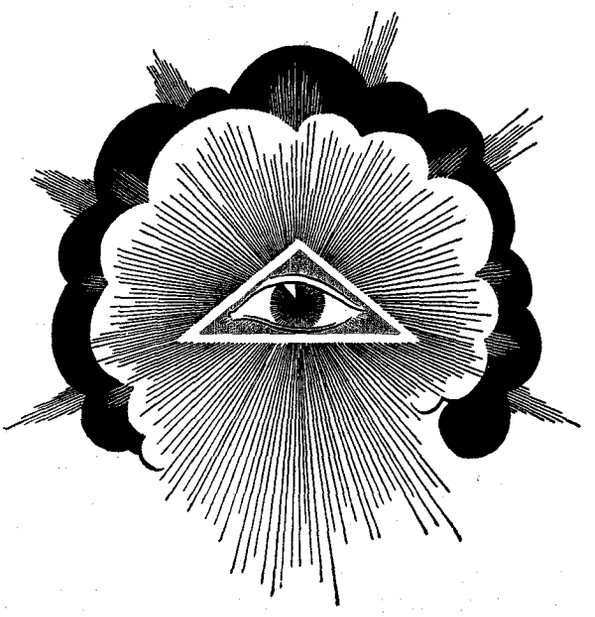
The first dogma which I came to disbelieve was that of free will. It seemed to me that all motions of matter were determined by the laws of dynamics and could not therefore be influenced by the human will, even in the instance of matter forming part of a human body. I had never heard of Cartesianism, or, indeed, of any of the great philosophies, but my thoughts ran spontaneously on Cartesian lines. The next dogma which I began to doubt was that of immortality, but I cannot clearly remember what were at that time my reasons for disbelieving in it. I continued to believe in God until the age of eighteen, since the First Cause argument appeared to me irrefutable. At eighteen, however, the reading of Mill's autobiography showed me the fallacy in this argument. I therefore definitely abandoned all the dogmas of Christianity, and to my surprise I found myself much happier than while I had been struggling to retain some sort of theological belief.



### Searching for Certainties

Just after arriving at this stage I went to the University, where for the first time in my life I met people to whom I could speak of matters that interested me. I studied philosophy and under the influence of McTaggart became for a time a Hegelian. This phase lasted about three years and was brought to an end by discussions with G. E. Moore. After leaving Cambridge I spent some years in more or less desultory studies. Two winters in Berlin I devoted mainly to economics. In 1896 I lectured at Johns Hopkins University and Bryn Mawr on non-Euclidean geometry. I spent a good deal of time among art connoisseurs in Florence, while I read Pater and Flaubert and the other gods of the cultured nineties. In the end I settled down in the country with a view to writing a *magnum opus* on the principles of mathematics, which had been my chief ambition ever since the age of eleven.

Indeed, it was at that very early age that one of the decisive experiences of my life occurred. My brother, who was seven years older than I was, undertook to teach me Euclid, and I was overjoyed, for I had been told that Euclid proved things, and I hoped at last to acquire some solid knowledge. I shall never forget my disappointment when I found that Euclid started with axioms. When my brother read the first axiom to me, I said that I saw no reason to admit it; to which he replied that such being the situation we could not go on. Since I was anxious to go on, I admitted it provisionally, but my belief that somewhere in the world solid knowledge was obtainable had received a rude shock.

The desire to discover some really certain knowledge inspired all my work up to the age of thirty-eight. It seemed clear that mathematics had a better claim to be considered knowledge than anything else; therefore it was to the principles of mathematics that I addressed myself. At thirty-eight I felt that I had done all that it lay in my power to do in this field, although I was far from having arrived at any absolute certainty. Indeed, the net result of my work was to throw doubts upon arithmetic which had never been thrown before. I was and am persuaded that the method I pursued brings one nearer to knowledge than any other that is available, but the knowledge it brings is only probable, and not so precise as it appears to be at first sight.

At this point, therefore, my life was rather sharply cut in two. I did not feel inclined to devote myself any longer to abstractions, where I had done what I could without arriving at the desired goal. My mood was not unlike that of Faust at the moment when Mephistopheles first appears to him, but Mephistopheles appeared to me not in the form of a poodle but in the form of the Great War. After Dr. Whitehead and I had finished *Principia Mathematica*, I remained for about three years uncertain



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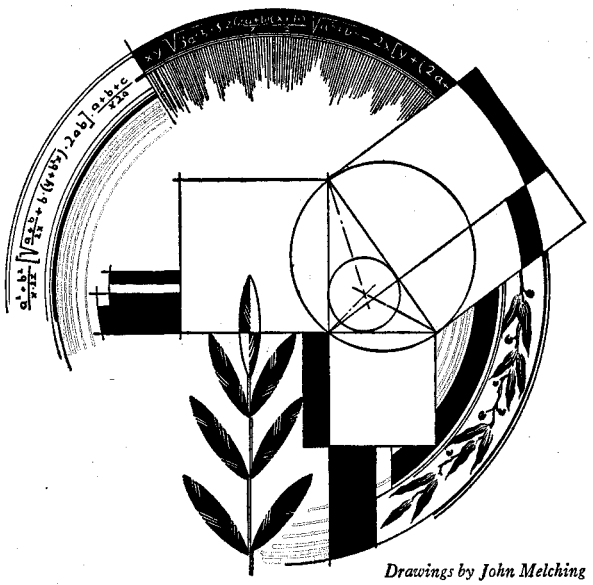
what to do. I was teaching at Cambridge, but I did not feel that I wished to go on doing so forever. From sheer inertia I was still occupied mainly with mathematical logic, but I felt — half unconsciously — the desire for some wholly different kind of work.

Then came the war, and I knew without the faintest shadow of doubt what I had to do. I have never been so whole-hearted or so little troubled with hesitation in any work as in the pacifist work that I did during the war. For the first time I found something to do which involved my whole nature. My previous abstract work had left my human interests unsatisfied, and I had allowed them an occasional outlet by political speaking and writing, more particularly on free trade and votes for women. The aristocratic political tradition of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which I had imbibed in childhood, had made me feel an instinctive responsibility in regard to public affairs. And a strong parental instinct, at that time not satisfied in a personal way, caused me to feel a great indignation at the spectacle of the young men of Europe being deceived and butchered in order to gratify the evil passions of their elders.



*Drawings by John Melching*

### The World War

Intellectual integrity made it quite impossible for me to accept the war myths of any of the belligerent nations. Indeed, those intellectuals who accepted them were abdicating their functions for the joy of feeling themselves at one with the herd, or in some instances from mere funk. This appeared to me ignoble. If the intellectual has any function in society, it is to preserve a cool and unbiased judgment in the face of all solicitations to passion. I found, however, that most intellectuals have no belief in the utility of the intellect except in quiet times.

Again, popular feeling during the war, especially in the first months, afforded me a keen though very painful scientific interest. I observed that at first most of those who stayed at home enjoyed the war, which showed me how much hatred and how little human affection exist in human nature educated on our present lines. I saw also how the ordinary virtues, such as thrift, industry, and public spirit, were used to swell the magnitude of the disaster by producing a greater energy in the work of mutual extermination. I feared that European civilization would perish, as indeed it easily might have done if the war had lasted a year longer. The feeling of security that characterized the nineteenth century perished in the war, but I could not cease to believe in the desirability of the ideals that I previously cherished. Among many of the younger generation, despair has produced cynicism, but for my part I have never felt complete despair and have never ceased, therefore, to believe that the road to a better state of affairs is still open to mankind.

All my thinking on political, sociological, and ethical questions during the last fifteen years has sprung from the impulse which came to me during the first days of the war. I soon became convinced that the study of diplomatic origins, though useful, did not go to the bottom of the matter, since popular passions enthusiastically supported governments in all the steps leading up to the war. I have found myself also unable to accept the view that the origins of wars are always economic, for it was obvious that most of the people who were enthusiastically in favor of the war were going to lose money by it, and the fact that they themselves did not think so showed that their economic thinking was biased, and that the passion causing the bias was the real source of their warlike feeling. The supposed economic causes of war, except in the case of certain capitalistic enterprises, are in the nature of a



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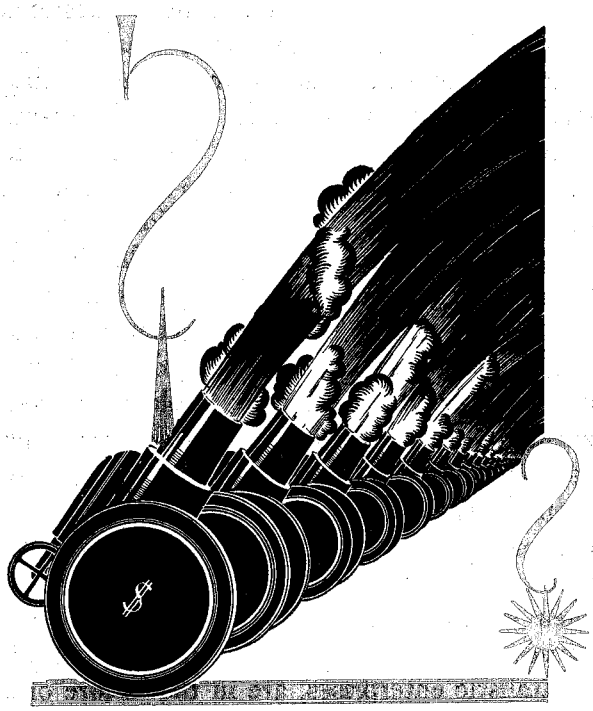
rationalization: people wish to fight, and they therefore persuade themselves that it is to their interest to do so. The important question, then, is the psychological one — "Why do people wish to fight?" And this leads on from war to a host of other questions concerning impulses to cruelty and oppression in general. These questions in their turn involve a study of the origins of malevolent passions, and thence of psychoanalysis and the theory of education.

### Golden Rules Not Enough

Gradually, through the investigation of these questions, I have come to a certain philosophy of life, guided always by the desire to discover some way in which men, with the congenital characteristics which nature has given them, can live together in societies without devoting themselves to making each other miserable. The keynote of my social philosophy, from a scientific point of view, is the emphasis upon psychology and the practice of judging social institutions by their effects upon human character. During the war all the recognized virtues of sober citizens were turned to a use which I considered bad. Men abstained from alcohol in order to make shells; they worked long hours in order to destroy the kind of society that makes work worth doing. Venereal disease was thought more regrettable than usual because it interfered with the killing of enemies. All this made me acutely aware of the fact that rules of conduct, whatever they may be, are not sufficient to produce good results unless the ends sought are good. Sobriety, thrift, industry, and continence, in so far as they existed during the war, merely increased the orgy of destruction. The money spent on drink, on the other hand, saved men's lives, since it was taken away from the making of high explosives.



Being a pacifist forced one into opposition to the whole purpose of the community and made it very difficult to avoid a completely antinomian attitude of hostility to all recognized moral rules. My attitude, however, is not really one of hostility to moral rules; it is essentially that expressed by Saint Paul in the famous passage on charity. I do not always find myself in agreement with that apostle, but on this point my feeling is exactly the same as his — namely, that no obedience to moral rules can take the place of love, and that where love is genuine, it will, if combined with intelligence, suffice to generate whatever moral rules are necessary. The word "love," however, has become somewhat worn with usage and no longer conveys quite the right shade of meaning. One might start at the other end, from a behaviorist analysis, dividing movements into those of approach and those of withdrawal. In some of the humblest regions of the animal kingdom creatures can be divided, for example, into the phototropic and photophobic — that is, those which approach light and those which fly from it.

### The Dominance of Fear

The same kind of distinction applies throughout the animal kingdom. In the presence of a new stimulus there may be an impulse of approach or an impulse of retreat. Translated into psychological terms, this may be expressed by saying that there may be an emotion of attraction or an emotion of fear. Both, of course, are necessary to survival, but emotions of fear are very much less necessary for survival in civilized life than they were at earlier stages of human development or among our prehuman ancestors. Before men had adequate weapons, fierce wild beasts must have made life very dangerous, so that men had reason to be as timorous as rabbits are now, and there was an ever-present danger of death by starvation, which has grown enormously



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less with the creation of modern means of transport.

At the present time the fiercest and most dangerous animal with which human beings have to contend is man, and the dangers arising from purely physical causes have been very rapidly reduced. In the present day, therefore, fear finds little scope except in relation to other human beings, and fear itself is one of the main reasons why human beings are formidable to each other. It is a recognized maxim that the best defense is attack; consequently people are continually attacking each other because they expect to be attacked. Our instinctive emotions are those that we have inherited from a much more dangerous world, and contain, therefore, a larger proportion of fear than they should; this fear, since it finds little outlet elsewhere, directs itself against the social environment, producing distrust and hate, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. If we are to profit fully by our new-won mastery over nature, we must acquire a more lordly psychology: instead of the cringing and resentful terror of the slave, we must learn to feel the calm dignity of the master. Reverting to the impulses of approach and withdrawal, this means that impulses of approach need to be encouraged, and those of withdrawal need to be discouraged. Like everything else, this is a matter of degree. I am not suggesting that people should approach tigers and pythons with friendly feelings; I am only saying that since tradition grew up in a more dangerous world, the present-day occasions for fear and withdrawal are less numerous than tradition would lead us to suppose.

It is the conquest of nature which has made possible a more friendly and coöperative attitude between human beings, and if rational men coöperated and used their scientific knowledge to the full, they could now secure the economic welfare of all — which was not possible in any earlier period. Life and death competition for the possession of fertile lands was reasonable enough in the past, but it has now become a folly. International government, business organization, and birth control should make the world comfortable for everybody. I do not say that everybody could be as rich as Crœsus, but everybody could have as much of this world's goods as is necessary for the happiness of sensible people. With the problem

of poverty and destitution eliminated, men could devote themselves to the constructive arts of civilization — to the progress of science, the diminution of disease, the postponement of death, and the liberation of the impulses that make for joy.

### International Anarchy

Why do such ideas appear Utopian? The reasons lie solely in human psychology — not in the unalterable parts of human nature, but in those which we acquire from tradition, education, and the example of our environment. Take, first, international government. The necessity for this is patent to every person capable of political thought, but nationalistic passions stand in the way. Each nation is proud of its independence; each nation is willing to fight till the last gasp to preserve its freedom. This, of course, is mere anarchy, and it leads to conditions exactly analogous to those in the feudal ages before the bold, bad barons were forced in the end to submit to the authority of the king. The attitude we have toward foreign nations is one of withdrawal: the foreigner may be all right in his place, but we become filled with alarm at the thought that he may have any say in our affairs. Each state, therefore,



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insists upon the right of private war. Treaties of arbitration, Kellogg Peace Pacts, and the rest are all very well as gestures, but everybody knows that they will not stand any severe strain. So long as each nation has its own army and navy and air force, it will use them when it gets excited, whatever treaties its government may have signed.

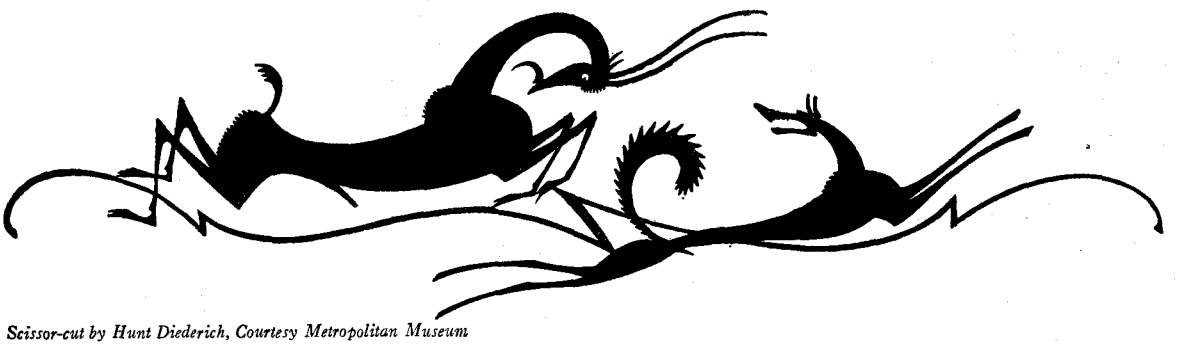
There will be no safety in the world until men have applied to the rules between different states the great principle which has produced internal security — namely, that in any dispute, force must not be employed by either interested party but only by a neutral authority after due investigation according to recognized principles of law. When all the armed forces of the world are controlled by one world-wide authority, we shall have reached the stage in the relation of states which was reached centuries ago in the relations of individuals. Nothing less than this will suffice.

The basis of international anarchy is men's proneness to fear and hatred. This is also the basis of economic disputes; for the love of power, which is at their root, is generally an embodiment of fear. Men desire to be in control because they are afraid that the control of others will be used unjustly to their detriment. The same thing applies in the sphere of sexual morals: the power of husbands over wives and of wives over husbands, which is conferred by the law, is derived from fear of the loss of possession. This motive is the negative emotion of jealousy, not the positive emotion of love. In education the same kind of thing occurs. The positive emotion which should supply the motive in education is curiosity, but the curiosity of the young is severely repressed in many directions — sexual, theological, and political. Instead of being encouraged in the practice of free inquiry, children are instructed in some brand of orthodoxy, with the result that unfamiliar ideas inspire them with terror rather than with interest. All these bad results spring from a pursuit of security — a pursuit inspired by irrational fears; the fears have become irrational, since in the modern world fearlessness and intelligence, if embodied in social organization, would in themselves suffice to produce security.

The road to Utopia is clear; it lies partly through politics and partly through changes in the individual. As for politics, far the most important thing is the establishment of an international government — a measure which I expect to be brought about through the world government of the United States. As for the individual, the problem is to make him less prone to hatred and fear, and this is a matter partly physiological and partly psychological. Much of the hatred in the world springs from bad digestion and inadequate functioning of the glands, which is a result of oppression and thwarting in youth. In a world where the health of the young is adequately cared for and their vital impulses are given the utmost scope compatible with their own health and that of their companions, men and women will grow up more courageous and less malevolent than they are at present.

Given such human beings and an international government, the world might become stable and yet civilized, whereas, with our present psychology and political organization, every increase in scientific knowledge brings the destruction of civilization nearer.

**Next month, the second paper in this series of living philosophies, by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen**



*Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich, Courtesy Metropolitan Museum*



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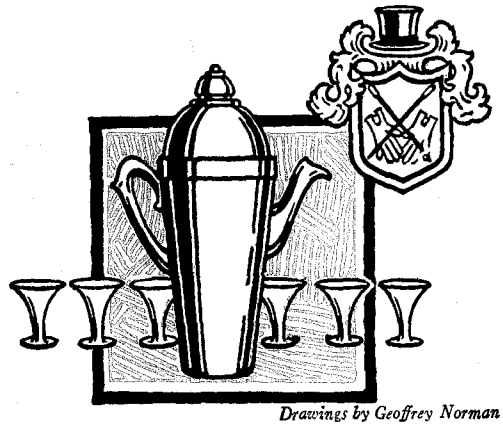
# Enforce Prohibition!



*Drawings by Geoffrey Norman*

**by FRANCIS SCOTT McBRIDE**

*General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League*

THE FORUM began a round-table discussion of prohibition with two Socratic dialogues between Irving Fisher and Fabian Franklin, which were published in the May and June issues. In July, James Truslow Adams published a profound analysis of the situation in his article, "Hoover and Law Observance." Last month, Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., demanded the repeal of the Jones (Five-and-Ten) Act, and now the head of the Anti-Saloon League answers his challenge with a plea for enforcement "up to the hilt." Next month the discussion will swing full circle with a final article by Fabian Franklin.

PROHIBITION is not a question — it is an answer. It is the best answer so far to the liquor problem. The tendency to ignore the real problem and attribute its evils to prohibition is one of the chief reasons for much confused thinking and unsound argumentation. The evils charged against prohibition are invariably evils of alcohol. Ignoring this, the wets complain that prohibition is responsible for present conditions; if they were sincere in wanting to wipe out these conditions, they would see that the true cause of existing evils is not prohibition but non-observance of the law and laxity of enforcement. We must not be misled, therefore, when the wets tell us that the remedy is nullification or repeal of the law. On the contrary, the penalties provided by the Jones Law, by the Volstead Act, by state and local enforcement measures, should be imposed promptly and with the greatest possible degree of certainty. The punishment inflicted should be severe enough to prevent repetition of the offense by the persons convicted, and severe enough to deter others from similar offenses.

At this point it is well to recall one simple fact which is often overlooked — that if there were no liquor traffic, there would be no need for prohibition laws. The terrible results of the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors made some remedy necessary. Accordingly, after a century of experimentation with every method ever proposed to decrease alcoholism and promote abstinence, we find that prohibition is the law of the land — regularly adopted, upheld by the courts, and supported by a decisive popular majority.

That it *is* the law constitutes one compelling reason for its enforcement. Every chief executive of the United States from Washington to Hoover has emphasized the necessity of enforcing the law if our government is to endure. Only recently, in his address before the Associated Press, President Hoover declared:

> Law should be observed and must be enforced until it is repealed by the proper processes of our democracy. The duty to enforce the law rests upon every public official, and the duty to obey it rests upon every citizen. No individual has the right to determine what law shall be obeyed and what law shall not be enforced. If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guarantee of its repeal. If it is right, its enforcement is the quickest method of compelling respect for it.

Indeed, what confusion would exist, what disorder would result, what a tangle of conflicting



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action would paralyze us if we attempted to operate on the theory that any law may be ignored at the discretion of any citizen or public official. It would mean the end of lawful liberty, of security, of coöperation for the general welfare and every objective for which our government was formed.

### A Popular Law

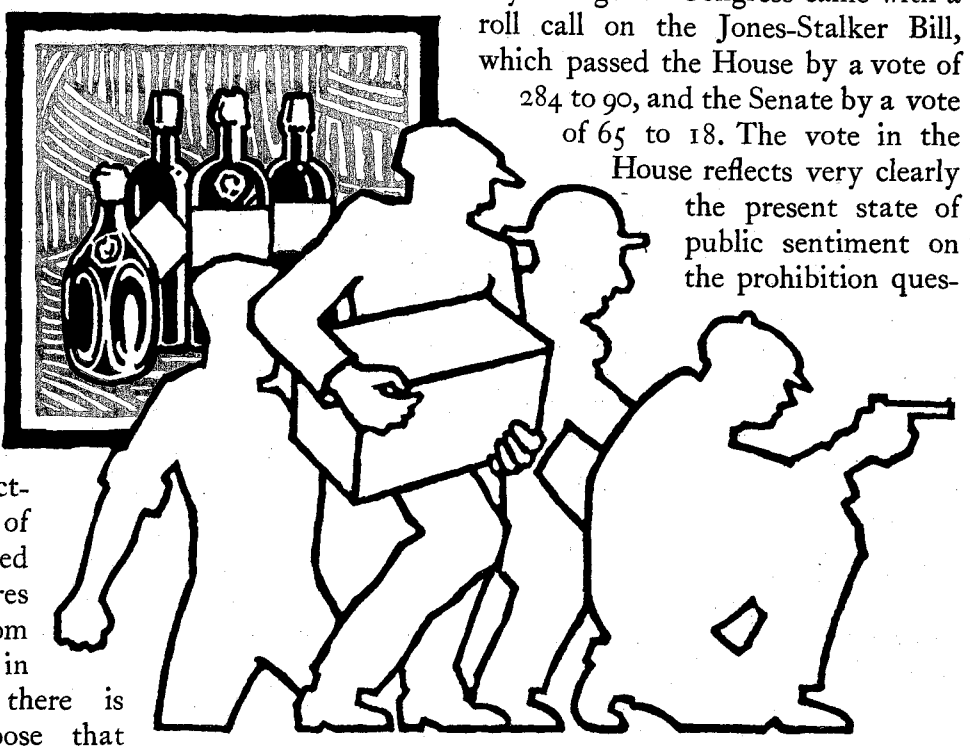
Prohibition should be enforced thoroughly, vigorously, and continuously, not only because it is the law, but because it has behind it the unmistakable and repeatedly expressed will of the American people. Thirty-three states were dry before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Of these, twenty-three went dry by direct vote of the people, with average majorities of almost fifty thousand; the remaining ten — Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and Utah — became dry by legislative enactment. That the will of the people was expressed by these ten legislatures is quite obvious from the known sentiment in these states; and there is no reason to suppose that popular sentiment has changed, for in the recent vote on the Jones Act, only one representative in Congress from all these ten states voted wet, and that solitary vote came from New Hampshire. Before national prohibition, the fifteen states which were still partially wet contained large areas of dry territory under local option laws.

In Mr. Coudert's impassioned plea for the repeal of the Jones Act, he implies that prohibition was "put over" on the country, and he makes it clear that he wishes to leave this impression when he says:

> Thirteen small states, represented by a few score of legislators, could — and doubtless would — prevent repeal.

But what are the facts? The Eighteenth Amendment was approved in the Senate by a vote of 65 to 20, and in the House by a vote of 282 to 128. It was then submitted to the legislatures of every state in the Union and was approved by all but two of them — Connecticut and Rhode Island. Moreover, the increasing dryness of each successive Congress proves the continued and increasing popular support of prohibition. The last election increased the number of drys in the Senate so that they now outnumber the wets five to one. The number of drys in the House was also increased to a total of 329, with only 106 wets.

The latest test of the comparative wet and dry strength in Congress came with a roll call on the Jones-Stalker Bill, which passed the House by a vote of 284 to 90, and the Senate by a vote of 65 to 18. The vote in the House reflects very clearly the present state of public sentiment on the prohibition question. Every vote from twenty-six of the states was dry, while twelve others furnished more dry votes than wet. Two states divided their votes equally, and only five states furnished more wet votes than dry. This analysis is the best possible assurance that the people of the United States favor the enforcement of prohibition as the best solution of the liquor problem. There is no reliable method of gauging public opinion except as it is reflected through the ballot box.



Prohibition, then, has not only become law through the support of the people, but it is an indisputably valid law. The Eighteenth Amendment and the laws for its enforcement have been upheld by the United States Su-



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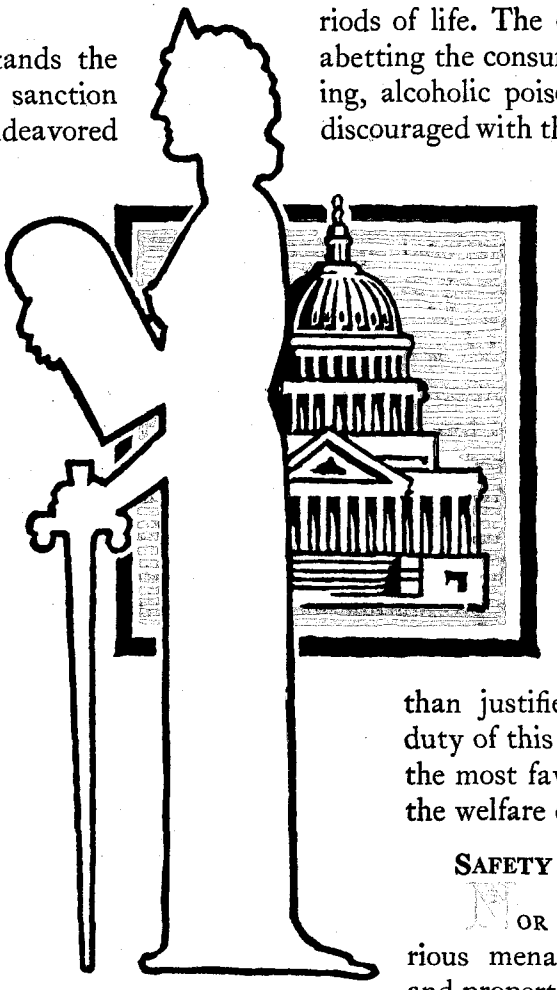
preme Court in over fifty cases since national prohibition was adopted. And in countless previous decisions, local, state, and federal courts have sustained prohibition as a sound legal and constitutional method of procedure against the evils of alcoholism. In these decisions, the courts have repeatedly declared that prohibition violates no inherent or constitutional right of either the maker or the user of intoxicating beverages.

### A Good Law

If, then, prohibition stands the tests of popular approval and sanction by the courts — as I have endeavored to show — it is also pertinent to inquire whether it stands the final test on moral grounds. This question uncovers the strongest of all reasons for vigorous enforcement, because it *is* a good law. The purpose of prohibition is good; it is directed against the beverage use of alcohol — a narcotic poison, a habit-forming drug, whose use is not only unnecessary, but is both harmful and dangerous to the individual. Prohibition has placed a ban on this kind of poisoning, and already the good results are manifest. It has given the highest social sanctions to abstinence rather than to indulgence.



Vigorous enforcement will increase sobriety, for drinking naturally decreases as it becomes more difficult to secure intoxicants. The assertion, frequently heard, that prohibition has increased the amount of drinking is not supported either by general observation or by common sense. This myth is a delusion which is created, in part, by the increased thirst of drinkers as their supply diminishes, and, in part, by the increased attention that is given to any achievement in proportion to its difficulty.

Prohibition has already transformed the ordinary environment in which youth lives, moves, learns, and earns. It is now necessary for young people to go out of their way to secure liquor; formerly they had to go out of their way to avoid it. More vigorous enforcement will give the younger generation even greater protection against the worst enemy of physical and intellectual development. The most severe penalties that can be imposed under the Jones Law should be pronounced upon any person convicted of making, selling, or transporting intoxicating beverages that contribute to drinking by young men and women in the formative and preparatory periods of life. The offense of aiding and abetting the consumption of habit-forming, alcoholic poison by youth must be discouraged with the heaviest mill-stones of punishment that can be fastened to the violators.

Prohibition has already contributed marvelously to the assurance of better birth, better care, and better training for children. Vigorous enforcement, even if it were not justified by other important considerations, would be more than justified by the compelling duty of this generation to provide the most favorable conditions for the welfare of the next.

### Safety and Prosperity

Nor can we forget the serious menace of alcohol to life and property in a highly mechanized civilization such as ours. The human brain is the most important factor in the control of powerful, high-speed machinery on the highway and in the workshop; and it is an established medical fact that alcohol slows down the human being's responses to stimuli, so that alcoholized minds fail both in routine duties and critical emergencies. At a time when the density of modern traffic has resulted in doubling the braking power of automobiles, it would have been nothing less than criminal folly to continue to legalize the use of intoxicants, which have the effect of diminishing the braking power of the man at the steering wheel.



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In the interests of greater security for life and property, we are justified in demanding the strictest possible enforcement of prohibition.

Prohibition has closed the licensed saloons. It has destroyed the dominant influence of liquor in politics. It has taken from liquor the support of legitimate industry. It has aided prosperity by diminishing the wasteful consumption of liquor which lowered the productivity of labor. And for all these reasons I answer Mr. Coudert's challenge with a ringing appeal to the American people to carry through the experiment they have begun and to lend the full weight of their moral, social, and political support to the campaign for thorough and vigorous enforcement of the law.

The questions raised by this FORUM debate are of such momentous national significance that it is not sufficient merely to present the constructive side of the case; Mr. Coudert has come before the public with a carefully prepared argument for nullification of the law, and some of his "reasons" are too specious to be allowed to stand unanswered.

Should the Eighteenth Amendment be nullified because it cannot be repealed? Nonsense! The procedure for amending the Constitution has not been changed. The prohibition amendment can be repealed in exactly the same way that it was adopted. To assert that it cannot be repealed is to admit that it will not be repealed; and if conditions under prohibition were as intolerable as they were before prohibition, who can doubt that the Eighteenth Amendment would be repealed even more quickly than it was adopted? But it will stay in the Constitution, because it will merit the continued support of the people.

Do "intolerable conditions" of enforcement justify non-enforcement or disobedience of the law? Those who oppose prohibition often talk about "intolerable conditions" — with very little basis of fact. No sensible person can deny that conditions are better now than they ever were under the license system.

Are prohibition laws "oppressive and tyrannical"? Positively not. They compel nothing difficult or unjust; they impose no burdens or discomforts upon the law-abiding citizen.

Does prohibition "destroy the charter of our liberties — the framework of our government"? Quite the contrary; it springs from them. Prohibition came because the framework of our government permitted the people to achieve their will in the fight against the evils of alcohol. America is the freest nation, and therefore the driest nation.

Is it true that the dry laws are incompatible with the spirit of our government, and therefore that citizens need not respect them? This theory is entirely false. No law ever was adopted in this country in more strict conformity with the democratic rules of self-government. If self-government implies obedience to laws which represent the will of the people, then it is clearly the duty of citizens to honor and obey the Eighteenth Amendment.

### CAN IT BE ENFORCED?

WILL PROHIBITION fail because juries will not convict? Time alone can answer that; but if we can judge the future by the past, juries composed of average American citizens will uniformly declare violators guilty when the evidence proves them to be guilty.

Is prohibition "folly and failure"? On the contrary, it represents common sense and the greatest success ever tried against liquor.

Is it true that prohibition is not enforced and cannot be? The plain, simple truth is that prohibition *can be* enforced and *is being* enforced. The evils of liquor have not been entirely prevented, but they have been immeasurably decreased. So long as our regular processes of law and order can be carried on, prohibition can be enforced. So long as violators are apprehended, convicted, and punished, the law is being enforced.

At the present time there is a relatively small group of people who, after nearly ten years of our increasingly successful experiment with prohibition, seem bent upon opposing it with every means in their power. Realizing that they are a minority, they try to compensate for what they lack in numbers by the increasing loudness of their voices. And what do they offer as a substitute for prohibition? Nothing constructive — only surrender on the part of the majority, nullification, the complete undoing of all the good that has been accomplished. Nullification or repeal would settle nothing and leave the nation helpless in the grip of the liquor power. Nullification or repeal would not correct the pernicious alcohol habit nor suppress the criminal traffic in alcohol, but would reduce resistance to both. Therefore,



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while nothing would be gained by failure to enforce the law, nothing can be lost by vigorous enforcement — not even the cost in money, for that is returned in fines and penalties.

Not surrender, then, but rigid enforcement is the remedy for the liquor evil, the answer to the alcohol problem. Take away every legal prop; remove all coöperation by lawful trade, commerce, and industry; place the stigma of illegality upon social drinking; educate youth to know the truth about alcohol; encourage law observance by patriotic citizens — and then enforce the law vigorously, consistently, and continuously against the criminal minority of violators who will not obey it. Then the minority of weak or defiant drinkers will gradually decrease, and America will progress unhampered and unhindered by beverage alcohol — the greatest common enemy of the individual and the greatest handicap to the state.

**Next month Mr. Fabian Franklin will reply to Mr. McBride.**

# Breakdown

*Drawings by Julian de Miskey*

***by* L. A. G. STRONG**

HE HAD planned it all exactly. Muriel was going up to town on the 1:52, and he was supposed to be going with her. They were to be independent of each other till half past four, when he was to meet her for tea at the Chadwickes'; and they were coming home by the 6:05.

He told Muriel to start for the station ahead of him, as he might be kept late at the office. It was a necessary part of the plan that he should not arrive on the platform till a minute or so before the train started. He had taken his ticket beforehand, at the office in the town where they knew him well, and where they entered up the number of each ticket in a ledger.

The train was in when he reached the incline leading up to the station, and the big engine, shining in the sunlight, let off important clouds of steam and uttered every now and again a raucous, sustained snort. Maurice pulled his hat over his forehead, took a platform ticket, and hurried through the barrier.

As he expected, Muriel was in the very front of the train. She gave him the inexpressive smile which she kept for public occasions. "I've kept a seat for you," she said, with a hint of emphasis in her even tones, suggesting that the keeping had caused some resentment to the other occupants of the compartment. She would get her own way; but she was perhaps just as glad that he had turned up to prove that she was keeping the seat legitimately.

"Thanks." He stood fumbling at the pockets of his overcoat, which was hanging open. Then he looked up at her with a well-feigned dismay. "Oh Lord, I've nothing to read. I must get a magazine. I've just time."

"Maurice — surely? The train's just off."

"That's all right. I'll get in further down."

And he ran down the platform without waiting for further argument. General Waiting Room — this would do. He dived in, huddling down into his coat, and a minute later had the



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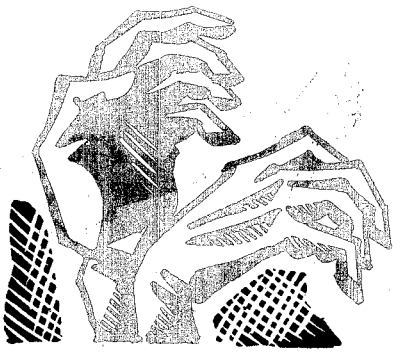
satisfaction of seeing the train slide past the yellow windows. Almost at once a little crowded local came bustling in, and it was easy to join the crowd and give up his platform ticket at the barrier; the collector was too busy to do anything but watch the hands that offered him tickets.

That was all right. He had a clear hour now. He would go back by a different bus route, which landed him half a mile from home, and get into the flat by the back way. There was a bare chance that someone he knew might see him, but it was very unlikely; and, after all, one had to take some chances. He had lots of time to dodge back by the most improbable little streets.



What was that tag out of "Patience"? — "You can't love two women at once," or something to that effect; to which the fool answered "Can't you though!" Maurice's face twitched. He had had ample opportunity lately to consider that proposition in all its aspects. You might be able to be in love with two women at once, but you couldn't carry on the business as if each was the only one and cope with a full day's work as well. Since Merrick had been ill, he'd had more than he could manage at the office. Scarcely time for Muriel, let alone Vera. Oh, hell, hell, hell! It all ran round in his head like Catherine wheels — great aching circles of fire. He had all he could do not to stand still and stamp on the pavement and cry out in sheer nervous exasperation at the burden of it. Steady, though! He must keep a clear head for what lay before him.

The problem was going to be solved all right — the Gordian knot cut. He gave a quick little snigger, tucking his chin down inside his coat collar. That was more like it, perhaps. *Something* had to be done. To go on as he had been was simply to court a breakdown. And he knew what a nervous breakdown meant. Collapse, mental and physical. He had had as much as he could stand. Just about as much as he could stand.

No one knew him on this bus route. Strange in what narrow channels the streams of a community ran! A small town, fifty miles from London; yet by simply getting into a bus that traveled almost parallel to his own, he was plunged at once into a quite unknown stream — people whom he had never seen, and who had never seen him.

It was twenty to three when he walked up the back stairs to the flat. He had put on his shoes with the crêpe soles. No one heard him, no one saw him. The door opened noiselessly, and he slipped inside. He went into the little sitting room, lit the fire, dragged the sofa forward from the wall, and drew the one curtain that faced a neighboring house. Then he went into the bedroom and returned with an eiderdown and a rug, which he threw over the end of the sofa. Back again to the bedroom, he pulled out the bottom drawer of the wardrobe, groped in the back of it, and took out a long, narrow box. There was something inside it, wrapped in tissue paper. He felt it to make sure it was there, and put the box on the bed. Lastly, he took out his pocketbook and looked into a pocket in which there were two or three little slips of paper. Satisfied, he laid it on the bed beside the box.

Now there was nothing to do but wait.

III

It was just seven minutes past three when his strained ears heard a light step, followed by a rattle of the letter box. Instantly he was at the door, and the tall, graceful figure stood silhouetted, smiling, before him. It was a picture he had seen very often in the last six months. The same actions and sensations were precisely repeated: her soft "Hullo, Maurice dear," the shutting of the door, the darkness, her cool fragrance as he penned her in against the wall and took her in his arms. Then, with a trembling hand, he opened the sitting room door and she stepped in front of him, taking in everything with a glance, pulling off her fur gloves, making some trivial remark, still smiling.

What was it that made her so damnably attractive? She wasn't beautiful, with her snub nose and her wide, strong mouth. Her hands and feet were rather large too. Yet she had some indefinable neatness, an elasticity, a buoyance in her step, the carriage of her head,



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something provocative and yet endearing, which made people call her "little Vera" — though in fact she stood well above the average height. It was an outside which expressed uncommonly well her vivid, careless personality.

Her marriage had not been a success, far less of a success than his with Muriel. She admitted that. Yet she made light of it, never complained, appeared philosophically to take it as all in the game. "Oh, I thought that was part of a wife's job," she would say, and smile at him with innocent eyes as he scolded her for not resisting some fresh enormity.

He watched her now as she took off her scarf. She always stood in front of the fire to do this, and put it with her gloves on the corner of the mantelpiece. Then he would take her hand and lead her to the sofa, sitting her down beside him. "Well, little Vera."

"Well?"

"How are you?"

"I'm all right. How are you?" — all prelude to the first kiss upon her cool, steady lips that always smelled of lavender.

Well — since he could no longer bear the strain of both, it had to be Vera or Muriel. Vera was an exotic, a temptress; Muriel was his own, his companion, till death them did part. Death?

Good Lord, they were right about hell being here, on earth. Even the good times were paid for by wretched fits of nerves and depression. The notes, the furtive appointments, the necessity of finding out where Muriel was going to be — he wasn't made for carrying on an intrigue. What seemed to exhilarate some men only tormented him. The sense of treachery . . . absurd, illogical, oh, he knew that. He had reasoned it all out long ago, yet he somehow found it hard to meet Muriel's eyes.

The affair wasn't really serious, in the sense that it would have been if Vera and Muriel were rivals. There was no question as to which of the two he chose to live with. In that, the fundamental sense, he was perfectly loyal. Yet, telling himself all this savagely over and over again, he felt guilty, and, latterly, distraught. It had become unbearable — and he would end it to-day. Even with the familiar cool touch of Vera's lips upon his own, he was resolute.

Gently he loosed himself from her. "Just a minute," he whispered, and made a little gesture toward the next room. She held him with her eyes, looking up into his, strangely earnest.

"Don't be long," she said.

He tried to speak, swallowed angrily, and answered "I won't" more loudly than he had intended; then went out and closed the door.

Once in the bedroom, he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, rolled his sleeves up above the elbow, and took from the back of the wardrobe a faded old yellow bathgown, all stained and smeared. He had used it to protect his clothes while making up a troupe for amateur theatricals, and the front of it was a mass of grease paint. No one would be likely to find it, stuffed away in the bottom of the old trunk whence he had that morning taken it out.

He stood for a moment in front of the long glass, looking at himself. A pale, serious face looked back at him. The brown eyes confessed nothing of their intent. They looked the same as usual. Turning away with a sigh, he picked up the box and the pocketbook. This was a time to act on impulse. He did not know when the chance would come.

He went back to the living room, softly closing the door behind him. Vera was sitting on the floor in front of the fire, holding out her hands to it. The red, steady glow fell softly upon her bare arms and shoulders. She did not look up as he came in.

Moving very softly, he came behind her. With demoralizing suddenness, his heart began to beat frantically, like the crying of a bird upon which a cat has pounced. Steadying himself, he put the pocketbook on the sofa and opened the box.

Vera half turned her head at the rustle of the tissue paper; then she leaned forward and laid it sideways on her knees, with a little contented sound. She was waiting for his arms to steal round her and draw her back to him.

Very quietly he put the box down beside the pocketbook. In his right hand was a long Indian knife with carved blade and handle, and his left hand moved across to join the other upon the long hilt. He took a step forward.



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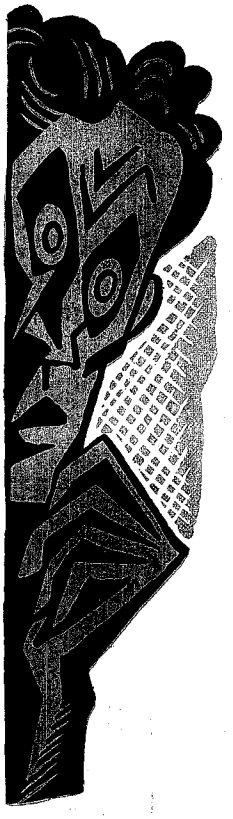
"Mau — rice." It was a slow, lazy whisper. She would rouse and turn round. His chance would be gone.

Fixing his gaze on a point just inside her left shoulder blade, he grasped the knife in both hands, raised it, and literally fell upon her with all his might. The blow came straight down; her body in its doubled-up position resisted the impact, and Maurice fell sprawling to one side. Picking himself up like lightning, he sprang away. The knife had gone in almost up to the hilt.



For a moment she remained doubled forward, her head on her knees. Then the head craned back; she tried to straighten herself up, stuck — like a hen he had seen, crushed by a car and desperately trying to rise — and fell suddenly sideways. She kicked, thrusting one foot against the stove, but seeming not to feel it; her hands reached out, clutched the sofa, and she began to drag herself up. Her head was thrown back, the forehead a mask of wrinkles, her eyes staring, fixed on the wall, seemingly quite unconscious of him; and through her open mouth she made a queer indrawn sound, "Aw-w-aw-aw-aw-w-w-w —"

As he watched, she pulled the top part of her body upright, leaning backward over the knife — farther, farther back — her lips drawn away from the gums; she coughed, and went all limp, rolling over with her face toward him on the carpet. Her eyebrows rose once or twice as if in surprise. Then her face became sleepy and peaceful as a child's. She uttered a little, gentle sigh, and was still.

It was a full minute before he dared to move. His hands were shaking uncontrollably in reaction from the effort. Holding them out in front of him, he steadied them somewhat by an effort of his will. Then, going as near to the window as he dared, he scanned the front of his bathgown. Not a speck of blood on it! One long streak on his right forearm — that was all. Get rid of that first.

He went swiftly into the bathroom, and in a few seconds that splash of evidence was gone. Now then, he must get a move on. Hesitating with his hand on the door, he had the idea that when he went in he might find her sitting in front of the fire, as before. That would be disconcerting. A mistress with nine lives, eh? It was almost a relief to find her lying as he had left her. A dark stain was slowly spreading over the carpet.

He crossed to the sofa, opened the pocketbook, and took out three little slips of thin paper. If they were going to get him, if he had to swing for it, he'd give the public something to talk about. This was to be no commonplace murder. Each of the little slips had typed on it a bizarre and meaningless sentence. "So Time goes by, whitening old city churches," read one. That would get them guessing. Another was a text from the Epistle to the Romans, about Sodom and Gomorrah. They might think he was mad, but they would notice them all right. Headlines. . . . He might even get off as a madman.

The slips were typed — not on his own typewriter — not by any means. He had tapped them out under pretense of trying a machine for sale in a stationer's in the town, while the assistant was getting him a particular size of envelope he knew was kept upstairs. The paper might be identified, though he had kept the type clear of the watermark; but what if it were? Hundreds of people used it.

Rolling up the slips, he bent over the body, inserted one in each nostril, and the third in the mouth, between the teeth and underlip. That was all. Now to get away.

III

TEN MINUTES later he was hurrying to the terminus of the bus which had brought him out. By good luck, he had hardly any wait at all. The winter dusk was already beginning to fall; it was a foggy, dull day.

Seated in the bus, he reviewed his plans. He had a ticket, which the clerk at the office would swear to giving him, and the number of which was checked up in the ledger. This ticket he was now going to use. The 3:57 would get him up to town too late to join Muriel at the Chadwickes', but in plenty of time to meet her on the 6:05 and explain that his business



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had kept him. That business was a weak spot, of course, but he would put in one or two quick calls which would show he had at any rate been in town that afternoon. Muriel would be ready to say he had come up by the 1:52, and his ticket would be found among the day's collection at Paddington. (He only hoped they didn't check them after each train!)

At this end no one knew where Vera had gone. She lived only a few hundred yards away, and she had come straight to the flat, so that her maids would be witness that she had not left home till three. Actually, she was dead within ten minutes of entering the flat, and he was away in less than ten minutes after that. Flimsy though his alibi might be, this point at least was in his favor. When on earth, his counsel would ask, could he have found time to commit the murder? The 3:57 got to town by a quarter to five. From then on he would contrive to be seen by several people. The prosecution would not have matters all their own way, even if they did run him in. Unless someone had seen him coming in or going out of the flat, that is to say; and he was pretty sure nobody had.

"Have you ever seen this in your husband's possession, madam?" (Holding up the knife.)

"Never," Muriel would reply, with perfect truth; for he had bought it in an old curiosity shop in Devonport a long time ago, and it had been stowed away somewhere among his things ever since.

Or perhaps they didn't examine a wife when her husband was on trial? He couldn't remember.

When they reached the station, he wrapped a scarf round his mouth and scuffled through the barrier with his head down, enduring as best he might the agonizing minutes before the train arrived. It was not long, but it might have been a whole year of his life. At last the train came. Getting into a carriage crowded with country folk, he at once disappeared behind a newspaper, and, by a queer trick of the mind which was a complete surprise to him, managed to forget what had happened for whole minutes together. He wasn't well, that's what was at the back of it all. He wasn't well; the strain had been taking it out of him frightfully.

The moment the train reached Paddington, he jumped into a taxi and made for an address in Notting Hill, to a friend of his who had a small, one-man office, and who could therefore be relied upon to be in. Dismissing the taxi at the corner of the street, Maurice went quickly along and mounted the rickety stair. "Come in and wait — back in five minutes," said a confiding message on a card pinned to the door. Excellent. He went in and picked up a paper. It took him two or three minutes to realize that it was the same paper he had been reading in the train.

A reckless plunging on the stair suddenly announced the owner's return, and a second later he entered, apologetic and breathless. "Oh, it's you! I say, I'm awfully sorry. I was kept much longer than I expected. You haven't been waiting long, I hope?"

Maurice glanced at the clock. "Not long. Only about twenty minutes."

"I say, I *am* sorry. I'd no idea they'd —"

"Oh, that's all right. I've nothing particular to do. Fact is," he forced a smile, "I was just wondering if I'd drawn another blank."

"Another?"

"Yes. I went all the way out to see Baines, and he wasn't in." That was good. It had only just come into his head. Baines *was* out that afternoon; he happened to know, indirectly. He was covering up his tracks in grand style.

"Oh well," his host stretched out a cigarette case, "I'm glad you found me, anyway."

IV

IT HARDLY seemed worth while making other calls, after that, but he looked in at two places on his way back to the station. Then there seemed to be a queer gap in his memory, for the next thing he knew, he found himself walking up the platform carrying some of Muriel's parcels, with no clear idea of how he got there.

"Here," she said, halting beside a door, "this will do."

Going back. Home. Up from the station, up the stairs, in the door. . . .

He turned his mind away, rubbed a clear patch on the window, and tried to look out. The lights of a factory whirled derisively by. He shuddered and steeled himself to endure the long, barren, eternal journey. Why did people nod their heads in a train, the fools? His head was nodding too, he supposed. How idiotic they must all look — nodding in fatuous,



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rhythmic assent to some unheard proposition; replying in the only way they could devise to the unanswerable question — why did they exist at all? The whole thing was symbolic of humanity answering the major riddles — obstinate, endless assertion instead of reason.

And other questions. Was she dead? Nod — nod — nod. Did they know who had killed her? Nod — nod. Would he be caught? Nod — nod — nod. Would he hang?

The train rushed over the joints of a junction and swung away on a new path in the darkness.

And every nod, every clitter-clock, clitter-clock of the wheels, was carrying him so much nearer to — to what had happened. He turned his mind away resolutely and tried to read the back of the man's paper opposite. Muriel was in her corner, her eyes closed, one hand delicately against her cheek. She met all the disagreeable things of life like that, gracefully, fastidiously. Her composure was very precious to her. Well, she'd need it soon.

He fell to reviewing all the steps he had taken to build up an alibi. Flimsy enough, they looked — full of great black gaps through which the huge arm of the law could suddenly shoot and grab him. A light shiver ran down his spine. But, so far, he was not so much frightened of the consequences as curious — academically, disinterestedly curious — to see how it would all work out. Would the local police tackle it, or would they call in the Yard at once? Recalling himself with a jolt, he fixed his eyes upon the joggling paper opposite him, and with great concentration read something very silly about an actress who was being sued for breach of contract.

At last, after ages so long that his whole life and several previous existences seemed to have been spent in the same hideous compartment, the train slowed down, and they stepped out into the chill air of the platform. They took a taxi, because of Muriel's parcels. In precisely the same way as one turns one's mind away while the dentist fixes a drill in his machine, Maurice turned his mind to any externals it could seize upon during the journey up.

"Two and six, is it?" he was repeating presently. "Two and six, eh?" And he took the money out of his pocket and counted it over twice, with great deliberation, before the action would register in his consciousness at all. "Oh, ah, yes — two and six." The man was looking at him. "Well. Here you are. Good night."

He was walking up the stairs, his arms full of parcels. His heart seemed to be beating distinctly, sharply, rather than fast; and at once he saw a picture of it, as a sort of cylinder with two convex ends, swinging imperatively against the surrounding tissues.

"All right. I have a key."

Muriel's manner seemed a bit constrained. She had looked at him strangely, he thought. Pooh! All fancy. It shows how one's conscience can run away with you. Oh my God, here they were, in the dark little hall, only a few yards, only a door away from it! He almost ran down the passage to the bedroom, stumbling in at the door and shedding his parcels on the bed in a heap. He kept his back turned on Muriel, for the lower part of his face seemed to have become all loose and uncontrolled. Muriel put down her bag, took off her hat, leaned forward to scrutinize her face in the dressing table mirror; then went out of the room, without speaking.

Sick and shaking, he caught hold of the bedpost and held on. She went along the passage. She was outside the living room door. No — she had gone into the bathroom. He brushed his forehead and tried vainly to moisten his lips. This was awful, awful, awful, his mind kept saying. It — ah. She had come out again. He heard her turn the handle of the living room door, switch on the light. . . . Shutting his eyes, he nerved himself for her scream.

It did not come. He could hear her moving about in the room. He — she — oh God, this was past all bearing, worse than any outcry. Something told him that his eyes were staring in his head; he ducked, not daring to look in the glass, and ran out into the passage, falling, lurching, swaying, with hands outstretched against the cold walls; tottered to the open door of light; grasped the doorpost, the knuckles sticking out white from the back of his hand, and, with a rending, terrible effort, pulled himself into the room and looked on the floor in front of the fireplace.

There was no body. Nothing at all.

"Ah — ha — ha-ha!" A little shrill whimpering laugh sounded in the room, and he realized that it had come from his own throat. Frantically he raised his eyes. Muriel was staring at him in amazement and distaste.



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"Whatever is the matter with you, Maurice!" she exclaimed.

"The matter?"

"Yes." She came a step nearer. "You've been behaving in the queerest way, all the afternoon." She gave a half laugh, looking closely into his eyes. "You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Queer? I — why, what's been the matter with me?" He got the words out, but all the time his mind was trying to cope with the staggering thing she had just said. All the afternoon. Queer all the afternoon. That's what she had said.

Muriel laughed again. It was her way of turning aside her irritation. "*I* don't know what's the matter with you," she answered. "All I know is that you've been behaving very queerly all the afternoon. They were all wondering what was the matter with you. I could see they were."

His mouth fell open. "They — who were?"

"Why, at the Chadwickes', of course. You wouldn't say a word to a soul, except once, when you were quite unnecessarily rude to old General McKie."

"At the Chadwickes'!" he shouted. "You don't know what you're saying! At the Chadwickes'?"

"Why, Maurice, what*ever* is the matter with you! Of course you were at — oh, my darling! Maurice! My darling boy!"

For he had begun to laugh — soundlessly at first, a horrible, silent shaking; and then he was screaming, sobbing, laughing, calling out. . . .

How soon afterward he did not know, he found himself on his knees, holding on tight to her, his head in her lap; and she was stroking his hair, soothing him, comforting him as if he were a tiny child. "There, there, my darling, Maurice my darling, it will be all right. There's nothing to be frightened of. Nothing. Nothing. There, darling, there."

And presently he was calmer; quite quiet. He knelt, his arms around her, looking over toward the bookcase with wide eyes, realizing the truth. The breakdown — what he had been afraid of — it had come. This was it; all this. Everything. He had spent the afternoon unconsciously, an automaton, while his consciousness had been busy . . . here. The whole story — the precautions, the details, the vivid enactment — he could see it all now, the fantastic, pettifogging logic of the disordered mind. And the imagination — what he had done to Vera. Good God, if that was delusion, what was there to hold on to in life?

Steady — that was the way to go off again. He held on tight to Muriel for a minute; then, calmer, he took another look at the floor, grimacing oddly.

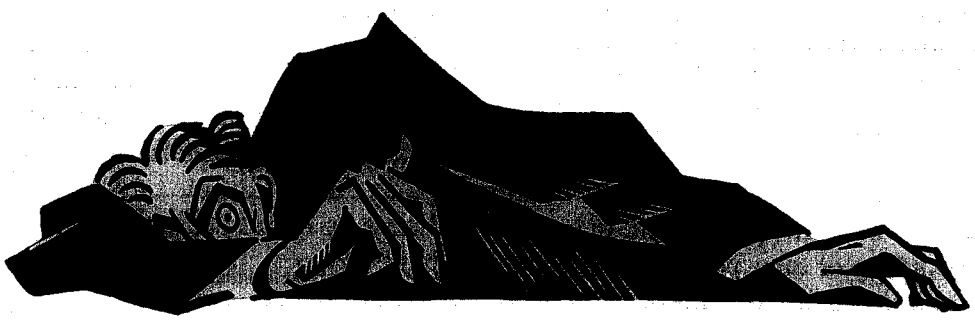
"Do you know," he blurted, "I thought I'd —" And then he broke off short. He'd have enough troubles without that. Least said, eh?

With gradually narrowing eyes, he listened to all the soothing things Muriel was saying over the top of his head. She'd been noticing how tired he was getting, how overdone. He needed a change. A nice rest, and a change. They'd go off together, down to the sea —

"That knife," he exclaimed suddenly, looking up at her. "I haven't had that for years. I remember now. I gave it away, years ago."

"Yes, darling. Of course you did. Don't worry about it any more," and she was on again, how all he needed was a rest. Then he realized he needn't trouble to guard his tongue. Anything he said she would attribute to his breakdown. Poor little Muriel! She was frightened, badly frightened, and putting a splendidly brave face on it.

He got up and sat beside her on the sofa, putting his arms around her, telling her not to be frightened.





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# Humanism and Religion

*Drawings by Johan Bull*

IT WOULD SEEM that the belated Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy is passing. Both sides must recognize a serious menace to vital Christian faith on the horizon in the Humanist movement which makes "God" simply a name for the ethical ideal evolved by mankind and attempts to draw its moral standards from a study of human behavior.

— DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN *

## *by* NORMAN FOERSTER

THE SPIRIT of revolt and skepticism having reached the saturation point, more and more people are beginning to look for principles of order and construction, and humanism, because it offers such principles, is receiving more and more attention. Humanism is entering upon a new phase, not merely because of this increased attention, but also because this increased attention has for the first time necessitated a candid inspection of the fundamental issues it raises. Hostile critics can no longer hope to oppose it successfully by expressing thoughtless prejudices. It is no longer enough, for instance, to complain that humanism is mainly "academic" in origin, as if that proved its total depravity; nor is it any longer enough to condemn it as "Puritan" (whatever that may mean) or as Roman Catholic. Friendly critics, moreover, are now asking questions that are helpful because they are really searching. Humanism can only be grateful for the spirit in which Mr. T. S. Eliot, for example, concludes his earnest essay on "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt":

> I believe that it is better to recognize the weaknesses of humanism at once, and allow for them, so that the structure may not crash beneath an excessive weight; and so that we may arrive at an enduring recognition of its value for us, and of our obligation to its author.

Certainly all humanists who share the modern critical spirit must honestly desire to recognize the weaknesses of their position. They can only be grateful, again, for the serious discussion of fundamentals in a recent essay by Mr. G. K. Chesterton (*The Criterion*, London, April, 1929, and *The Bookman*, May, 1929). Writing on the question "Is Humanism a Religion?" Mr. Chesterton affirms:

> We need a rally of the really *human* things; will which is morals, memory which is tradition, culture which is the mental thrift of our fathers. Nevertheless, my first duty is to answer the question put to me; and I must answer it in the negative.

Though in the main friendly toward humanism, Mr. Chesterton answers the question as a Roman Catholic, and his answer acquires weight from the fact that the same desire for principles of order and construction which is interesting people in humanism is interesting them in religion. If life on the natural plane, as now abundantly appears, spells chaos, we must seek order and construction on the human plane, or on the plane above the human, or on both of these. Accordingly, no problem is more pertinent to-day than the relation of humanism and religion; and to that problem I wish briefly to address myself, speaking as a critical humanist.

When I say "religion," I am not mainly concerned with the great organized religions; I know too little about the professed and actual creeds of the various forms of Protestantism, or of that Anglo-Catholicism to which Mr. Eliot adheres, or of the Roman Church to which Mr.

* From a commencement address delivered at the Union Theological Seminary, May 28, 1929.



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Chesterton is a convert. To all of these, save certain futile forms of Protestantism, my attitude is one of respect and admiration, in so far as I understand what is essential in them. If, as a critical humanist — a "pure" or "mere" humanist — I cannot avail myself of all that any of them offers, I can at least perceive that humanism and religion are in principle and in effect allied in opposition to what I have termed "naturism," the unsatisfactory program of the Occident since the seventeenth century. Yet, while I conceive that their joint hostility to the pretensions of naturism is the matter of primary importance, it seems to me that they cannot afford to neglect their relation to each other.

### Is Humanism a Religion?

In discussing this relation, writers like Mr. Eliot, Mr. Chesterton, and Mr. Read appear to have raised four questions.

1. Is humanism a religion (or an alternative to religion, or auxiliary to religion)?
2. Is humanism a derivation from the Christian tradition?
3. How many people can humanism satisfy?
4. For how long a time can humanism satisfy?

To the first question — "Is humanism a religion?" — the answer is in the negative. Of the three levels of life — the natural, the human, and the superhuman — it is predominantly concerned with the second. If "the religious view" is construed in Mr. Eliot's way as requiring acceptance of "dogma or revelation," humanism certainly does not take that view. If the religious view is more freely construed as indicating a predominant concern with the level above the human, again humanism certainly does not take that view. Humanism is not a religion but a working philosophy, having for its object as a philosophy the clarification of human values, and for its object as a mode of working the realization of human values.* Operating in the critical rather than the dogmatic spirit, it conceives that the old religious solutions are inadequate, and at the same time it fears the delusions into which men so easily plunge when seeking to pass, without a *via media*, from the natural to the superhuman level. It agrees with one of Trollope's characters, who says: "Till we can become divine we must be content to be human, lest in our hurry for a change we sink to something lower." It believes that there is need, as well as room, for a working philosophy mediating between dogma and skepticism and devoid of revelation and ecclesiastical organization.

Humanism is not a religion. It is possible, indeed, to conceive of a humanism without religion — an *alternative* to religion. Certainly humanism is capable of attracting the worldly as opposed to the otherworldly, because it offers, as naturism does not, order and happiness, if not the best order and happiness. It appeals to those who can find in themselves no vocation for spiritual humility, but who do find in themselves a steadying devotion to humane proportion. As an alternative to the ideal of the religious man, humanism in this incomplete sense offers the ideal of the civilized man. This is something; it is at least far better than the barbarism that prevails in most ages, including the present.

### Humanism Includes Religion

In its complete form, however, humanism is far from disregarding religion; indeed, it may properly be regarded as *including* religion, since it enters, under the control of the critical spirit, into the third and highest level of human experience — experience so different from the ordinary texture of life that we also speak of it as superhuman. Though the predominant concern of humanism is with the human level, its critical spirit apprises it of a level above the human, a reality higher than human reason can comprehend, most nearly glimpsed by the ethical imagination. It does not find the second syllable of the word *enthusiasm* meaningless. In its insistence on conversion (by right habit), on the exertion of the ethical will (to which, not to reason, it finally assigns supremacy), on the high function of imagination, on the need of meditation, on the need, above all, of humility, and in its offering of substantial happiness (at its best, an exalted

*Humanism is not a systematic philosophy. In answering its great question — "In what does human perfection consist?" — humanism pursues not the method of philosophy in the rigid sense, but rather the flexible method of culture as Arnold conceived it — "culture seeking the determination of this question through *all* the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion." Only humanism wishes to avoid the ambiguities and vaguenesses of Arnold's thought, whenever experience has proved them to be dangerous. The twentieth century humanist must acknowledge his debt to Arnold by defining more clearly the ideas of Arnold.



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peace) as the fruit of right living, humanism would seem to include all that is essential in religion. It attracts persons who are content to be human, but not to be worldlings.

Again, humanism may be regarded as *auxiliary* to religion. It attracts not only those seeking order as critical individualists, but also those who feel the need of order as members of a visible church. Protestants and Catholics alike find something in it which they either do not find in the church or which supports what they do find in the church. If it seems to win adherents from the churches, it also seems capable, on the other hand, of leading its adherents into the churches. Since humanism gladly concedes that religion is higher than a humanism devoid of religion, its more spiritually-minded adherents are not always satisfied with the inevitable vagueness of religion as humanism conceives it, but wish to press on to the supreme level of life with the aid of one of the forms of revealed religion, till in time, perhaps, they are side by side with persons who were first attracted to the church and to humanism afterward.

### Its Greek Origins

So much for the first question. The second question is: "Is humanism a derivation from the Christian religion?" — or, as Mr. Chesterton would have it, "from the Catholic tradition?" Historically, I think it will be granted that humanism has owed far less to Protestantism than to Catholicism. Humanism and Catholicism are old allies; in a general way, for instance, they may be said to have produced the illustrious seventeenth century in France. In so far as humanism has been nourished by Catholic doctrine, it is Catholic. But the foundation of humanism, "for us," as Mr. Eliot would say, is classical, is Greek, is pre-Christian. In so far as Catholicism has been nourished by Greek and later humanism, it is itself humanistic. To-day, at all events, humanism is not content to draw only upon Catholicism, but rather seeks a historical justification in various traditions antedating the foundation of the church — Greek, Hebraic, Buddhist, Confucian. It is by no means content to know the first two of these through Catholic doctrine, and, adding the last two, it may perhaps be conceived as laying claim to universality. The special concern of Irving Babbitt is not with the Catholic tradition but rather with Confucianism and Buddhism ("there is probably no one in England or America who understands early Buddhism better than he," says Mr. Eliot) and still more with the Greek tradition, which is scientific in the full sense. Certainly the critical spirit, which dominates the thought of Mr. Babbitt, and which causes him to assert that the doctrines of humanism rest fundamentally upon present experience rather than upon tradition, flourished incomparably in pre-Christian Greece — the leading source of humanism whether considered as a movement in the past or as a movement to-day seeking redefinition.

Of the essence of humanism one may venture to say, as Paul Elmer More (whose inner history, by the way, has revolved round Plato) has said of the law of taste, that it is "less changeable than religious creeds, far less changeable than scientific theories. The advent of Christianity has left it untouched, and the waning of faith does not trouble it." Though Christianity has by no means left humanism untouched, I cannot see that it has altered it fundamentally, however valuable the deeper insight it gave into the problem of evil and the need of humility — an insight, besides, that may be had through Oriental testimony, as Mr. Babbitt has shown. I have not the slightest desire to belittle the contribution of the Christian or the Catholic tradition. The point is simply that present humanists need not accept Mr. Chesterton's dictum that humanism is "the pools" while Roman Catholicism is "the fountain."

If I must name *the* fountain, I am bound to name Greek humanism: Plato, Aristotle, Phidias, Pindar, Sophocles — a fountain of perpetual youth. To the *pure* humanist, the central humanist tradition must count for more



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than the central spiritual tradition. While he cannot contemplate St. Francis or the author of *The Imitation* without an ardor of response that superficial moderns would term benighted, he responds even more eagerly to the broadly human type represented, say, by Sophocles, not as a romantic like Sir Gilbert Murray pictures him, but rather as he appears, for example, in an article by Lane Cooper:

> As a typical Greek, Sophocles is religious; not, like the Athenians in their later decadence, 'too religious,' as St. Paul described them. He is also many sided, with a number of diverse faculties ready for the accomplishment of both his immediate and his final aim. But the unity and compactness of structure in his *Œdipus Rex* or his *Antigone* reflect the inner unity of spirit in their author. Sophocles knows when to amplify and when to inhibit; he is equally sensitive to broad perspective and to the value of each detail. His vision is steady and comprehensive, as a comparison of the eighth Psalm, in the Bible, with his chorus on man, in the *Antigone*, will disclose. He has formed a just estimate of the relation between external nature, mankind, and the divine.

It is a matter of choice, no doubt; but the choice of the humanist is that vision of a proportioned totality, that selective comprehensiveness, that just relation of the planes or levels of life which was more nearly attained in the Greece of Pericles than in any subsequent time or place.

### Not to Be Measured by Numbers

Two questions remain: "How many people can humanism satisfy?" and "For how long a time can it satisfy?" It may as well be stated frankly that humanism is not centrally concerned with these questions. If it attracts persons of intellectual distinction, as Mr. Chesterton says it does, the reason is not that it promises to reconstitute humanity. If Mr. Babbitt "knows too much," as Mr. Eliot seems to regret, if "he knows too many religions and philosophies, has assimilated their spirit too thoroughly" and cannot "give himself to any," the reason is not that Mr. Babbitt wishes to satisfy all of the people all of the time. If this *were* his purpose, he might be expected to act upon the suggestion of a sentence which Mr. Eliot quotes from him: "Under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted upon to uphold civilized standards." That is, he might be expected to throw in his lot with this majestic institution. This, as a critical humanist, a modern seeking a sound individualism, he cannot do.

And yet, though "numbers" are not the central concern, the humanist may be permitted to entertain the hope of Matthew Arnold that the saving remnant, in our large modern states, while small relatively, may bulk large enough "to become an actual power." The Baconians and the Rousseauists who have absorbed the majority were once a small minority. Through the instinct of imitation, through the need and desire of men for leadership, through the many facilities for the formation of public opinion, anything, good or bad, saving or disrupting, has a chance to prevail. Once the remnant has reached a certain size, it will tend more and more to set the tone of thought, of art, of education, of life. Humanists may hope for this if they can; they have the same right as anybody else to be optimistic or pessimistic. Only they grievously err, I think, when, like Matthew Arnold, they permit the passion to "prevail" to bulk larger than their passion for perfection. In the present age at least, they are all too likely, like Stuart Sherman, to drift into humanitarianism.

No, humanists will not be unduly impressed with the fact that Mr. Chesterton, as he reminds us, shares his faith and his mysteries with three hundred million people. If he shared them with an equal number of Buddhists or Christian Scientists, that again would not centrally commend his point of view. So that when he tells us, "I really want to know whether it is anticipated that there will be three hundred million humanists," our first answer is that humanists have more important questions

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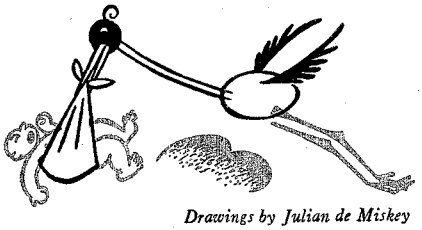
to study; and the second answer is that they deem it unwise to forecast the future. Somebody has said (I think it was Mr. Chesterton himself) that prophesying is an easy game, having no rules. But correct prophesying about the religion of "all the other generations . . . even unto the end of the world," Mr. Chesterton must assuredly leave to the Divine.

Mr. Chesterton speaks more pertinently when he inquires what *cement* humanism has for an enduring ethic and culture, what it possesses analogous to the aqueduct of Rome whose arches bestride lands and ages. As the past has proved, humanism allies itself naturally with dogmatic religion, so that if dogmatic religion has a future, humanism has most probably also. But if dogmatic religion should continue to lapse, or wholly fail to exert a vital control over men's minds, this external cement will be wanting and humanism will have to rely entirely upon the kind of cohesion revealed by the critical spirit. The final effort has been going on for centuries now, bunglingly, because it began by throwing overboard humanism and religion, along with their wrappages of authority. The next stage, as humanists conceive, ought to be the restoration and impressive clarification of all that is sound in the old traditions, all that conforms to present experience when this experience is studied far more searchingly than in the half-baked philosophies and psychologies of our professedly scientific time.

Instead of beginning at the outside, with nature, humanism conceives that we must now begin with the inside, with the central facts of experience, to the end that, having examined man as an animal, we may now come to know man as man. To announce with Mr. Eliot, at this juncture, that one lays "no claim to being modern," is somewhat premature. So long as the modern or critical spirit continues to dominate men's thinking, so long will a critical humanism be justified in seeking to reveal what is really central and normal and permanent in human existence, what principles of conduct are necessary to effect a community rather than a social chaos, what kinds of knowledge and types of beauty are most congruent with human nature, what elements enter into a richly diversified, a finely shaped, and an exalted life.

# On Having a Baby



*Drawings by Julian de Miskey*

***by* THOMAS CRAVEN**

"A BABY," I said, in a cool, scientific manner, "is a biological fact. It may get itself born without giving due notice, but its organic development, as everyone knows, is perceptible for months. We shall have everything carefully organized and systematically arranged. There will be no wild scenes, no idiotic demonstrations, and when it arrives . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't refer to my baby as *it*," interrupted my wife.

I made no answer. A thoughtful in-law, a sedate Victorian woman who had produced eight lovely English daughters in as many years, had taken me aside, after we had announced that the guest room was soon to be converted into a nursery, and informed me of my responsibilities as a prospective father. In the interest of family harmony I had listened patiently, though inattentively, to her pious chatter. One of her admonitions, however, had



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remained with me and had filled me with apprehensions.

"Remember," she whispered mysteriously, "these months of waiting and planning for the wee stranger are anxious times indeed for the little mother, and you must not be surprised or discomposed to learn that she may be subject to whimseys. For the sake of that little unborn babe of yours, you must humor her."

I had nothing to fear from a wife who merely argued — argument was my specialty — and I was confident that I could handle one who was rebellious or negligent of the domestic arts; but a wife with the "whimseys"! Good Lord, here was a grave problem indeed! For consolation I reflected on authors and artists who had also been fathers and who had not allowed the advent of just another mortal to interfere with their immortal works. At the moment I was writing an article on Goya, and though I was familiar with the Spaniard's incredible fertility as an artist, I had only recently discovered that he was the father of twenty legitimate children. For some reason or other, the fact pleased me immoderately. In looking over Goya's correspondence, I ran across the following letter written to an obscure friend whom, in the days of his greatest fame as chief painter to the king, he neither slighted nor forgot.

> My wife is ailing and peevish as she approaches her eighteenth confinement. She accuses me of carrying on an antrigue with a duchess, the most foul-featured woman in the entire court — and I have painted her as she is. Fourteen of the children are down with the cough and are whooping their heads off. Even the cook has a fever, and the house is a bedlam. *To-day I finished two full-length portraits.* . . .

There was Tolstoy, whose work flowed on in an undiminishing stream while his wife presented him with one child after another — thirteen in all. "How much richer and more human," I said to myself, "are the writings of Tolstoy, the father, than those of spinsters like Henry James and George Moore!"

And there was the noblest example of all, Joseph Conrad, who, on the night when his first son was born, sat up until dawn, not pacing the floor or circling round and round the house as fathers are supposed to do, but writing — writing with powers of concentration unheard of since Balzac, in order to finish the manuscript of *Youth*. *Youth* I knew almost by heart; it was my favorite among literary masterpieces, but now the story came back to

me with a potency that was truly monumental. As a specimen of fortitude, as an artistic achievement performed under the most exacting circumstance, the tale was literally the product of the obstetrical necessity of raising money to pay the doctor and the nurse. It was without a parallel. I drank deeply of this consolation.

I hadn't the remotest idea what a "whimsey" might be. I detested the word. It suggested bedtime stories and the imitators of Sir James Barrie.

But from the veiled remarks of the idle women who intruded themselves periodically to scatter advice and to repeat the ancient superstitions surrounding childbirth, I deduced that a wife, "at this time," as the obliging ladies delicately phrased it, was liable to unseemly aberrations and sobbing, irrational storms, however serene and well-balanced her behavior in normal conditions. It was inevitable. I had best resign myself to the fact. I must needs be cautious, indulgent, tolerant of absurd caprices, and charitable of feminine inconsistencies; but at the same time, I must protect my own rights.

Accordingly, and with infinite tact, I discussed the situation with my wife. Certainly, she assented, all this fuss and nonsense over bringing a baby into the world — a perfectly natural proceeding, a biological fact, she added flatteringly — was totally irrelevant and unnecessary. People didn't use their heads, that was all. They didn't plan; they were ignorant of the advances of modern science, and instead of preparing themselves for an emergency, they drifted along, occupied with impracticable fancies and romantic speculations on the future generation. Needless to say, I was profoundly relieved. Again she had given proof of her sterling wisdom. Preparedness was the watch-



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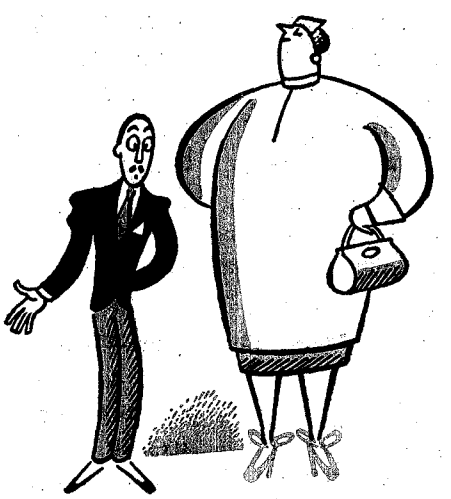
word. Immediately, in her quiet, orderly fashion, she formulated a daily routine, and during the months preceding "the great event," as it was proudly termed in family circles, we subordinated the subject to more pressing economic affairs. I spent my days profitably at my desk, while she employed her time in gaining a detailed knowledge of the business of motherhood. Whimseys indeed!

It is commonly believed that a baby is a messenger of peace and good will, an infallible means of promoting family unity and dissolving old feuds and differences. Novels and plays have lent popular support to the idea, and I confess that in my innocence I had taken it for granted. But I was disillusioned in short order. No sooner was the coming of the child an ascertainable fact than I discovered that our respective families, our friends, relatives, and acquaintances, had arrayed themselves in two belligerent camps: those who had been told, and those who had heard the news at second hand. The latter camp had two subdivisions: those who were "just hurt," and those who were merely offended. To me it was inconceivable that adults could be guilty of such preposterous conduct. My wife was at great pains to explain to all concerned that a baby is, at least to a certain extent, a private circumstance, and that its initial manifestations cannot and need not be communicated simultaneously to curious outsiders. Finally, to my secret joy, she declared herself boldly. She refused peremptorily to make peace with two disgruntled old aunts whose offended sensibilities had responded in a garrulous attack upon our good manners. The two disgruntled old eyesores have passed out of our lives forever.



It was understood that my aloofness, my calm æsthetic detachment, was by no means to be construed as indifference or lack of interest in "the great event." Common sense dictated that a father's duties began with the appearance of the child and not before. With a clear conscience I went on working — that is, for a while. Then parcels began to arrive, fantastic boxes containing all sorts of indecipherable garments — blue and white dresses, miniature woolens, "Gertrudes," and colored diapers exquisitely embroidered. I noticed that skirts for babies had also shortened considerably, and I noticed further, to my astonishment, that the gift cards were uniformly inscribed to a hypothetical young lady called Mary Ann and to an alternative described as Thomas, Jr. They were naming the baby without my knowledge or consent!

"There's only one name for a boy," I remarked casually, "and that's John."

"It's hideous!"

"A good solid name," I went on, "an appellative with dignity and tradition — John Milton, John Keats, John . . ."

"Yes, and John Smith and John Doe. He'd be called Jack. Terrible! Why not your name?" she suggested sweetly.

"No Juniors in this family," I declared autocratically.

And then her eyes flashed with a most reprehensible suggestion. "I'd love to name a boy after my father."

"After your father!" I shouted. "*Algernon!* No you don't." I saw a long line of British high-hats squinting at me through monocles. "A criminal act! You couldn't send an Algernon to an American school. You'd ruin the boy for life."

"My father did a good deal with his life," she retorted quickly.

"That was in England."

"Well, suppose the child is a girl?" she inquired meekly.

"Oh, any plain Anglo-Saxon name will do."

"I thought Mary . . ."

"All right."

"Ann?" she added tentatively.

"Satisfactory."

"Mary Ann!" she cried victoriously.

"One's enough. Take your choice." With that parting shot I left the room, finding it increasingly difficult to get anything done.

A week or two later I found on my desk a neat pile of pamphlets relating to hospitals and



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trained nurses. Having definite opinions on such matters, I went at once into the nursery. Without controversy, we followed our doctor's advice and ruled against the hospital. The baby was to be born at home. The Victorian in-law was delighted. For once she would enjoy a childbirth, a "lying-in," to borrow her own words, that was not her own. She would postpone her annual trip to England, a pilgrimage on which she paid each of her daughters a month's visit; she would take up her abode in our house; she would assist the doctor and the nurse; she would do a great many things that nobody had asked her to do. After we had decided to have it at home, considerate and farseeing friends invited themselves to tea, bringing for our encouragement numerous and savage offspring, and terrifying my wife with grotesque and unmentionable stories of suffering women, which they related with devilish glee. One of my closest friends, an editor and a valiant toper, contributed a bottle of prewar Scotch. "You will need it," he said to me. "All of it."

The best room in the house, being none too good for the baby, was transformed into a blue-and-white nursery equipped with every modern device for torturing infants and adding to the burdens of parents. In due course a nurse took possession — a veritable Amazon, large but light-footed, soaped, starched, and agressive. With pride I led her into the laboratory, exhibited our equipment, and asked if she had ever before encountered such systematic and comprehensive preparations. As I expected, she recited a series of midnight adventures in which she had been roused from her well-earned rest by frantic calls from insane husbands. "Just because they weren't ready! But on my last case, where I stayed three months . . ."

"Three weeks is our schedule," I interrupted sharply, but she did not even pretend to listen to what I said.

". . . the baby arrived the same night that I did."

"Will this baby of ours arrive to-night or in the morning?" I demanded.

The nurse was annoyed. "Well," she answered evasively, "what did the doctor say?"

"He said nothing. He ordered us to send for you to-day."

"Then I'd abide by his decision," she said, with a professional whine.

Later in the day the Victorian in-law called up to inform us that she would be with us toward the end of the week.

"The end of the week!" I replied indignantly. "Why the nurse is here now."

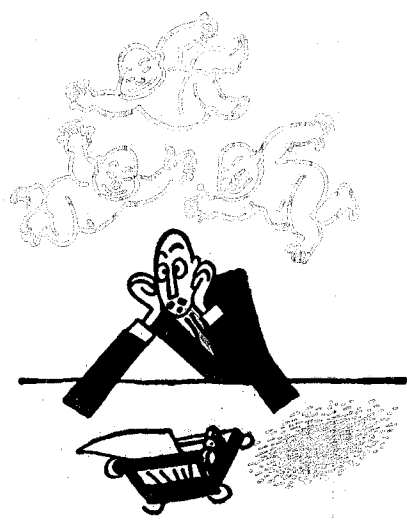
"That's quite all right. It's safe to have her at hand, you know."

"*Safe!*" I shouted. "You can't have a baby without a nurse!"

"Well, don't entertain her," she said, with an insinuating laugh.

"She's got work to do and so have I."

As a pastime the nurse prescribed Russian Bank. Ten days went by at the end of which I was an authority on Russian Bank. Every night we played that endless and stupid game. Either my wife and the nurse played while I reviewed dull books in my most ferocious style, or the nurse and I played while my wife explained to dozens of inquisitive skeptics that although everything was in readiness, including herself, the nurse, and the nursery, the obstinate baby would not appear. All day long the harsh voice of the nurse sounded in my ears, and I learned the habits of all the babies from the beginning of time.



The nurse's presence seemed to fill the whole house. She was everywhere. She asked silly questions about my work. She objected to my pictures. She called my wife "dearie." She washed her silk things and hung them outside my window. She slandered our doctor and all doctors. She pretended to love all babies. She told us that as a rule she had been employed by



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"very wealthy people" who had treated her as "one of the family." She talked interminably. She expected me to be chivalrous and admiring. Every morning she avowed that before night my wife would be a little mother. But nothing happened. She became the most odious woman I had ever seen. My bank account was dwindling — and I discharged her.

The doctor said that the situation was unfortunate but by no means unusual: the arrival of the first child could not be determined with any degree of accuracy. I agreed with him. Two weeks passed. Having endured the preliminary false alarms and having lost most of our faith in doctors and all of our faith in nurses, my wife and I settled down once again to a more equable mode of living and resolved to let nature do her worst.

And nature did. The dreadful night I cannot describe. My wife suddenly had symptoms — symptoms which bachelor novelists love to dwell on and which doctors live for, but which no father dares to set down in black and white. The doctor was attending a concert at Carnegie Hall and the nurse was dancing at a night club. I remembered a German woman who lived down the street — a competent, kindly soul and the mother of I don't know how many tow-headed youngsters. She performed the ceremony with a masterly hand — I subsequently found out that in her younger days she had been a professional nurse in Berlin — while I ran up and down stairs rather excitedly, fully convinced that the story of Joseph Conrad and the birth of *Youth* was the invention of some childless journalist. When the doctor finally arrived, the baby had been spanked into a howling reality, and was peacefully sleeping.

# Is Anything LEFT of Religion? — a debate

## *I — The Twilight of the Gods*

### *by* THEODORE W. DARNELL

AT THE END of the last century, Washington Gladden, at that time one of the greatest preachers in the country, published a book on *How Much Is Left of the Old Doctrines?* His aim was to set forth the changes that had taken place in religious thought and to show how many of the ancient doctrines of Christianity remained for the people of that day. That book presented to my mind a most astonishing fact. It showed me that there were some things in Christianity which were *not* left. I cannot today recall any of the doctrines which Dr. Gladden found to be of abiding value, but I remember very vividly the surprise with which I learned that anybody should even suggest that anything had disappeared. As a son of orthodoxy I constantly attended religious services, but I had not observed, from all the preaching to which I listened or from the conversations of the ministerial friends of my preacher-father, that anything of doctrinal Christianity had been discarded.

Dr. Gladden was, of course, far ahead of his time. Christianity was in excellent repute. Modernism had not yet lifted its voice against the

THE LAST two issues of THE FORUM contained Socratic dialogues on the questions — "Is Religion Necessary for Progress?" and "Does the Modern World Need Religion?" The present debate continues the attempt to define the place that religion may hold in the life of twentieth-century man. Mr. Darnell believes that very little is left of our ancient beliefs about God, immortality, and heaven; the problem, he says, is to bring religion down to earth and center its attention on the here and now. Dr. Cadman takes up Mr. Darnell's arguments point by point, attempting to refute him and to show that "there is a reason for man's religion in man's nature."



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traditional teaching of the church. The only kind of Christianity was then "Fundamentalist," though that word as a religious battle cry had not yet taken its place in our vocabulary. To-day, among intelligent people, there is no doubt that the question — "How much is left of the old doctrines?" — is quite in order. When Professor Harry Elmer Barnes stated before the American Association for the Advancement of Science that we need a new concept of God, a storm of criticism immediately fell upon his head — not because there was any considerable objection to his suggestion, but because, according to a number of clergymen, the necessity for a new concept of God has long since been recognized and has been presented by modern ministers these many years past.

Such eagerness to admit the necessity for a new concept of God would be most assuring to the intelligent layman if he could discover just what new concept is offered. But when he asks this question, he finds himself confronted with two facts: either the new concept is the same old concept dressed up in twentieth century clothes — God taken out of Greek robes and put into frock coat and trousers, so to speak; or the new concept is a vague something which looks amazingly like a force and is not a god at all. In which case the layman is led to ask: "What has become of God?" And then to enlarge his question to: "Is anything left of religion?"

### How Religion Began

MR. BRYAN was accustomed to remark, somewhere in his lecture on "The Prince of Peace," that when anybody could give him a record that goes farther back than the beginning, he would give up the Bible and accept that record; but when the anthropologists actually furnished the record which Mr. Bryan demanded, the Great Commoner declined to keep his promise. If Mr. Bryan had known anything at all about anthropology, he would have known that the Bible does not go back to the beginning; indeed, historians and scientists have been trying to learn something about the beginning for many years and without very gratifying success. However, if we cannot go back to the beginning, at least we are able to go back some forty or fifty thousand years, and when we go back that far, we learn some interesting things about the origin of religion.

*Woodcuts by Benjamin Miller, Courtesy Kennedy Gallery*

**Adam Naming the Animals**

We learn that at the beginning of man's life on this planet he was not only not in possession of the highly specialized knowledge of God that Adam is said to have had, but that he was a brute without any knowledge other than that of devouring his food and seizing his mate. This primitive man, as James Harvey Robinson shows, had only the rudiment of a mind. Eating and sleeping, mating and fighting, constituted his whole manner of living. With the dawn of intelligence, however, he found himself in a universe that frightened him. The thunder made him sick at heart, the lightning struck the trees over his head, the earthquake rocked the earth beneath his feet, and the flood swept away his rude hut. These things were mysterious, and fear leaped into his heart at each new mystery. Behind them all he felt menacing presences which he sought to placate by prayers and sacrifices. It was the morning of the gods. The long climb out of these early fears from fetishism to monotheism forms the most interesting story in the annals of man.

At last, man began to study the causes of these and other events and a new universe was opened to his view. The more he studied science, the farther he got away from mythology and superstition. He came, at last, to understand that there can be no gods like those which his ancestors had invented; indeed, he came to realize that if there is a God of any kind, man has no way of ascertaining the fact. To-day, man is able to find no data upon which to base an investigation of these matters, and he therefore concludes that time spent on such



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Samson Destroying the Temple

an investigation is merely wasted. Modern man declares that whether God exists or not is of no concern to him, since the existence or non-existence of God does not and cannot affect his life.

We find ourselves, therefore, with nothing that our fathers would call religion. God, soul, heaven, hell, atonement, immortality — all are thrown into the discard. There is so little left that even Dr. Gladden would hesitate to write a book with such scant material.

### Modernism on the Fence

Naturally this conclusion does not meet with universal acceptance. Not only does the traditionalist pronounce anathemas against this casting off of Christian mythology, but "Modernists" also line up with the traditionalists (strange comrades, to be sure) in defense of Christianity. Their arguments are not so logical as those of the Fundamentalists, who frankly throw away reason to rely upon "faith." The Modernists insist on treating Christianity as a reasonable religion. Of these defenders Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is the most aggressive and the most popular. In a recent article on "What is Christianity?" he cuts away the whole superstructure and some of the foundation of historic Christianity and argues in favor of this emasculated Christianity as the safeguard of personality. He admits that this conception of Christianity "has some hard sledding ahead of it," but he seems not to know just what the nature of the attack against it will be. "It runs," he declares, "into headlong collision with prevalent ideas: that man, for example, is a physical machine made by the fortuitous self-arrangement of matter." In short, his argument is wholly against mechanistic philosophy, to the consideration of which he brings the accustomed theological attitude.

Now there is no doubt that Christianity does face this opposition, but this is not the real battle ground. Fosdick, like Napoleon, chooses his own battle ground, and, like Napoleon at Waterloo, faces defeat because of his failure to see just where the battle is being waged. He fails to understand that the real battle ground concerns theology only indirectly. The fact is that thinking men and women are not interested in theology. The attack on Christianity is mostly an attack on the whole theological attitude. Religion, if it is to continue at all, must shake off theology — Fosdick's variety as well as Straton's. Of this fact Dr. Fosdick appears to be utterly ignorant.

Of course, Dr. Fosdick is placed in a most difficult position. It is hard to be modern and, at the same time, to hold on to certain arbitrarily selected tenets of traditionalism. He may say some very harsh things about his Fundamentalist brethren, but at root he is not so very different from those whom he criticizes. He accepts, just as they accept, the two great fundamentals of Christianity — God and immortality — unmindful of the fact that it is from these beliefs that the modern man is compelled by intellectual honesty to dissent. It is difficult to see how Christianity as presented by Fosdick differs essentially from traditional Christianity. And what is true of Dr. Fosdick is, of course, true of other lesser lights among the Modernist Christians.

### Gone Our Hope of Heaven

Let us now go back to catch up a thread which has been lost sight of thus far. Somewhere in his religious development, man began to hope for immortality. This hope is not to be found in the earlier stages of religion. It is a comparatively late idea in human development. Even among the Hebrews, long after the adoption of monotheism, the idea of immortality was a negligible part of religious thought. Sheol was a place for departed spirits, but the "ghost" was not thought of as *enjoying* its existence, and the living looked forward to life after death with reluctance. Even in the day of



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Jesus a not inconsiderable company, called Sadducees, rejected the doctrine of immortality altogether.

However, the idea of life after death had crept into being and had become a matter of hope and conviction. The reason for this is not hard to find. Life, as man knew it, was not a happy experience. It was filled with fear and pain, and man longed for a life where fear and pain would not be encountered, where his efforts would not be frustrated, and where his hopes would not be thwarted. His priests, being wise men in their generation who understood that popular control is maintained only by occasional concessions, encouraged him in this hope. Indeed, they were not opposed to seeing better conditions on earth so long as these better conditions did not interfere with their own power. Perhaps they saw the trend of the times and to maintain their power they invented a code of morals which they insisted, with many a "Thus saith the Lord," must be followed if man would be approved of God. Obedience to God's will — that is, to the moral code — would win for the believer eternal life in heaven. Disobedience would consign the sinner to everlasting pain. Man at once capitulated. He listened to the prohibitions that fell from the lips of the priests: "Thou shalt not steal. . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. . . . Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." He enjoyed all these prohibited things, but he obeyed the priests because the keys of heaven and hell were in their hands. He began to live "the good life" here in order that he might inherit the happy life hereafter.

We have, then, two new elements growing up in religion: a new objective — heaven; and a new method — living the good life as a means of reaching heaven. The older elements — escape from the anger of the gods through prayers and sacrifices — were not dropped. They were carried over and added to the new concept of religion. Throughout religious history thereafter the two new elements, heaven and the good life, are to be found.

To-day we have reached very definite conclusions about immortality. It is safe to say that there are few intelligent people who believe in this doctrine, and there are many — a rapidly increasing number, due to the remarkable extension of our educational program during the past few years — who see in it a positively antisocial force. It is not surprising that the defenders of Christianity, particularly those of the Modernist type, are aroused to aggressive opposition against those who question their confidence in a future life. In the same article to which reference has been made, Dr. Fosdick speaks of immortality as the necessary effect of the whole evolutionary process. He writes: "*Inevitably* (the italics are mine) this philosophy (that is, his own Christian doctrine of personality) issues in the hope of immortality" — thus disregarding the fact that Professor James Henry Leuba has shown that there are hundreds of scholarly men who find no such inevitability.

Dr. Fosdick admits that "the outward appearances admittedly are against life after death." He means the scientific facts. But he implies that the *inward appearances* are in favor of life after death, and he does this although many men who may speak with authority on the question of inward appearances are even more reluctant than the scientists to affirm a belief in continued existence. Leuba's tables show that more than sixty per cent of the historians and at least eighty per cent of the psychologists do not believe in immortality.

The belief in God and the belief in immortality are gone. All the forms and frumpery of

St. John in Prison



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Christianity — Fundamentalist or Modernist — are gone. Only one thing remains and that is completely changed. That one thing is what I have called the method, "the good life." It is quite true, as Everett Dean Martin points out, that the Christian conception of the good life was a life surrounded by prohibitions. "Thou shalt not" was the signpost at every bypath. There was no encouragement to experimentation or adventure. Man must keep to the straight and narrow way. Modernist Christians may urge upon youth "the adventure of Christianity," but the very phrase is fraught with prohibition. But, while the good life is changed, it remains in its changed form as the only survival of the religion of the past, and it remains as the "way" to reach our modern religious objective, which is not an escape from the realities of life but an acceptance of those realities — a civilization on earth in which every man may find happiness. Since, then, religion for the modern man no longer means the worship of God or the indulgence of the hope of immortality, Professor Barnes' demand for a "new concept of God" is as antiquated as that of Moses. What we need is *a new concept of man.*

### Down to Earth

As soon as we turn our thought away from God to man, from a distant heaven to a civilized world, we are, of course, brought face to face with the supreme fact of our modern life — the machine. In the attempt to point out the path which civilization will be likely to follow, every writer in *Whither Mankind* — a recent symposium edited by Dr. Charles A. Beard — speaks of the machine not only as the dominant factor in our civilization but as a means to the realization of a larger spiritual and idealistic existence. Other writers, notably Oswald Spengler, have seen in the machine the greatest menace to civilization. If religion has to do with our present world and what can be made of it, religion must have something to say about the machine. What does it say?

First of all, modern religion — that is, religion divorced of gods and unprovable theories about a future life — insists on taking an optimistic view of the situation. Indeed, optimism has been characteristic of religion throughout all history. Even in the philosophy of defeatism during the Middle Ages, religion offered the only optimistic point of view. True, it found little occasion for optimism in the earthly life, but it insisted that this life is not all and that happiness would come in a life hereafter. Other and older philosophies had been equally conscious of the bitterness of the earthly life. The Stoics saw this bitterness and said that man must endure it without murmuring. The Epicureans saw the bitterness and tried to laugh it away. But Stoicism and Epicureanism represented at best only an unembittered pessimism — a pessimism with a smile of resignation instead of a frown of discontent. Religion alone remained optimistic. It held out the promise of ultimate happiness.

### Optimism and the Machine

We have the Stoic and the Epicurean with us to-day. The former — Spengler, for instance — declares that we face inevitable destruction but that we must go on to the bitter end. The wise man will get away from the crowd. He will find contentment in some isolated spot and there calmly watch the world meet its doom. The Epicurean still holds his sides in laughter and declares that the only happiness is to be found in the satisfaction of the appetites of the moment. The wise man, therefore, should recognize no responsibility but that of enjoying himself. And in so doing he is no better than the poor fool who stands in the middle of the road and laughs at the vast machine which moves toward him and will at last crush him to dust.

But likewise we have the man of religion with us. He faces the twentieth century bitterness and remains an optimist. He turns from the logic of despair to the higher logic of hope. He accepts the machine not only because he cannot escape it, but because he *wills* to accept it. He rejects alike the philosophy of retreat as offered by Gandhi and the philosophy of defeat as offered by Spengler. He insists on the possibility of transforming the bitterness into sweetness. He is not content to sit down and let the world go to ruin; neither is he satisfied to watch a world committing suicide while he envisages a future heaven of happiness for himself and "the elect." He faces the future with the question — "What can be done about it?" — confident that something *can be done* and determined that something *shall* be done.

The modern religious man insists that the



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machine is neither good nor bad in itself, but that it is only an instrument. It may be used for the progress of mankind toward a larger, better life, or it may be used as a means to his present misery and his ultimate destruction. If it is to be used in the latter way, it is because men are not living "the good life." And so, the modern religious man reaches back into the religion of the past and seizes the one thing that is left. He takes it away from the atmosphere of prohibition, negation, and superstition. He makes it positive.

In his effort to make the good life positive, modern man redefines religion to mean a devotion to the "interests" of ordinary living; and by this new definition those interests are transformed into values that extend beyond the domain of personal gratifications and satisfactions. His interests are business, sports, education, and patriotism (including his political behavior). The modern religious man conceives of these interests as contributing to the welfare of men everywhere. He has a world outlook. The religious man of yesterday also had a world outlook, but it was represented by the phrase, "The world's my meat." In his religious world outlook he called in the services of the missionary, who, depending on supernatural power, went forth to convert the world — that is, to bring the world into *his* circle, to make the world over after the manner which suited *his* individual taste or the taste of his particular group. The modern man's world outlook is quite different. He does not want to convert the world to his idea. He wants to become acquainted with the world. He wants his own circle to enlarge till it will include all mankind. He wants to see the barriers broken down which now separate man from man, nationality from nationality, and race from race.

### Nature's Challenge

THE MODERN religious man conceives of his business, for example, as a crusade or a cause and not as a mere means to a living. He is part of all he surveys. The world actually needs him and depends on him. Each man for himself? No. Each man for his neighbor? Not at all. But each man contributing his best through the ordinary channels of business in order that both he and his neighbor may be able to *live* in the most complete sense of that word. In like manner he views each of his "interests." His sports are truly re-creative. His education is a path to social improvement. And his political life is not a mere scramble for place and power, with little intelligent understanding of even the petty problems that are evolved in a campaign; it is a means to the solution of problems of world-wide concern in order that every man may enjoy freedom to become what nature has convinced him that he should become.

Modern man's attitude toward nature is one of the most interesting phenomena in history. The older religious attitude was that nature was cruel. It was evil. It had to be overcome. It could be overcome only by that which was greater than itself. God alone was greater than nature. Therefore man prayed to God for protection against nature. Modern man still recognizes nature as something to be conquered, and he still believes that it can be conquered only by that which is greater than itself. But there the agreement ceases. Modern man conceives of nature neither as good nor as evil, but as a mighty machine to be controlled by him who has the will and the skill to control it, and he knows that he has achieved that skill. He has shaken off the long slumber of superstition and he finds that instead of a hostile deity, nature is merely the genie of the magic lamp of science which man may rub at his will.

The realization of this mastery of nature forces upon the thinking man the consciousness of his own worth. Knowing himself to be of value, he sees others as men of value, and he understands that until all men realize that they are of value, his own worth is cheapened. Under the inspiration of his new vision, he feels the compulsion to use his knowledge in the establishment of conditions which will promote the welfare of mankind generally. He sees that the only devils are those men who would use the mastery of nature for the impoverishment and destruction of man. The good life, therefore, becomes to him the employment of his mastery of nature for the common good. In his imagination he sees a civilization in which the fear of want and war will no longer menace mankind, a civilization in which the strong will no longer make slaves of the weak, a civilization in which every man will have the opportunity for some kind of creative living; and to the accomplishment of that vision he gives his all.



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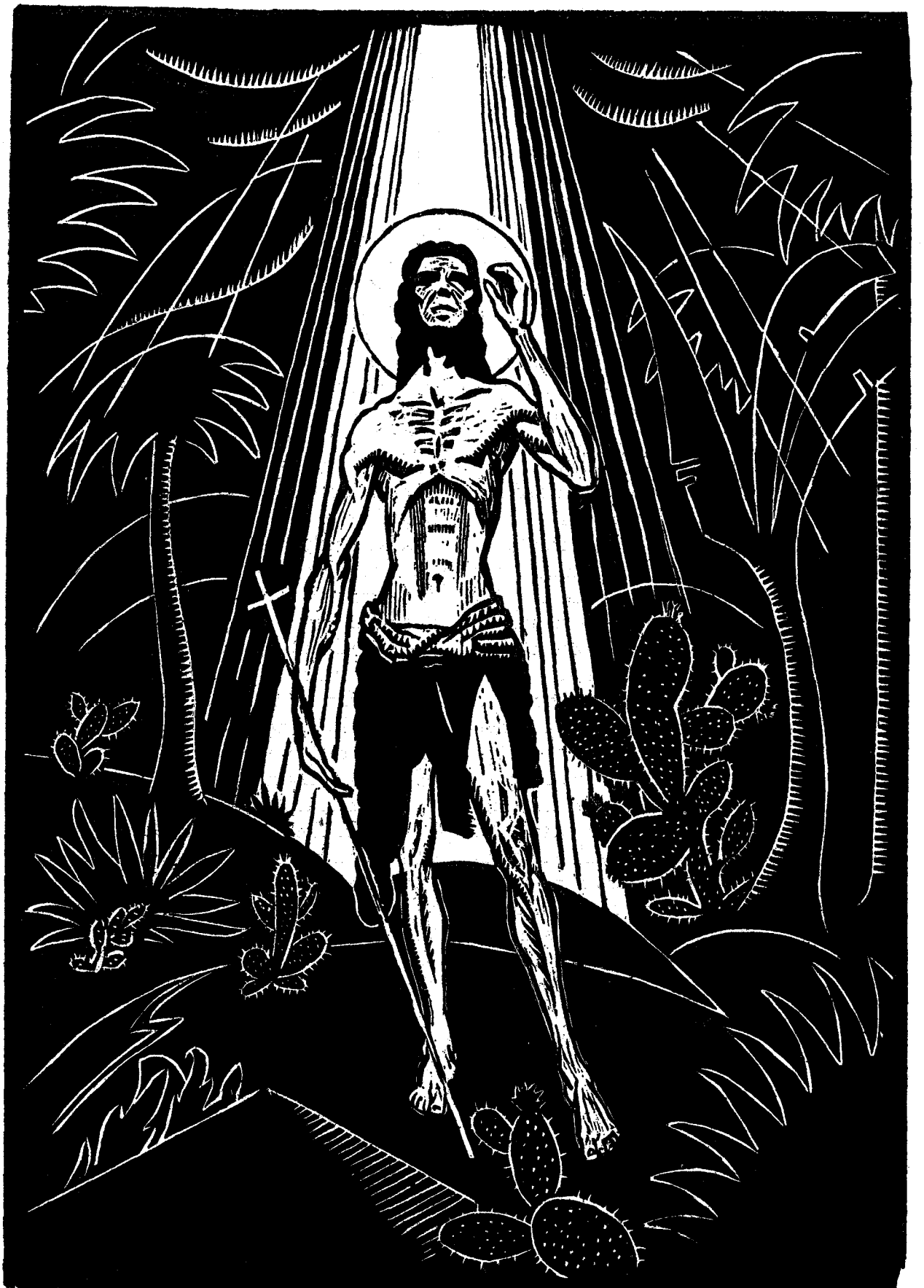

*Woodcuts by Benjamin Miller*
*Courtesy Kennedy Gallery*

"The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness"



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Christ Entering Jerusalem

# II—Religion and the Good Life

## *by* S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

THE BASES of supernatural religion are infinitely broader and deeper than the article by Mr. Theodore W. Darnell suggests. After giving it a careful reading, I confess that I cannot discover in it a single argument in defense of the author's position which has not been previously advanced and answered. That the answers have not been final is no more strange than that the questions raised have not been final. If by a final answer is meant one that admits of no rejoinder, then it should be clearly understood that such finality cannot be obtained either for or against belief in God and in immortality. This and kindred beliefs operate in that region of choice in which faith is the deciding factor, and while faith must always be supported by sound reasons, its ultimate objects can be neither scientifically proved nor disproved. Hence a man may be familiar with every classic argument against religion and still remain convinced that in affirming his belief in God and in immortality he makes the supreme affirmation of which the human mind is capable.

Mr. Darnell claims that he speaks in the name of that elusive individual "the modern man," who is described rather than defined by him as "not interested in God," and "com-



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pelled by intellectual honesty to dissent" from "the two great fundamentals of Christianity — God and immortality." The modern man has other distinguishing characteristics, but from Mr. Darnell's point of view the decisive test of his modernity seems to lie in his skeptical attitude toward the two "fundamentals" named. Mr. Darnell does not state, however, that a man may assume this attitude and nevertheless hold firmly to the beliefs it opposes. Take, for example, Mr. Bertrand Russell, to whom, by the way, Mr. Darnell owes not a little of his argument on this point. In Mr. Russell the scientific temper and the religious temper exist together, as they do more or less in the vast majority of educated people. Boutroux's well-known discussion of this issue shows that these tempers can be harmonious and complementary in one and the same personality.

### Science and Religion

Certain aspects of reality are not directly susceptible to scientific investigation. A man cannot be called scientific because he refuses to believe in them; neither can the man who does believe in them be called unscientific. This is a mere bandying of adjectives which gets us nowhere. Many scientifically minded persons are also motivated by sincere faith in supernatural religion. They declare that the existence of an Infinite Being of perfect goodness and power is not an impossible concept, since nothing is impossible which does not involve a manifest contradiction. They commit themselves to God's existence as an actuality realized by faith. They take Him as a fact neither absolutely provable nor disprovable, and they rely upon the experiences following their acceptance for the increasing support of their venture. God is, for them, the grand objective of mature reflection and reasonable faith — the objective required as the explanation of life's purposes.

If this process is not strictly scientific, assuredly it is not unscientific. Individuals who maintain that there are other approaches to reality besides those determined by exact measurements, do not surrender their insistence that whatever is truly religious is finally reasonable. It is therefore as illogical for Mr. Darnell so to define "modernity" as to exclude faith as it is for him to use the term "religion" emptied of its supernatural implications. Judged by his standards, Osler, Millikan, Slosson, Pupin, J. Arthur Thompson, Mather, and Eddington are not "modern" men. In support of his contention he alludes to Leuba's famous questionnaire. But did not nearly one-half of the five hundred American scholars to whom the questionnaire was addressed assert their faith in God and immortality? And did not five hundred more ignore Leuba's inquiry? Would these gentlemen have changed the ratio? Who knows?

The next outstanding feature of Mr. Darnell's discussion relates to the origin and history of man. Unless I misapprehend him, he proceeds on the assumption that to know the real or supposed origin and history of a fact or an idea detracts from its value. But no theory of man's origin can change the fact of his present existence. The appearance in him of those primary faculties and characteristics which raise him forever above the brute and open up possibilities of endless advancement, has to be considered, whatever may have been the conditions under which these qualities evolved. Mr. Darnell is at great pains to tell us of those conditions; yet he will, I take it, agree that there must be some kind of continuity between primitive man's "rudiment of a mind" and the intellectual achievements of his present descendants. The gist of the issue is: "Does the former individual supply us with the principle of interpretation, or do we find it in the latter?" It will be conceded that the man of to-day is infinitely more richly endowed than his aboriginal ancestor, the "dawn man."

But Mr. Darnell gives us no adequate explanation of this difference. He may fall back on the magic word "evolution," despite the well-known truth that evolution is the description of a process and not a final philosophy of the factors immanent and operative in that process.

The point is that the stage at which man has arrived crowns the work for the time being. There is far more in the present phase of the process than there was at its beginning. The rational, the ethical, the æsthetic, and the social elements predominate now as they did not predominate in the far past. How are we to account for the increase? The theist explains it by his belief that the course of history marks



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the unfolding movements of a self-manifesting Reality called God. As he sees it, the richer and more complex life becomes, the more fully God enters into it. The vast reservoir of life contained in His timeless self-existence constantly pours into the time-order more value and more meaning. Hence creation is but the process by which God shares His boundless life with beings expressly created for that purpose.

But Mr. Darnell rejects this explanation, and because he rejects it he has to explain the higher by the lower, the personal by the impersonal, the rational by the nonrational. This is exactly what is attempted by Mr. Bertrand Russell, the high priest of his cult, and by others of its prominent adherents. I do not question their right to do this. "Every man must choose his own estimates." Yet it still remains that the theistic explanation, even if untrue, at least explains; while the atheistic explanation only leaves us confronted by intensified and insurgent interrogations.

### The Evolution of Religion

Practically the same considerations hold good in regard to the origin and history of religion. My opponent probably agrees with Petronius that "*primus in orbe fecit deos timor*" (the gods originated in fear). He repeats well-worn theories concerning the origin of priesthoods, and why man first believed in immortality, and so on. But what does the crudeness of these beginnings prove? Surely the simplicity of humanity's germinal thinking about the supernatural does not demonstrate that there is no supernatural order. The significant feature of early religion which should be emphasized is its revelation of human nature. Of course, the manner in which man first dealt with the spiritual aspects of his experience was determined by his general culture, and this principle will always prevail. Yet if it be true that the idea of immortality grew out of the hardships of life here — a speculation which is not permissible in all instances — would this theory of the genesis of immortality be necessarily untrue? The anticipation of a future existence molded to the heart's desire has frequently been employed to confirm the quest for the "good life" hereafter.

Indeed, if we are bound to discredit religion because of its primeval traits, we shall open a Pandora's box of difficulties for other interests essential to social development. According to a later story, Pandora's box, or jar, contained not evils but blessings, which would have been preserved for the race had they not been lost through a curiosity which outreached itself. The moral is obvious. It is a far cry from the tom-toms of an African tribe to a modern orchestra's rendition of Bach and Beethoven. Shall we disparage the orchestra because of its lowly origin? Shall we not rather say that the same basic emotions seek expression in the one as in the other, and that music's later arts are but a more complete realization of its eternal spirit?

Again, magic prevailed in the first inklings of the scientific mind. But we do not have to abandon science because we have abandoned magic. The truth is that neither religion nor science can afford to berate each other about their history. This habit characterizes fishwives and scolds, but it is futile in intelligent research and discussion. If the horrors perpetrated in the name of religion are stressed, what shall be said of those perpetrated in the name of every other institution and economy of human life, not excepting its domestic arrangements?

It seems reasonable to admit that notwithstanding these regrettable barbarisms, men have always been seeking something for which no sacrifice or cruelty was too costly or too repellent. The search, inspired by an indestructible need or aspiration native to man, commandeered all he was and had. It has been subjected to his increasing self-criticism and thus made capable of betterment. Applied to religion, the process explains why doctrines rise and fall in their importance. The various theological systems, from St. John and St. Paul to the present moment, are symptomatic of the vitality of religion, and will continue to be so to the end of the ages. Notwithstanding Mr. Darnell's insinuations — typical of illiberal "liberals" who suspect that the bird of candor never molts a feather in their camp, but is always a sorry-looking scarecrow where the orthodox pitch their tents — I would assure him that the latter groups are not universally lacking in intellectual integrity. When new light breaks, they walk in it. The severest censors of certain accepted doctrines have been Christian apologists themselves. If some church thinkers promulgated the idea that God de-



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manded blood to glut His wrath, others have rejected that idea. If bibliolaters ascribed to God direct responsibility for every statement in Holy Scripture, Christian scholars have shown how impossible and injurious that ascription is.

### Man Needs Religion

The central truth that there is a reason for man's religion in man's nature does not seem clear to Mr. Darnell, if I read him correctly. Every human being may find himself superior to his surroundings if he chooses to do so. He has capacities which only fulfill their functions after he postulates a larger universe than the one conceived in terms of time and space. He is under no actual compulsion to make this postulate. If he refuses to face the issues of his own life, so far as he is concerned he is free to do so. But if he believes that health of body or of soul depends upon given creeds, he will proceed to test those creeds, and he is wise to adopt that procedure. He does not have to pray any more than he has to take bodily recreation, unless his resolution runs that way. He may be convinced, however, that recreation and prayer alike contribute to fullness of life. Therefore the man who discards prayer atrophies one of his most distinctive natural capacities and leaves untapped resources of power in which multitudes of his fellows have found reinforcement for life's pressing emergencies.

Madonna

Here two important questions are germane: "What is 'the good life'; and what are the conditions of its realization?" Mr. Darnell asserts that the good life is all that is left of religion, and that it is independent of belief in God or in a future existence. His definition of that life is meager enough. It consists, for him, in man's socialization of his ordinary interests, such as business, sport, education, and patriotism. Leaving aside for the moment this anæmic list of pursuits, my opponent's contention that the good life is the supreme value nullifies his two leading denials of God and immortality. To enthrone the good life as he does, and then to explain it as a cosmic accident, having no ultimate significance and casting no light upon the rationale of things, is, to say the least, very flimsy metaphysics.

Which, I wonder, is the more reasonable: to declare that although the good life is time's highest value, its sources are something less than itself, so that the good has to be accounted for by the non-good; or to declare that since the good life is time's highest value, it requires an Eternal Goodness from which it is generated, and of which it is to a given degree the revelation? If goodness is so precious, surely we cannot have too much of it. It is hard to understand why anyone profoundly exercised in goodness should protest the belief in a Supreme Being to whom all else owes its existence, and from whom righteousness flows toward men "like the waves of the sea." The good God makes the good man intelligible, and the good man is a forceful argument for the survival of personality beyond bodily death.

### Justice Demands Immortality

Nor is Mr. Darnell consistent when he fails to provide for that survival. To sacrifice one's life for another is the capital expression of goodness. Yet, on his reasoning, in that very act the good life itself perishes. I submit that this argument involves a profoundly irrational universe. It is not a question of future life as the reward of present virtue, but rather is it a need of affirming that what is intrinsically valuable beyond words has the inherent right to endure. For one who maintains that the necessities of thought are substantiated by the



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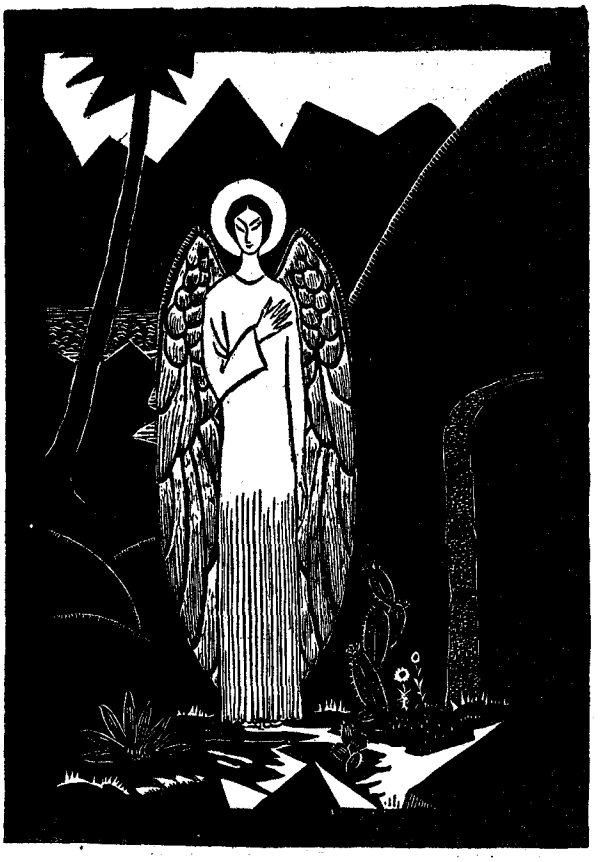
facts of being, the step from the intrinsic nature of goodness to the perpetuity of that life without which there can be no goodness, is natural, logical, and inevitable.

Moreover, if the good life is the ideal, whatever promotes it is defensible. In saying that a religious unfaith involves a loss of goodness, and that a religious life is better than a non-religious life, I do not mean that skepticism is fatal to goodness. On the contrary, men of unfaith have lived and do live exemplary lives. But none can deposit his virtues on a purely naturalistic basis who would not be a better man if these virtues were embedded in reasonable religious beliefs. Goodness is far more than an outward and commendable activity. Life has its inward side, its secret chamber of the heart, its hidden sanctuary to which we must retire on occasion to face the sheer fact of ourselves. There, as nowhere else, man glimpses the glory and the terror of his being. There he hears the faint murmurs of the fathomless seas beyond. There he must visualize and follow the gleam, which, be it what it may, is yet the master light of all his seeing. There he finds courage when he is faint-hearted, strength for his weakness, and cleansing for the stains left on him by his outward contacts. Perhaps Mr. Darnell would refer these chronic experiences to the psychology which has become a convenient dumping ground for obstacles to skepticism. But he will admit, I think, that *all* experience is psychological, even in its pronouncedly objective forms. Since this is true, it may well be that psychological experience is the ordained method of reality's self-revelation in God. In other words, those exalted moments common to worthy souls are also the moments when we obtain the deepest insight into life and its meanings. Certainly Mr. Darnell cannot prove that such moments owe nothing to religion. On the contrary, in so far as the rejection of religion limits our experience of their inspiration, it prevents in life the attainment of its possible best.

The intimation of my opponent that belief in God and immortality develops an antisocial attitude next calls for examination. Surely he cannot mean to imply that Christian men, or for that matter, believing Jews, have had no interest in their kind, and still have none! Did he ever hear of Charles Loring Brace's *Gesta Christi*, a somewhat older book than Washington Gladden's? If not, I can recommend it as one of the best for what it purposes to establish. Space does not permit me to recite its substance, or to call the roll of eminent men and women in every walk of life whose religious beliefs motivated epoch-making reforms. Since their names are in all men's ears to-day, the mention of them is entirely superfluous. I do not doubt that Mr. Darnell and those he represents have the social mind. I simply insist that others also have it. The social mind cannot be the monopoly of people who conceive human life so parsimoniously that they deem it unfit to survive discarnation, and who cannot bring themselves to recognize in it that by which all else is to be understood and interpreted.



Angel at the Tomb

### Naturalism Breeds Pessimism

I FURTHER suggest that Mr. Darnell's claim that the outlook of naturalism is optimistic is not well founded. If man exists to attain goodness and happiness before death drops the curtain forever, what has Mr. Darnell to say about those countless lives which have missed both those blessings? Optimism projected solely on the future, but which has no message for the past, is not genuine optimism.



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We crave a word of hope concerning those "damned souls" who have missed the mark. New Testament Christianity encourages that hope. It assures us that "broken earthenware" may yet be mended, that reconciling and restorative energies are not confined to the life we now live. Since Mr. Darnell denies God and immortality, he has no firm basis for his cheerful anticipations. To the three persistent questions — Whence? What? Whither? — he has no convincing answer. Skepticism and pessimism are congenital. Bertrand Russell's "unyielding despair" is the offspring of his principles. But Mr. Darnell proposes to grow the fruit of faith on the root of unfaith. He rejoices in man's conquest of nature, apparently forgetful of his assumption that nature will presently destroy man and all he has accomplished, and that they are to be as though they had never been. Such optimism as this reminds one of the Irish laborer who fell from a twenty-storied building and ejaculated on passing the sixteenth story, "I'm all right so far!" It may be intrepid, but it can hardly be thought reasonable that a man should exult in his future when on his own confession he is headed for extinction.

Mr. Darnell's treatment of the problems he raises does not indicate that he has fully sensed their magnitude or realized the profound relations existing between man and nature. The naïve and uncritical realism of his arguments may impart to them an air of plausibility for empirics who are vexed by specters of the mind. But his general point of view seems superficial to those in whom the Platonic temper lingers on, to those who see in the temporal a reflection of the eternal. Man and nature cannot be finally set over against each other. The vital reciprocity between them constitutes them an organic whole. No nature, no minds; but no minds, no nature. Man, at once rational and ethical, æsthetic and social, is both nature's child and nature's organ of self-expression and self-appreciation. Mr. Darnell conceives nature as a non-rational, non-ethical system of impersonal forces, and as an absolute, self-sufficient mechanism producing what it does not contain. The majority of thinking people refuse to entertain this conception. They prefer to explain the relation between man and nature in a more rational way. For them nature is the instrument by which a Universal Mind produces and informs lesser minds. To use philosophical language, finite consciousness is the organ of an Infinite Consciousness. To use theological language, man is the child of God. His being is therefore the meeting place of two realms — the realm of nature and of spirit. Though these realms are differentiated in thought, they are inseparable in reality. One is never found without the other.

### Theism Not Unreasonable

There are various philosophies of this undeniable fact. Mr. Darnell adopts the atheistic interpretation; I prefer the theistic. His interpretation issues in what he terms "a new concept of man"; mine issues in a concept which is anything but new. I venture to affirm that it is psychologically, metaphysically, ethically, and religiously adequate. It includes all the truth in my opponent's position, and then surpasses it. The theistic argument is more compelling, more challenging, than his atheistic argument, which blends naturalism, skepticism, and positivism. He may be right and I may be wrong. But, after considering the two positions, I say in all sincerity that I would rather be wrong believing as I do than believe as he does and be right. The frailty and tendency to err which attends all human conceptions induces me to look to another and greater power than man. Jesus is for me, as he is for multitudes besides, the supreme authority on these issues. And He is on my side.

This may mean very little to Mr. Darnell. But it means much for all who are convinced that Jesus is the perfect example of "the good life" and the final authority on religious faith. The beliefs which He held and taught concerning God and the future are the more significant because they made Him what He was. In Jesus is demonstrated that veritable element of infinitude which He declared to be the distinctive mark of man. Man's expansion in thought and progress in personal character are forever related to Him. He showed that we can respond to God's higher ideals and activities, and so have fellowship with Him in godlike ways. The spiritualization of the natural order, as it emerges in man, by means of the supernatural spirit that is in him, is his truly divine vocation. The decay of traditional conceptions and outward forms but registers the increasing life of his Maker in the soul of man, and thus assures his fulfillment of his divine destiny.



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# Why Americanize the Indian?

*Drawings by Jean Charlot*

*by* **MARY AUSTIN**

THE APPOINTMENT of Charles James Rhoads to head the Bureau of Indian Affairs is hailed everywhere as a good omen both for the Indian and for our own credit as an enlightened people, for it indicates a reaction against the more than "century of dishonor" which has characterized our national Indian policy. This appointment marks the end of the political corruption which has clouded all our earlier dealings with our native tribesmen. Still, not even the announcement that Mr. Rhoads will devote some time to personal study of the Indian before making public his detailed policy is as reassuring as it would be if there were some sort of evidence that he is making that study unhampered by the prepossessions which wrecked the policies of former administrations.

In the past it was assumed that the Indian was merely an inferior white man. Consequently, the best-intentioned official efforts of our Indian service have been injurious rather than helpful. The energy — and, incidentally, the taxpayers' money — which have been devoted to cajoling and compelling our Indians to behave like white men, would, if rightly applied, have made of them the best of all aboriginals.

The appointment of Mr. Rhoads does not come out of the clear sky of administrative beneficence. It is the result of a long and continuous campaign on the part of an increasing number of people who, through personal contact with the Indians, have been convinced that our policy has been unsound, expensive, inefficient, and injurious — not only to the Indian but to us. As a result of this campaign, the Institute of Government Research has prepared an unbiased, competent, and statistical report — now available in book form as the *Merriam Report* — to which the reader is referred for everything in this article not offered on the writer's own authority and personal knowledge.

It is fortunate that we have at the head of our government a man who is internationally known as a genius for dealing with objective crises, because the most crying ills of Indian affairs are of the kind called "practical." Briefly, the situation is this: every Indian community is a focal point for communicable diseases, chiefly tuberculosis and trachoma — diseases from which the Indian has developed no immunity and for which the Indian Bureau has provided no effective remedy. Along with this amazing condition, and contributing to it, is an appalling discovery, admitting no contradiction: that Indian children in government boarding schools are systematically underfed and overworked to a degree which would not be tolerated for a moment in any white community. These conditions were made public more than a year ago, but so far nothing has been done about it — unless we can reckon the appointment of Mr. Rhoads as the first fruit of that investigation.

TO UNDERSTAND the system under which these conditions have come about, we must go back to the early days of the Indian



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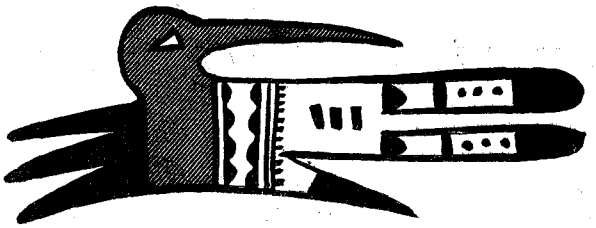

Bureau when the ideal for the Indian, in so far as there can be said to have been one, was to make him over into an imitation poor white. At the same time, the political intention of the Bureau was to create jobs for the less important but always importunate henchmen of politicians. So they created administrative jobs, office jobs, and teaching jobs; they let contracts for supplying food, clothing, and buildings; and they managed these jobs and contracts in such fashion that the general public knew nothing about them.

With the ideal of destroying the Indians *as Indians*, it was thought advisable to come between parents and children and break up the Indian family. As early as possible children were to be taken from their families, moved as far away as was convenient, and kept there for the longest possible term. Such a plan was admirably designed to create and multiply jobs, since Indian children brought up by their parents are usually capable of self-support three or four years earlier than they are if they are required to spend considerable time learning long division and memorizing the capitals of Europe. So, in order to fill the schools and justify the jobholders, Indian children of tender age were often forcibly taken from their parents by processes which would have been called kidnapping had they been practiced against white children.

As every American parent knows, boarding schools are the most expensive form of education; and in the Indian boarding schools, unfortunately, the jobholders seem to have had a first lien on the budget, for when they were all paid, there was never enough money left for other expenses. Hence, as the Merriam Report sets forth, the unhappy children are fed on "food deficient in quantity, quality, and variety," at "approximately eleven cents a day." At Rice School, where it was "obvious that the children were not receiving an adequate amount of food, . . . malnutrition was evident." Although "the Indian child frequently has a flabby, unhealthy fat that is sometimes mistakenly assumed to indicate good health, . . . the winged scapulæ, pot belly, stooped shoulders . . . give mute, unmistakable evidence that the child is suffering from malnutrition. The Indian child frequently suffers from diseases influenced by insufficient diet, notably tuberculosis and possibly trachoma." The Merriam Report also mentions insanitary conditions in the kitchens of these boarding schools, insufficient sleeping room, and inadequate toilet and bathing facilities.

While holding the children in these injurious surroundings — much more injurious, on the whole, than those their parents provide for them — the Indian Bureau has made a practice, according to the published report, of requiring such heavy work from them that it would "constitute a violation of the child labor law in most states. . . . In nearly every boarding school one will find children of ten, eleven, and twelve years spending four hours or more in heavy industrial work." They work in the laundries; they are sent to the beet fields, where they are exposed to diseases such as typhoid — and without the safeguard of antityphoid vaccine. Moreover, the hospital accommodations are scandalously insufficient in equipment, medicines, and nurses, and it is charged that the medical attendance is incompetent. Is it any wonder that Indian parents complain that their children are too often sent home to die before their school terms are completed?

III

To countenance the continuance of this situation would discredit forever a nation so fanatical in matters of sanitation as ours, a nation which has always been ready to send generous gifts of food and medicines to suffering peoples in other countries, and especially a nation headed by Herbert Hoover. This is the most urgent practical problem to be met by the new administration, and in meeting it there is an opportunity to remove one of the least justified complaints that have been made against the Indian himself. It has been bitterly charged against the Indian that he comes out of his eight or ten years of boarding school listless, sullen, and completely maladjusted to his world. But what else could be expected when the regimen in the schools is that described by the Merriam Report?



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Obviously, the cure for the boarding school evil is the village school, where the children would be left under the affectionate care of their parents to learn all that an Indian needs to know. They could then share with their parents whatever *useful* white learning they acquire, such as the principles of correct food and sanitation. Then, too, the education of children could, and should, be supplemented by classes in adult education like those already established among our immigrant population and in the Tennessee mountains. In such schools as these there would be none of the social and moral dislocation which destroys the ambition and native character of the young Indian; he would pass from school days to self-support in the midst of the community where his adult life is to be lived.

This is the kind of education that common sense would dictate for the Indian, but it will not be so simple as it sounds to bring these wholesome changes to pass. Happily, the political conditions which worked such havoc with the Indian in the past are no longer operative, but there still remains another obstacle in our sentimental theorizing both about the Indian and about ourselves. In the very beginning of Indian education, we started, sentimentally, by assuming that the Indian was only an inferior white man, and we ended, sentimentally, by saying that since we were the models of perfection, we would make the Indian as nearly like ourselves as we could. In this the mission schools have erred quite as much as the government schools, and the practical results in both have been to saddle upon these simple primitives some of the most ridiculous fetishes of our complex civilization — the fetish of bundling up the human body in cloth, the fetish of steam-heated houses, the fetish of substituting the fox trot and the bunny hug for the buffalo and deer dances, the fetish of high-heeled shoes for women and of $9.98 custom-made suits for men.

The reasons for these fetishes are completely hidden from the Indian, so that their enforcement is a perpetual worry to him, distracting his attention from the things that really matter. I have never yet discovered an Indian who understood why he should be morally obligated to cut his hair and wear trousers in honor of a gentle Jesus who is always pictured to him in long hair and in a garment much more like an Indian blanket than a modern suit of clothes. Nor does he understand any better why his boys should have to learn to set type or manage a steam laundry, when there is no opportunity to practice these trades within three hundred miles of where Indians can live; or why his girls, whose mothers made exquisite baskets and incomparable blankets, should be taught Spanish drawnwork and Irish crochet, when it is well known that these things are always imported from China or Mexico and sold at prices that would mean starvation to the Indians, who have to pay American prices for bread and meat. Of course we could not expect the Indian to understand that the real reason he has to worry about these things is that they became fetishes in our program for his Americanization some thirty or forty years ago.

In view of the absurdities into which we have been led by our sentimental attitude toward the Indian, it would be reassuring to hear that the new head of the Indian Bureau had a clear, intelligent concept of what it

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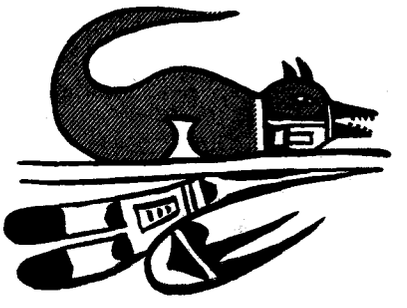
means to be an Indian. If he is not merely an inferior white, what is he? First of all, he is a primitive; and that does not mean a savage or a degenerate or even a mental dwarf. Among the world's rapidly shrinking group of aboriginals — such as the African, the Australian, the Polynesian — the Amerind ranks high. Ethnically his stock is superior, and Secretary Wilbur is right in stating that he could pass into the American strain to our advantage, especially if he were mixed with Nordic stocks rather than Latin.

But the first thing that being a primitive means, in respect to any scheme for his education, is that he matures physically and mentally several years earlier than more civilized stocks. And it is not necessary to remind people with the intellectual capacity of Secretary Wilbur and Commissioner Rhoads that young people cannot be advantageously kept in tutelage after normal maturity. As a general rule, Indians should finish their schooling, choose their adult occupations, and marry from three to five years earlier than may be thought advisable for our own young people.

There is no good reason why ninety-eight per cent of the Indians should be forced to continue their schooling beyond the age of fifteen or sixteen. The small number who exhibit capacity for intellectual growth beyond that age should be admitted to the white schools. After all, the test is whether the Indian can maintain a successful existence at white levels. If he can, the door should always be wide open. Equal association with other young Americans would hasten that amalgamation which has Secretary Wilbur's approval. In addition to village schools, there should also be normal schools where exceptionally bright young Indians could learn to use the tools of white civilization and aid in the advancement of their own people by becoming teachers and public health nurses. Such opportunities it has been our past policy to deny them.

But in all these educational methods it should be kept clearly in mind that a primitive people is intellectually inexperienced in modes of thought that have been familiar to the European mind for thousands of years. One of these unfamiliar modes is that of receiving enlightenment through written or printed language. The extent to which any primitive can take in and profit by reading is much more limited than the average person supposes. In my experience, which has covered forty years of constant contact with southwestern tribes, the Hopi Indians are the only aboriginals who find pleasure in reading, and this is true of only a minority of them; and at best, their reading capacity is limited to what we would expect of a fourteen-year-old child. There are millions of good white Americans in exactly this same situation — a fact which it generally pleases us to ignore, because we do not realize that reading, as a means of individual advancement, is a slow purchase through centuries of human experience. To spend time and money trying to force Indians beyond their natural capacity is just a stupid waste. But this does not mean that they cannot learn rapidly and well by hearing and seeing. Oral teaching and ocular demonstration could doubtless carry them much farther along the road to successful living in the midst of white civilization.

The Indian's intellectual inexperience with written language, which has nullified so much of our Indian schooling, is just one instance of the natural limitations of the primitive mind. Ignoring his true nature, we have courted failure with many of our best-intentioned devices for his political and economic welfare — such, for example, as Secretary Lane's attempt to cure Indian poverty by the private ownership of farming land. Pathetically anxious to figure as a benefactor, Secretary Lane did me the honor to consult me about the details of the ceremony he invented for conveying to the Indian mind the idea that they had exchanged the bow for the plow. But Mr. Lane's mind was hermetically sealed to the certainty that twenty thousand years of experience in communal landholding cannot be jumped by a single act of pageantry. By the time Secretary Lane had passed from the scene, all that had come of his benevolent gesture was to reduce a few more Indians to beggary through the schemes of white land sharks, and by just so





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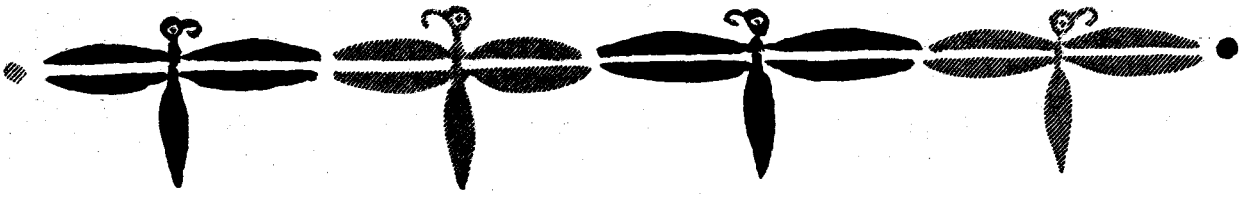

much to render the economic problem of the Indian more acute.

The peculiar Nordic habit of attributing moral values to our own social pattern, and of condemning variants from it as immoral, further obscures the hard sociological fact that the tribal mind not only cannot be forced to conform to our economic system, but must be protected from its own inexperience. Secretary Wilbur has said that in several states the Indians have passed completely out of governmental care, but he neglected to add that in most instances they have passed into the condition of economic gypsies or to a degenerate type of tribal living in the forests and along the lake shores of unpopulous regions. We need only cast a reflective glance at Mexico to see this social degeneracy carried to the point where many once prosperous tribes are now utterly incapacitated for adjusting themselves to the European system of landowning. The problem of the United States can be solved much more simply because the process of dislocation and deracination of our tribes has not gone so far as in Mexico, and those of us who feel a sense of responsibility in the matter are not unreasonable in demanding that our Indians be made amply self-supporting — not as broken-down whites, but *as good Indians.*

WE HAVE to remember that all tribesmen are natural craftsmen. What they do with their hands they do well, with that complete mastery over the material which can convert any craft into an art. When the Amerind works in materials that afford him scope for self-expression, such as blanket weaving or basket making or pottery, his product equals any folk product in the world, and excels much that we import at great expense from Russia and the Balkans. In New Mexico, under encouragement from their white fellow artists and craftsmen, the Pueblo and Navajo Indians are carrying on their own crafts and scores of families are happily supporting themselves, by their united efforts making incomes of from two to three thousand dollars a year. There are at least scores of young Indian men painting and selling their pictures, not as curios, but on their own merits as works of art. In spite of these things, Indian children in many of the government and mission schools are not permitted to draw Indian subjects or adapt Indian designs, to sing Indian songs or make any of their traditional artifacts; instead, they are expensively, laboriously, and futilely urged to make or do anything else, no matter how useless, so long as it isn't Indian. Secretary Wilbur is at fault in suggesting that in other tribes where art crafts have been lost, they cannot be restored. Art is racial to the Indian, not local.

This is what I mean when I decry the fetishism of our Indian education. As a remedy I would suggest a little more rational Americanization. Restore the Indian family. Where possible, restore Indian village life and encourage adequate sanitation and the coördinated education of parents and children. Establish normal schools for the few Indians who wish to serve as teachers or skilled craftsmen among their own people. Open all the doors to civilized opportunity, just as we have to all other racial elements according to their capacity; but neither nag nor compel them to enter. Restore the Indian's freedom of religious observance. Encourage native crafts without being too censorious of the God who has endowed these people with peculiar gifts of their own which they can contribute to our culture.

But even when this has been accomplished, several other things will remain to be done. For example, there is the problem of Indian land and Indian money. There seems to be a general impression that all Indians except those who have derived extensive fortunes from oil leases, receive regular allowances from the government. The Indians who are supported by oil leases number less than two per cent of the tribesmen; many tribes receive no governmental allowances at all, and often the tribal allotments of land and water are so inadequate that the people are constantly kept



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and held down to the hunger level of existence.

Unhappily in the past, no public accounting for Indian monies has been demanded by departmental policies. Within the last few years, public sentiment has been awakened to this state of affairs and has pressed an inquiry concerning the expenditure of huge sums of money within the control of that department, for it became known that money rightfully belonging to the Indians was being spent in ways which benefited the whites quite as much as the Indians themselves. This is not the time nor the place to part cularize. A natural desire not to embarrass the new administration would withhold the public accounting at least until it is certain that the situation will not be quickly remedied. If that time comes, the public may ask some awkward questions. We shall want to know why a costly bridge, which ten white people use for every Indian who uses it, was built with Indian money at a time when the Pimas lacked land and water to make a crop. And why, when the Navajos need schools and hospitals, a bridge and road for white tourists was proposed with their money and against their protest. Then there will be the matter of the Blackfoot Dam, and the Flathead lands, and the Rio Grande Conservancy.

Recently among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico there has been a series of decisions by a specially appointed Land Board which has restored to them, or compensated in kind, the land and water privileges that had been diverted through carelessness or chicanery. But to secure justice in this matter, friends of the Indians have spent months of time and energy and have subscribed thousands of dollars — and the costs to the government have also been heavy. Unless the new administration can achieve a complete reversal of policy, this process will have to be employed again and again to secure the Indian in his property rights. This is why organized Indian aid withholds judgment on any new gesture at Washington. The time is well past when the situation can be met with noble republican sentiments. There is no objection to giving votes to the Indian so long as it is understood that his votes are not to effect any improvement in his condition.

## VII

PERHAPS the changed attitude on the part of the American people toward our Indian wards is the very thing most likely to be misunderstood by politicians. The public at large has now come to realize that the Indian is a community asset. Within the last ten years, by much the same process that has made Negro music not only a national asset but an international credit, Indian art has taken its place among the things that Americans talk about both at home and abroad, go to see, collect, and take into account in summing up the sources of American culture. In other words, we have come to realize that our Indians mean more to us as Indians than as imitation whites — a change in attitude which can no longer be ignored in our public policy toward them.

Secretary Wilbur has suggested that the Indian Bureau may eventually be dispensed with, but this would be good only in so far as it would mean the end of bureaucratic methods. One gathers that these methods have alone been responsible for many of the evils of Indian management. It has been suggested that the welfare of the Indians should be committed to the states in which they happen to reside; but this course would be fraught with the greatest possible danger to any hope we may entertain of ultimately absorbing our native tribes into the body of our national life. In a state like New Mexico, where the Indian life is most worth saving and the state least able to protect the tribes (because of conditions in

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no way reflecting on the state), such an arrangement would work an imposition on the white population, a great injustice to the Indian, and a loss to the entire nation.

None of these matters can be gone into here in detail, and so long as the government's future plans for the Indian remain in the stage of mere suggestions, they need not be too much dwelt upon. What this article is designed to do is rather to state the outlook and intention of people who have known Indians intelligently rather than sentimentally, humanely rather than officially. It is the attitude of the people who have conceived and, in their several ways, demonstrated the possibility of making Indians self-supporting by helping them to be good Indians. And after all, there is no valid reason why the wealthiest nation on earth cannot set a noble example for the rest of the world by showing how a highly civilized people should deal with a small, backward people in its midst.

**Next month, "The Indian's Potentialities," by Bishop Creighton of Mexico**

# "Forget the Pope?"—NO!

## *A Catholic Answer to Dr. Barrett**

### *by* JAMES J. WALSH, M. D.

No suggestion with regard to the Catholic Church in the United States seems more surprising to me than that of the Reverend Dr. Boyd Barrett in The Forum, to the effect that American Catholics are steadily moving toward a break with Rome. For me there is not even a shadow of truth in that declaration. All my life I have been in intimate touch with all sorts of Catholics; yet I have never observed any trend away from Rome and I have no Catholic friends or acquaintances who have ever noticed such a movement or who think that it would be in the best interests of American Catholicism.

The Reverend Dr. Barrett has explained his extraordinary idea by saying that there is something in Americanism which is inimical to and irreconcilable with Roman Catholicism. If this were so, I should think that I might have been aware of it. My people have been in this country something more than a hundred years, and not only do we still retain all our Irish loyalty to the Pope, but, if it were not almost racial heresy to say so, I should not hesitate to declare that, if anything, that loyalty has been strengthened by our American environment. When I note, therefore, that the writer who thinks he has perceived so revolutionary a movement among American Catholics, has not been in this country quite long enough to be a citizen, I cannot help thinking that the wish is father to the thought. The new psychology rather emphasizes wish fulfillment.

I cannot believe that I am blind to the real situation in America. I was in Paris when the Dreyfus case was a disturbing element not only in political life but in religious life as well. I was in Vienna when the *Los Vom Rom* movement was at its height. I was in Berlin for over a year and saw how the Catholic Church was growing in spite of the efforts that had been made in the *Kulturkampf* to eliminate her influence among the German people. I was in Prague during the race riots of 1898. So I would seem to have the background of cosmopolitan experience that would enable me to note the tendency of any movement away from Rome in my native country, and yet I have not noticed it; on the contrary, Catholics as I see them here are growing more Roman every generation.

A very practical demonstration of the thoroughgoing loyalty of American Catholics to the church is to be found in their contributions to

*Dr. E. Boyd Barrett, "Will American Catholics Secede from Rome?"—The Forum, August, 1929.



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Peter's Pence — the special collection which is made every year for the benefit of the Pope. When the Italian government took over Rome and the Papal States, the Pope was left without any source of revenue except the alms of the faithful throughout the world. The Catholic people came to his rescue and every year provided an ample fund for the Pope's support and for his charities, which are world-wide. During the World War, when most of the countries of Europe were unable to make large contributions to the Pope, the American countries took this duty upon themselves, until now the United States is contributing more to the support of the Pope than was ever donated by any other people. Consequently, the Pope has been able to give liberally to starving Russia, to help the needy in the Balkans and the Near East, and also to be liberal to sufferers from hurricanes in the West Indies and from floods in our own country. Surely Peter's Pence has been loud in proclaiming the attitude of American Catholics toward the Holy See: far from reflecting any growing disloyalty to the Pope, it shows, on the contrary, that the loyalty of Catholics in the United States has been steadily increasing.

There is an abundance of other evidence leading to this same conclusion. When the Pope proclaimed the Jubilee of 1925, nearly one hundred thousand American pilgrims accepted the invitation and visited Rome that year. All of these were present at audiences given by the Holy Father and all of them were thrilled by the opportunity to receive the papal blessing and to listen to his words of cheer and encouragement to go on living the life of Catholic Christians. Surely these people represented a typical cross section of American Catholics; as I myself made the pilgrimage with my family, it was a constant source of surprise to note from what different strata of society they came. There were college graduates, professional men, self-made men, and a great many women of various social ranks — all of whom went home with a renewed feeling of attachment to the church and the Pope.

In honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Pius XI's ordination as a priest, he has proclaimed another Jubilee for 1929. Jubilees are usually twenty-five or fifty years apart, yet here is another celebration after an interval of only four years, and the number of American pilgrims is said to be almost as large as that of 1925. They are crowding all the means of conveyance on the road to Italy. If there were any disloyalty to the Pope, surely this would not be true. Those who care to see things as they really are must conclude, therefore, that the devotion of American Catholics to the Pope is greater than ever before.

Another very striking evidence of American Catholic loyalty to the Pope came when the settlement of the Roman question was announced. I think there was not a Catholic pulpit in the land — certainly none of any importance — which did not proclaim a definite message of rejoicing over the new freedom of the Holy Father and the happy prospects afforded by the Concordat between the church and the kingdom of Italy. Just at the time these documents were being signed, I gave a series of lectures before colleges and academies in various parts of the country, offering several titles from which the lecture topic was to be chosen; everywhere the Roman question was the one selected. I have reason to know, then, how great was the rejoicing among American Catholics over this new state of affairs in Italy. In particular, the newly established amicable relations between church and state in Italy have induced a wonderful change in Italians resident in this country: I have heard from many quarters that this settlement has renewed their interest in religion and has spurred them on to a

## The Delicate Plain

*FROM what snare and what delusion*
*Came the leap to this conclusion?*
*Where on the frostbitten way*
*That led his spirit from the clay*
*Did Bunyan meet in his ascent*
*That Plain of Ease he called Content?*

*No scarlet cloth or golden lace*
*Ever set off the blunt face*
*That sought a more Abounding Grace.*
*No brigantine that sailed the seas*
*Scooped up drifting ambergris*
*To flatter his delighted sense —*
*The reek of crowds his recompense.*
*Surely a marriage day dawned lowery*
*That brought him as his only dowry*
*Two books to be his mind's scant leaven:*
*"The Poor Man's Pathway Unto Heaven,"*
*"The Book of Martyrs" by John Fox.*



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more faithful practice of their religious duties.

If we consider the historic background upon which the Reverend Dr. Barrett has attempted to build up his case for a separatist movement in America, it becomes easy to see that he has strained the evidence for it quite as much as he has exaggerated the trend itself which he thinks he sees. He cites good Bishop John England of Charleston as the beginner of the movement; but Dr. Peter Guilday's recent and magnificent biography of John England makes it very clear that no one after Bishop Carroll himself did more to lift up the Roman Catholic Church in America. When he came to Charleston, most of the people in that community were bitter in their bigotry toward the Roman Catholic Church. They believed the church itself was Anti-Christ and the Pope the Scarlet Woman of Babylon; yet Bishop England soon came to command their respect and to be looked upon as a worthy representative of Christianity. He became a good citizen of the United States and always remained a sincere Catholic — and he was at least as Roman as he was Catholic.

It is true, as the Reverend Dr. Barrett says, that when the dogma of papal infallibility came up for consideration, some of the American bishops opposed it. But so also did some of the bishops from practically every country in Europe. Out of the six hundred and more members of the council, nearly one-fourth signed a petition against the advisability of declaring papal infallibility a doctrine of the church just then. They questioned the opportuneness of the decision — not its truth. But when the final vote was taken, on Monday, July 18, 1870, only two of those present — Bishop Riccio of Italy and Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Arkansas — still voted no. Thereupon the Bishop of Little Rock advanced to the papal throne and said simply, "Holy Father, now I believe." The decision of the council made papal infallibility a dogma of the church, and he accepted it as such.

Every council since the first Council of Jerusalem — at which, it will be recalled, there was so much difference of opinion — has been apostolic at least in the sense of exhibiting differences of opinion among the bishops. That is why a council is held, in order that they may reach an agreement and decide what should be the opinion of the church. If one is to see a trend away from Rome in the mere fact that some half a dozen American bishops opposed the declaration of infallibility fifty years ago, one could argue with equal reason that a similar trend was apparent in every European country because of the vote at the council.

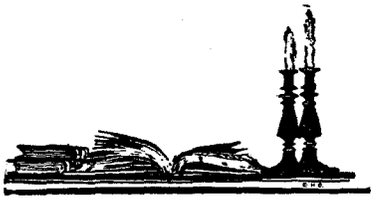
Some of the Reverend Dr. Barrett's expressions carry a great weight of innuendo but little of fact. For instance, he says: "The 'bloc' which sways Ecumenical Councils and controls legislation in the church is that comprised of the three hundred Italian bishops." There are less than three hundred Italian bishops and they do not sway Ecumenical Councils, because there are 1,753 bishops in the world and more bishoprics outside of Italy are being constantly established while those in Italy are being reduced in number. Decisions are by majority vote, and the Italian bishops are outnumbered more than six to one. It looks as if they would be outnumbered ten to one within the next five years. Moreover, Ecumenical Councils are not everyday events. There have been just twenty of them in nineteen hundred years.

To say that the Italian bishops control legislation in the church is more than a little amazing for anyone who knows church affairs. The Italian bishops probably have less to say about church legislation than any other set of bishops in the world. Yet the Reverend Dr. Barrett says, "They are practically the ruling body of

*THESE led directly to the stocks*
*And to twelve years to call his own,*
*A roof whose vault was prison stone.*
*No pillow eased the stubborn head*
*He laid upon a pallet bed.*
*No linen sheet was laid and lapped*
*About him. No fleece blanket wrapped*
*To keep from dungeon damp and mold*
*This shepherd of a wide sheepfold.*
*If he dined on curds and whey,*
*It was a prison holiday;*
*And the song of nightingale*
*Filtered thin through Bedford gaol,*
*Where sullen walls held no surprise*
*Of loveliness to please the eyes;*
*No lure to bind with silken mesh*
*The senses shackled in the flesh.*
*This the total, this the sum;*
*For free at last to go and come,*
*And trusting in his own two feet,*
*He died in rain, he died in sleet.*

*Then how did Bunyan estimate*
*The Plain of Ease as Delicate?*
*How did he know that Pilgrim went*
*In most peril from Content?*

— ***Margaret Emerson Bailey***





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the Roman Catholic Church." The Pope, of course, is the ruler of the church, and according to the treaty he becomes independent of Italy — a non-Italian. The real framers of legislation in Rome are the Consulters of the Congregation, and among these the Italians are a minority.

The oath which Italian bishops are to take under the Concordat is also mentioned by Dr. Barrett. Needless to say, it refers entirely to civil matters. The word "council" used in the translation does not refer to church councils but to political associations. The oath has really no more significance, as far as the church is concerned, than the oath which a new citizen of the United States utters when he takes his naturalization papers. We have had a number of foreign-born bishops in this country who have had to take the naturalization oath; but there is no question of that interfering in the slightest degree with their duties toward the church, nor of their duties toward the church interfering in any way with the civil obligations they assumed in taking out their naturalization papers.

The Reverend Dr. Barrett quotes rather impressively from the Catholic *Fortnightly Review*. It is a publication that is known to a very limited number of us; some of us read it with interest but do not take it too seriously. It is the *enfant terrible* in the family, constantly saying things that the family understands but that may be readily subject to misunderstanding on the part of others. The editor comes of a convert family, and we have a saying — in perfect good humor, without slur in it — that "converts are nearly always more Catholic than the Catholic Church." No one thinks of the *Fortnightly* except as representing a small section of extremist Catholic opinion. However, it dares to say things right out in meeting — often, things that are good for people to hear; and it is a typical illustration of how much Catholics may disagree among themselves even while they remain profoundly faithful to the church.

To me it is simply a huge joke to see passages from two of my good friends — Father Parsons, S. J., and Father McClorey, S. J. — cited as indicating that they either deplore the Concordat or are intent on bringing about the separation of the American church from Rome. Both are Jesuits and feel themselves particularly bound to the Pope. Both have taken a special vow of obedience to the Pope as far as missions are concerned. They would be ready to start tomorrow for the farthest point of the globe if the Pope indicated a wish for them to go. Anyone who knows them is quite convinced that there is not the slightest hint of anything like disloyalty to the Pope in their make-up, nor any remotest wish for the separation of the church in America from the center of Christianity in Rome. I have had a good laugh with each of these Jesuits over the garbled quotations that somehow are supposed to make them say exactly the opposite of what they believe.

A century ago there was much more question of an American Catholic Church than there is to-day. The new spirit of liberty was then very much alive in this country. News from Rome came slowly. It took from six months to a year to communicate with the Vatican. Under these circumstances, disturbances naturally arose, some of which actually reached the point of schism. A great many of the priests who came over to America had found it difficult to get on with their bishops in Europe. They were distinctly *difficiles* — cranks we would call them — and their bishops were glad to grant them permission to migrate to America. Such priests fostered un-Catholic conditions, and in the early days nearly every large city in America witnessed a schism.

Out of that state of confusion and so-called Americanism we have worked back in the course of a hundred years until now there is nothing left of it. Now and then a few foreign priests take advantage of the ignorance and national consciousness of recent immigrants to cause similar dissensions; but these schisms are utterly insignificant and the first generation of Catholics born in this country invariably puts an end to them. This has been a frequently recurring experience and it indicates very clearly that the Roman Catholic Church under the sovereignty of the Pope has a firm hold on the minds of American Catholics, and that there is not the slightest reason to think that American Catholics are likely to secede from Rome.

**Next month, "What It Means to Marry a Protestant" — an answer to the article in June, "What It Means to Marry a Catholic"**



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# An ADVENTURE in Old-fangled Education

*by* **HAMILTON HOLT**

If I should be asked to enumerate the besetting sins of the American college and university to-day, I would unhesitatingly say that they could be reduced to the following three items:

First, the insatiable impulse to expand materially;

Second, the glorification of research at the expense of teaching; and

Third, the lack of human contact between teacher and student.

Taking these sins in order, I might say that the first, expansion, may have some justification as a means to an end; but as the end itself, it is, I believe, a delusion, for it is nothing but a confusion of greatness with bigness. More students — the first result of an expansion program — do not necessarily mean better students.

There are, of course, certain advantages in mere numbers. Obviously the larger the student body, the more diversified and the more comprehensive can be the curriculum and the more varied the student activities within and without the classroom. On the other hand, as the enrollment multiplies, the ratio of the individual student to the whole tends to approximate a cipher. Only the very mature or exceptional student achieves academic, social, or athletic honors. Many a high school leader is compelled to be a follower when he enters a large institution of learning. The competition is greater. He loses his courage. Not infrequently he is affected with that most malign of youthful maladies — the inferiority complex. His college life is blighted and it may take him years to recover confidence in himself.

Additional students necessitate increased equipment, and equipment costs money. The hair of many a college president has turned gray in this never-ending endeavor to keep the finances abreast of the expanding enrollment. The usual solution is to skimp on the professors. Therefore, in most of our colleges, fifty or a hundred students are often collected in a single recitation period, although no professor ever lived who could instruct a class of such a size. Worse yet, the recitation system may overflow into the lecture system, which is probably the worst pedagogical method ever invented. Moreover, when the college finally does get some extra money for its teaching force, it does not increase the salaries of its pitifully underpaid faculty, but perforce hires more teachers at starvation wages. No wonder that teachers are the most underpaid professional men in the land, except ministers of the gospel!

The policy of expansion for its own sake is also detrimental to the physical aspect of the college; when elephantiasis sets in, there is little possibility of planning a campus scheme in which every building is part of an ideal architectural and landscaped whole. With each hundred-thousand-dollar benefaction, the usual procedure is to put up a new building — usually in a different style of architecture, in the biggest open space on the campus. The results may be seen in the conglomeration of architectural misfits and monstrosities which encumber so many campuses to-day. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of college buildings throughout the country are now being scrapped, just because they were erected in the wrong place, in the wrong way,



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and without the slightest regard either to architectural harmony or to the future growth and needs of the college?

Happily, the realization seems to be growing that there are other measures of success besides the rate of expansion; consequently, a few institutions are already beginning to limit enrollment. But although the menace of wholesale growth is finally being appreciated, another virus — the research mania — continues to thrive and to receive encouragement.

III

THERE ARE two types of professors now teaching in our colleges and universities. The one derives his chief inspiration from learning, the other from life; the one goes in for research, the other for teaching. It might be supposed that in every large institution there would be a great research man and a great teacher at each end of the faculty circle. A second great research man and a second great teacher would be next to them, and so on until the average and mediocre teacher is reached at the bottom of the arc. But this is not so at all. Most college presidents seem to hold the whip over their professors — especially the younger ones — in order to make them enter research. Search may not be so bad, but research — the process of doing it all over again — is surely something to make the gods smile. To-day we find hosts of men engaged in the laborious, time-consuming, and unprofitable task of writing uninspired theses on unimportant subjects and trying to learn more and more about less and less; while in teaching orientation courses they take the opposite extreme and, as a Harvard professor recently said, try to make their students learn less and less about more and more. It makes no difference whether anybody could, would, or should read their productions. They have their names in the learned and scientific reviews. They are designated as authors in *Who's Who*. They have complied with the rules of the academic game. Even the apprentices of the trade — the candidates for the Ph.D. degree — are compelled to do "original research," and, even worse, some of them are required to publish, at their own expense, their theses, copies of which are given shelf space in the university library.

*Linoleum Blocks by Lowell L. Balcom*

Far be it from me to belittle the genuine research man. He who can really extend the borderland of knowledge is so valuable a human benefactor that society can well afford to pay any price for the product of his genius. But genius it is, and geniuses are likely to be queer. To the average undergraduate this type of professor appears merely as material for ridicule in the college paper or play. He sees only an absent-minded individual, perhaps shy, morose, or irritable, who wears a cravat under one ear. What he does not see is the worth beneath the odd exterior.

Whether geniuses are queer or not — they are certainly rare. There is perhaps one man in twenty-five on our college faculties whose researches are contributing anything of enough value to society to justify the great expense of keeping him at research work. Yet the other twenty-four are encouraged to grub and delve in libraries and laboratories, admitting only a few graduate students to their presence, and coming in contact with the majority of students in one or two formal, weekly lectures to a large and bewildered class.

Strangely enough, the teacher-professors — the men who are primarily interested in teaching students rather than subjects — are usually not the ones who win promotions or calls from other colleges. Yet it is these rare souls who make the real impressions on the students. Read the biography of Dr. Edward North ("Old Greek") of Hamilton College. There



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was a man who, on a pittance of a salary, held aloft the torch of light, learning, and culture to the little hilltop college and community. I dare say there was never an alumnus returning to the classic shades of College Hill who did not visit the old gentleman and scholar in order to receive his academic benediction. We find one or two of these golden personalities in nearly every one of our colleges and universities, but they are regarded as doing a rather inferior type of work, despite the fact that anyone who has come under their mellowing influence probably rates them second only to his father and mother as moulders of character. Wherever these rare teachers are to be found, the students with unerring instinct elect their courses, preferring them to the most world-renowned researcher on the faculty. Even though they might not have preferred that particular subject, they know that "Old Greek" or "Square" Root or "Billy" Phelps will make it interesting.

MATERIAL EXPANSION and research are devitalizing, but the chief besetting sin of our modern colleges is the lack of human contact between professors and students. In the nineties I was an undergraduate at Yale and a graduate student at Columbia. At Yale the recitation system prevailed; at Columbia, the lecture system. With slight modifications these methods are still in vogue in the overwhelming majority of our colleges and universities. As for the social structure of both institutions, I found two distinct groups connected with the campus — the faculty and the student body. Each lived a rather idyllic life of its own. Each had its own customs, or, as Professor Sumner used to call them, "*mores*" and "folkways." Occasionally a professor penetrated a little way into the student circle; almost never did the student meet the members of the faculty as man to man on a non-classroom basis. I acquired nothing of that poise and wisdom which comes only from association with abler and nobler men than oneself. What I got from college was mostly what I got from my own unsupervised study — for which I, and not my teachers, deserve the chief credit — and from intimate association with my classmates.

Under the recitation system it is assumed that a student will go to his room, study faithfully for two hours, and then come to class and recite an hour. Now allowing a high school student (who has been under the most constant and strict guidance and direction) to study without supervision, and trusting him to use his time wisely before he has acquired habits of industry and regularity, is an invitation to procrastination and shirking to which all but the golden ten per cent succumb in a greater or less degree. Investigations show that this good ten per cent do study their full quota of two hours. But, alas, another ten per cent do not study at all, while the intervening eighty per cent spend anywhere from fifteen to fifty minutes in preparation for class.

Thus the student may or may not study — and similarly he may or may not have an opportunity to prove that he has studied. The large size of present-day classes makes it impossible for him to be called upon more than once in every three or four recitations. This puts another premium on shirking or bluffing. If the student gets his lesson, he deserves the credit. But what good has the professor been to him? If he is called upon and comes through with flying colors, the chances are that the professor will say no more than, "Very good, sir; sit down," and give him a high mark. But the boy has to remain in class the rest of the hour, listening to others recite what he already knows — an almost complete waste of time.

If, however, the student has not got his

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lesson, it is usually either because he has been unwilling or unable to get it. If he has been unwilling, then he probably deserves what is coming to him if he is caught, although with large classes and short periods the chances are four to one that he will not be caught. Even if his ignorance is discovered, what follows? The professor may vent his sarcasm, he may crack a joke, or he may be kind-hearted enough to try to help. But it is too late. No teacher can get into human contact with a boy who shamefacedly stands amid his tittering classmates, conscious that they are watching his discomfiture. The situation is certainly not conducive to clear thinking. But whatever happens, the student is seldom stimulated or mortified by the attitude of the professor; as President Eliot once said, "experience teaches him that the consequences of habitual failures in recitations are not very serious."

IV

Suppose the student really tried to get his lesson and failed. Here one arrives at one of the most flagrant defects in the recitation system. Just when the boy needed the professor, the professor was not there to help him. Imagine the president of a bank calling into his room the fifty-odd vice presidents, clerks, stenographers, and so on, assigning them their tasks, and then telling them to go home and do their work. Imagine him directing them to report for an hour together three days a week, at which time he would either give them lectures on banking or quiz as many of them as possible to see how faithfully they had done their jobs at their homes. Would that bank keep out of bankruptcy six months? The parallel holds in regard to college work. Is it not evident that the time the student most needs the teacher is not after he has got or failed to get his lesson, but while he is studying, just as the bank clerk needs an officer, or the mechanic needs a foreman, not after he has tried to do his job and succeeded or failed, but while he is working?

The paradox of the recitation system is further exemplified when we consider that the student does not quiz the professor, but the professor quizzes the student. The professor knows. The student does not know. One world naturally think that when the student meets the professor, he would quiz him in order that he might learn what the older and wiser man knows. But, *mirabile dictu*, the contrary is true. Thus, under this system, the teacher is little more than a detective trying to discover the degree of the student's unfaithfulness, using marks as the measure of deficiency. Marks, and not the mastery of the subject, tend to become the objective of the student. The system puts a premium on bluffing.

If the recitation system is bad, the lecture system is worse. It assumes that what one man has perhaps taken a lifetime to acquire — succeeding only by dint of painstaking observation, long continued reflection, and possibly the use of his creative imagination — can be relayed or spoon-fed to another who has not gone through a like process. The truth is that lectures can *teach* nothing, although they may prove inspiring to the student who already has some familiarity with the subject. I remember that when some of my Yale classmates entered medical school, they found that virtually all the instruction was left to lecturers who mounted the platform, talked or dictated for an hour, disappeared, reappeared two days later, continued for another hour from where they last left off, and so on till the end of the term. The students learned about as much medicine from those lectures as a minister would learn about theology from hearing another minister preach. They did not dare go up to their examinations trusting either to their memories or to their notes. They were compelled to buy digests and, at their own expense, to hire outside tutors who became, in fact, the real teachers of the courses.

Similarly in my own experience. I took one course given by a professor who had written a book which was to appear the following autumn. He brought the galley proofs to class and spent the entire term dictating the book to us. Our mental cerebrations in connection with the lecture were not at all concerned with the content of what was dictated, but with our own amateur efforts at manual transcription. Our notes did not jibe from week to week, and I, for one, got almost nothing from the course. Evidently the professor had forgotten that printing had been invented centuries ago and that we all had learned how to read in our early childhood. To have distributed multigraphed notes of the book's contents would have been simpler for him, more understand-



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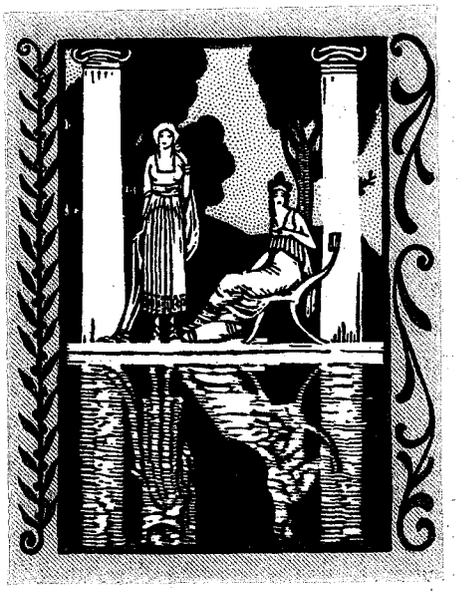
able to us, and time-saving for all concerned. If mere notes were too scanty and if knowledge of the entire contents of the book was necessary, why not have waited until its publication in the fall? Then we could have read the book with pleasure, profit, and ease in two or three days, and we should have had the rest of the term to read other works on the same subject, thereby probably learning something about the topic even in spite of ourselves.

WHEN I LEFT college and entered my professional career as a magazine editor, I was profoundly impressed to find that my colleagues in the editorial room, who never thought of teaching me anything, taught me everything; while my professors at the university, who were paid to teach me, had taught me almost nothing. Yet my fellow workers in journalism and my professors in college were the same type of men — that is, the members of each group were older, abler, and nobler than myself; they were specialists in their own fields, as I was not; they were leading the intellectual life on a high moral plane. As I pondered over this paradox, the explanation seemed perfectly clear to me. With my business associates I worked elbow to elbow, desk to desk, eight hours a day, six days a week. I was as active in my work as they. Our relationship was constant, continuous, coöperative, democratic, friendly, and human. With my instructors at the university, however, I had no relationship except in the most formal and forbidding way. When I was with them, under both the recitation system at Yale and the lecture system at Columbia, they were active and I was passive. Did anybody ever get an education by being a sponge?



The editor of the *Yale Daily News*, in a letter asking me to contribute an article on what I like to call the Rollins College "Adventure in Common Sense Education," wrote that on the part of college students to-day there is "intense dissatisfaction" with present educational methods. According to him, the problem is how to give the student the full opportunity for individual initiative and self-expression, and at the same time maintain proper discipline. That, of course, is the end toward which we must work.

Speaking for myself alone, I have begun my attempt to remedy the three sins of the modern American college by limiting the student body at Rollins College to seven hundred boys and girls. In so doing, we aim to perfect and dignify the small college at a time when our small colleges are trying to become large colleges and our large colleges are trying to become universities. We are centering our energies on the college and are not, as are most institutions of to-day, specializing and emphasizing graduate and professional work.

I have tried to select our professors with a view solely to their teaching ability and therefore I have given far greater weight to the opinions of their present and former students than to all the eulogies of their faculty colleagues. As our teaching corps expands, I hope to invite only those professors to join our circle who have that imagination, that nobility of character, and that genuine gift for teaching which alone can inspire youth. I shall feel that I have failed as President of Rollins College if I cannot find such men and procure them for our staff.

I have tried to solve the problem of bringing the teacher and taught together by abolishing both the recitation and the lecture systems *in toto*, and establishing in their place the so-called "Two-Hour Conference Plan." This proposal has for its purpose, and hopes to effect, continuous consultation and coöperation between teacher and student. The theory behind this innovation is that the student's mind is immature, that frequently he does not know how to study, and that he most needs the professor when he is preparing his lesson and not after he has learned or failed to learn it.



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Thus the maximum impact of the instructor's personality will be exerted on the student's mind at the time when it is most needed. This does not mean, of course, that the teacher solves every difficulty when the student gets stuck. Only a foolish teacher would do that. It does mean, however, that someone will be at hand ready to aid the student when aid is necessary. And it means that the waste of unsupervised time for which student life has become notorious will be largely eliminated.

VII

THE TWO-HOUR Conference Plan was inaugurated at the beginning of the academic year 1926. Both morning and afternoon are divided into two-hour periods, with a thirty-minute interval for chapel between the morning periods. The forenoon hours are devoted to those subjects in which the student primarily works with his mind. As far as possible, the first period of the afternoon is concerned with laboratory or field work and the last period with athletics, outdoor work, and recreation. The student's evenings are free, except when an inspirational lecture, a play, a debate, or some similar activity takes place, but these are usually over by nine o'clock.

In some courses assignments for the year's work are made at the opening of college and a student progresses as rapidly as his inclinations and ability permit. If he completes the standard course before the end of the year, he is free to quit the class, either to apply himself to other courses in which he has not made such satisfactory progress, or to undertake advanced work. If the student is unable to pass his examinations after a reasonable period of study, he, of course, fails.

As a corollary to the Conference Plan, Rollins has abolished all cut privileges. Imagine a football coach permitting a candidate for the team to take ten cuts during the season. Football is taken too seriously for that. Indeed, it is this seriousness that makes it the only thing well taught on our campuses to-day. The coach insists on getting the best out of each candidate. He fires the "duffer" or quitter from the squad without the slightest compunction. The professor, on the contrary, maintains no such rigid standards in the classroom. So loose are his requirements that, as any graduate knows, about a third of the degrees are unearned. Yet in spite of the coach's severity, his relations with the players off the field are human and friendly — quite different from the lord-and-serf attitude between the professor and the student. By instituting a similar régime in regard to scholastic work, Rollins hopes to achieve results as successful as those of the coach. Students are excused from classes if there is any reasonable ground for such procedure. Absence without a justifiable cause is followed by dropping the student from the course or even from college — just as he would be dropped from an athletic squad, or as an employee in the business world would be discharged for unfaithfulness, inveterate tardiness, or unexplainable absence.

The Conference Plan gives the student opportunity for self-expression by making him do an active day's work each day, and it puts him under discipline by having him do his work in the presence of the professor. Thus the Yale editor's query is answered. The plan provides other benefits also. The instructor has no difficulty in detecting the bluffer and the shirk. The student is relieved of the whip continually held over his head under the old system — the never-ending outside preparation for recitations. Like workers in shop or office, he is through when he has completed his daily periods, unless he is so ambitious as to continue his work in leisure hours. Furthermore, each student is no longer held back by the "lockstep" or mass system of education. He can go ahead as far and as fast as his ability will allow. His relation is primarily to his professor and not to his fellow students. And finally, the Two-Hour Conference Plan permits the student and the professor to meet as man to man under such conditions of informality and coöperation as prevail outside the college. The professor is no longer quizzer and lecturer, but rather "guide, philosopher, and friend."

No doubt there are some who may think that all this is a new-fangled experiment, even a revolution in education. To me, however, it seems not so much radical or revolutionary as old-fangled or even reactionary. As I see it, the relationship between our recruited faculty and hand-picked student body, working together under the Two-Hour Conference Plan, merely marks a return to Socrates and putting him on an eight-hour day.



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*Drawings by Earle Horter*

# Don Juan

## *Or the Youth of Byron — Part II*

**by ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

*Translation by Hamish Miles*

"AND THE Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?" — May Gray was reading the Bible aloud, and the little Byron was listening with passionate eagerness. He did not understand all the words, but he felt the strange and terrible poetry of the book. Why did the Lord refuse poor Cain's sacrifice? "Because of his sin," said May Gray. Sin? What was sin? Cain had not yet slain Abel. No, but Cain was damned, said May Gray. Damned? What did damned mean? It meant that Satan would take him, and have him burnt in the fires of hell for all eternity. May Gray often spoke of Satan. She liked to frighten the boy. She used to tell terrifying ghost stories, and said the house was haunted.

At night when she was rolling those vexatiously tight bandages round his ailing little heels, she made him repeat psalms. He liked their strong, singing rhythm, and two of them, in the Scottish metrical version, were special favorites of his — the first:

> That man hath perfect blessedness
> Who walketh not astray,
> In counsels of ungodly men,
> Nor stands in sinners' way. . . .

— and the twenty-third:

> The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green; he leadeth me
> The quiet waters by. . . .

And May Gray snuffed the candle. She had orders to stay near the child in the next room, but he knew that she went out. When she had



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gone, he was frightened. All Scotland seemed full of ghosts, the house was close to a graveyard, and then there was that awful Satan, and the Lord. In the darkness the child could feel evil things prowling about him. He crept along the corridor to a window from which he could see a light, and there he remained until the cold forced him back to bed.

May Gray was strict. Mrs. Byron was mad. One day she said to him: "You little dog, you're a thorough Byron; you are just as bad as your father." And another time she clasped him exceedingly tight, saying that his eyes were as glorious as the Captain's. She told him how through her he was descended from the Gordons, and how they had been powerful chiefs of royal blood; but May Gray and her friends would tell how the Gordons had murdered and been hanged and drowned — damned no doubt, like Cain, and whisked off, no doubt, by the Devil. Of the Byrons his mother did not speak so often. Nevertheless he knew from her, and through his nurse, that somewhere in the middle of England, in an old castle, there was a "Wicked Lord" who was the head of his family, that his family was an old one and had produced great warriors and sailormen. To be a Byron was to have a mysterious advantage over all these little boys he envied with their strong legs and peaceful parents. One day he threw a stone at a bird and accidentally hit a little girl. She cried. They tried to force him to beg her pardon, but he fell into one of his silent rages. "Do you know that I am Byron's son?" he asked her. An hour later he came back of his own accord, bringing sweets for the victim.

At the age of four years and ten months he was sent to school, a short walk from his home. It was kept by Mr. Bowers, who was known as "Bodsy," and the fees were five shillings a quarter. "I have sent George to you that he may be kept in abeyance," wrote Mrs. Byron to Bodsy. The school was a low, dirty room, its floor riddled with decaying holes. There the children learned to read in a book of one-syllabled words. "God made man — let us love Him." The Byron boy had a good memory and soon had learned the first page by heart. He then announced that he could read, and actually recited to his mother his little couplet — with great success, until she turned to the next page and he started off again with "God made man. . . ." The text, alas, was different, and the impatient Mrs. Byron slapped her son. Returning to Bodsy's he learned that "God made Satan — and Satan made sin. . . ." Satan and sin were regular topics in these Scottish schools.

### God and the Bogey Man

When Bodsy's learning seemed inadequate, Mrs. Byron saw to it that her son had private lessons from two professors of the college. One was named Ross, a pious little minister with gentle manners, who brought the boy quickly forward and inspired him with a passion for history. George Byron was passionately fond of Roman history in particular, and read the story of the battle of Lake Regillus scores of times. His other master was a melancholy young man named Paterson, the son of a shoemaker and a good Latinist. With him Byron began his Latin and continued his religious education, for Paterson, like May Gray, was a stern Presbyterian. No doubt he did his best to bring his own Calvinist doctrine within the grasp of a child's comprehension. "We are corrupt from our birth up, in that we have participated in Original Sin. Certain men, united to Jesus Christ by the Holy Ghost, can be raised to a life of holiness; those who are not thus saved are condemned to everlasting punishment. As for the operation of the Holy Ghost, that depends on the choice of God, who has predestined some to life everlasting and others to damnation." This plunged the seven-year-old boy into deep reflections. Was he himself among the elect or among the reprobates? Surely these violent Gordons and Byrons had been almost all of them damned? He felt the inward surge of sudden, involuntary furies; the blood rose to his face, and for an instant he knew not what he did. Could this be diabolic possession? And yet there were other moments when he felt himself ever so tender and good. It was all very frightening. But was it true?

His alert mind followed the events of the French Revolution with passionate eagerness. Its dramatic history left the people of the small Scottish town divided. The articles of the Aberdeen newspaper were headed, "The Flight to Varennes," or "Danton"; local news was relegated to the foot of the column. Mrs. Byron — a ruined aristocrat who had been



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reared in Whig views by her Duff grandmother — professed advanced political opinions. And like his mother, the young Byron was on the side of the People. Moreover, he was now reading much for himself. Brown the bookseller, at the sign of Homer's Head, used to lend out the latest novelties, and despite her poverty Mrs. Bryon subscribed to this circulating library.

Her son begged her to bring home all the histories of Rome and Greece and Turkey. He also read, with delicious terror, his grandfather's narrative of the shipwreck. Around him all the talk was of war. Volunteers were drilling on the square. His earliest dreams were of military glory. "I will some day or other," he said, "raise a troop, the men of which shall be dressed in black and ride on black horses. They shall be called 'Byron's Blacks,' and you will hear of their performing prodigies of valour."

### Newstead's Heir Apparent

One day in 1794, when Mrs. Byron was drinking tea with the neighbors, someone asked her whether she knew that Lord Byron's son had died. She started in her seat. It was surprising that so young a man should be dead, but what was more incredible was that her own son should have become heir to the title, to Newstead, and to all the family property, without anyone's thinking to inform her. But it was none the less true. Lord Byron's son had died in Corsica; and between this little auburn-haired boy and the peerage, there stood only the "Wicked Lord" — the old dotard who spent his time waging mimic naval battles against his manservant on the lake at Newstead, or lying on the kitchen floor racing crickets up and down his own body.

The mother of the heir wrote Mrs. Leigh a stern letter protesting against the treatment inflicted on her by the family. It was humiliating to learn news of that kind through strangers, and certainly Lord Byron could not now do less than help the mother of the future head of the family to give her son an education befitting his rank. But Lord Byron was just the man to savor a cruel joy in thinking of "this little boy at Aberdeen" who, pinched and a cripple, was awaiting the day of his lordship's death. He ignored Mrs. Leigh's letters and continued, fiercely and methodically, to lay waste the domains and heritage of the Byrons.

So, for all her anger, Mrs. Byron had to drop the idea of sending her boy to an aristocratic school and had to let him continue his studies at the Aberdeen Grammar School. Nevertheless, this was a seminary of venerable tradition, founded in 1256, and doubtless one of the oldest in the three kingdoms. Its ancient buildings were thatched with heather. Latin was the main subject — five hours a day of it. The pupils were nearly all poor, their pocket-money a penny a week. There George Gordon Byron gained the reputation of being a superb player of marbles, and was well liked by his companions, although he had startled them at first by his affectionate and violent temperament. The porter of the college used often to give chase to this lad with the red hair and waistcoat who limped up to tease him.

The townsfolk called him "Mrs. Byron's crookit devil." "A verra takin' lad, but ill to guide," said one of his teachers. Despite his infirmity, he had great courage — "always more ready to give a blow than to take one." Although his legs were easily tired, he had learned to fight for quite a long time on end, standing on his toes; and one day when a boy had insulted him and an immediate encounter was impossible, the young Byron promised the offender to deal with him some other time. The following week he stopped the boy in the street and conscientiously thrashed him. On his return home, May Gray asked him why he was out of breath, and he replied that he had had to keep a promise, because he was a Byron, and the family motto was "*Crede Biron.*"

He knew that he would one day be lord of Newstead. His mother was once reading out before him a parliamentary report when a friend in the room remarked: "We shall have the pleasure, some time or other, of reading your speeches in the House of Commons." "I hope not," answered the boy. "If you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the House of Lords."

He was an intelligent pupil, but not a good worker. It was the custom at the Grammar School to seat the top boys on the front bench and the tail of the class at the back of the room. Sometimes, to stir the spirit of ambition, the master would reverse this order, and on these occasions, with Byron on the front bench, the



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master would greet him laughingly with, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again." Outside school he had private lessons in handwriting and French, with no great success. But he read much more than his companions. "I was never seen reading, but always idle and in mischief, or at play. The truth is that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old." The Bible had given him a taste for the East, and he was particularly fond of the *Thousand and One Nights*, the books of Baron de Tott, the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*.

When his German teacher wanted to make him read Gessner's *Death of Abel*, he was pleased at the rediscovery of that troubling story of Cain which had haunted him. But the tragedy was too tedious, and while he translated it, Byron reflected that it could be no crime to rid the world of so wearisome a creature as Gessner's Abel. But the problem of Cain continued to trouble him. In his childish thirsting after justice, he felt pity for the reprobate. Why had God allowed Cain to slay his brother? Why did God sometimes allow George Byron his desire for cruelty and impiety? He thought of red hell-fire. His imagination was keen. His school companions enjoyed listening to him when he improvised the stories he drew from his reading; and when they were snowed up in a chance shelter by a winter blizzard, Byron told them stories from *The Arabian Nights*, and they forgot the cold.

After a bout of scarlet fever in 1796, his mother took him to spend a few days at a farm. He was enthusiastic over the Highland landscapes and loved the mountains veiled in their blue mists and the wild beauty of Deeside and of the peak of Lochnagar, whose summit came sometimes into view above snow-white clouds. He enjoyed wandering among the strangely-shaped rocks at the foot of the waterfalls, leaping from one to another as well as his lameness allowed him, and regaling himself with teriffic tales of his forbears, the cateran chiefs who had plundered these glens. He himself then wore the Highlander's plaid and bonnet, and felt himself a Scot through and through. A childish love — pure but deep — for a farmer's daughter bound his heart to this valley. Mary was the name of his beloved, and she had long, golden ringlets. In her presence he felt a keen and tender thrill.

At the age of nine he had discovered that one can find an infinite happiness merely in a presence. Returning to Aberdeen, he fell in love with his cousin, Mary Duff, a little girl with hazel eyes and dark brown hair. He admired her features; he could conceive of nothing more beautiful. He liked to walk with her, to sit beside her, to caress her gently. All his thoughts now were of his cousin's face, his cousin's gowns; he could not sleep; he talked of nothing but Mary Duff. When parted from her, he pestered his mother to write to Mary Duff, and love made this child so compelling that, willy-nilly, Catherine Byron had to shrug her shoulders and become her son's amanuensis.

How passionate he was, and how shy! At the thought of his game leg and his bobbing gait, he felt ridiculous and ashamed. He would have liked to hide away—to vanish. Sentimental, tender, and dreamy, he would suddenly, for no visible reason, turn fierce. Sometimes after a long silence he made a gesture of brutality that seemed quite inexplicable. One day at table he snatched up a knife and pressed it so hard against his chest that his mother was terrified. The origins of these extravagances

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were the harder to guess at because of his spiteful memory which cherished grievances for a very long time. Often these outbursts of rage would spring from something that had happened several weeks back.

### At Ten — a Lord

ONE DAY in 1798, when he was ten, the news came that the lord of Newstead was dead. The "Wicked Lord" had left this life — for what infernal habitation? — and little George Gordon Byron became the sixth Baron. When he was told, he ran to the mirror and asked his mother if she could see any difference in him, for he could see none. At school next morning, under the thatched roof, when the roll of pupils was called, the master, looking at him, called him, not now plain "Byron," but "*Dominus de Byron.*" He could not bring the usual "*Adsum*" to his lips, but burst into tears.

He had now to leave Aberdeen to take possession of his inheritance, and in the autumn of 1798 Mrs. Byron, her son, and May Gray set off for Newstead. Before leaving, she sold her furniture; the whole houseful produced the sum of seventy-four pounds, seventeen shillings, and seven pence.

Of the three travelers, it was no doubt the youngest who found the liveliest pleasure in this romantic journey. Intelligent and reflective, he let no detail escape him as he gazed on the lochs and great heather moorlands of Scotland, and then on all the greenery of England's woods and meadows. As they skirted Loch Leven, Mrs. Byron told George the story of Queen Mary's escape and reminded him of his own Stuart blood. So he was Lord Byron? And on his way to take over his domains? Palaces, gardens, servants were his? Perhaps the villagers would curtsy to him? The adventure seemed to him no less amazing than one from *The Arabian Nights*.

A few miles from Nottingham the carriage entered Sherwood Forest. The Newstead toll-bar brought the travelers to a halt. In front of them stood an immense oak.

The carriage passed through a coppice or two, a pine woods, and then suddenly, at the bend of the avenue, Newstead came into the traveler's view. On the edge of a wide lake half covered with reeds, there rose the gracious Gothic shape of the abbey, gray beneath a gray sky, peaceful and perfect. Like all children endowed with great imagination, Byron had built a dream background against which he would have longed to live and reign. Newstead was more lovely than all his dreams.

### The Ruined Abbey

THE WOMEN stepped out, and the old servant, Joe Murray, approached. The inspection of the house began. May Gray's face lengthened, and Mrs. Byron began to storm. Everything was in ruins. Roofs, walls, floors — nothing had been repaired for years and years. The dirt and disorder were beyond belief. The servants excused themselves by describing the follies of the old Lord Byron, and the boy listened intently. The story of this old misanthrope's way of life set unknown chords vibrating within him. "He always went armed, a pistol in each pocket." How well the child understood that! In his schoolboy battles the weakness of his legs made him always apprehensive of being betrayed by his physique; but the pistol was his weapon, the very thing to redress the balance between himself and the strong. From the age of seven he himself had been just the same, had carried toy pistols in his pockets. The story of the Chaworth duel — "Shortening his sword, he ran him through" — there, that was just right. The old man pointed out the great avenue, the Bridal Path, which led over to Annesley, the Chaworth's home. Then he told about the crickets: "After his lordship died, they left Newstead in such quantities that the hall was black with them, and we trod on them by the hundred. . . ." Yes, the crickets had lost their master — the strange satanic wizard who drilled them with flicks of straw; and doubtless they had departed to seek some other evil genius. How sinister, how beautiful this family was! And it was his! As he listened to the old servant and walked through the rooms — "This is a haunted room; a black-hooded monk is seen sometimes. . . . And here was their refectory, here the kitchen. . . . This Saracen's head carved on the wall is a relic of Robert Byron, who died on the crusade. . . ." — he took possession of that heritage more real than fields and houses, more important than gray eyes and coppery hair — the picture that a man fashions of his ancestors.

This first contact attached Byron to New-



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stead as firmly as to Mary Duff. In old Murray's company he explored the vaulted passages and lacework cloisters, the avenues, brooks, and springs. He planted an acorn in the soil, saying that the tree would be "his" oak. He would gladly have stayed forever in this enchanted inheritance, but Mrs. Byron had seen the impossibility of living in a ruin. To restore the abbey was no easy matter. The fortune of Byron, a peer of England and a minor, would be administered by the Court of Chancery; his mother would not be able to undertake any great expenditure; and in any case, the fortune was in land, not in ready money. Until the accounts were audited, Mrs. Byron, although the young lord's mother, had only her one hundred and fifty pounds to live on. She selected as her son's representative the London attorney, Hanson, who had formerly befriended her at the time of her confinement, and after a few days left Newstead to settle at Nottingham.

She lodged in a dark, narrow street in the upper part of the town, near the castle. The small apartments were no better than those she had left in Aberdeen. To the child this was a sad blow; the fairy-tale palace was shrinking to a pumpkin, and in this unfamiliar town he was more unhappy than in Scotland. Mrs. Byron had to make several journeys to London in an attempt to procure the grant of a royal pension during her son's minority, and she left him behind at Nottingham in May Gray's care.

### A Servant's Neglect

But May Gray was unworthy of the trust. Hanson came down from London to see his young lordship, his client, and took an immediate fancy to the child. He questioned the neighbors, and what he heard left him indignant. "I assure you, Madam," he wrote to Mrs. Byron, "I should not have taken the liberty to have interfered in your domestic arrangements, had I not thought it absolutely necessary to apprize you of the proceedings of your Servant, Mrs. Gray; her conduct towards your son while at Nottingham was shocking, and I was persuaded you needed but a hint of it to dismiss her. . . . My honourable little companion, tho' disposed to retain his feelings, could not refrain, from the harsh usage he had received at her hands, from complaining to me, and such is his dread of the Woman that I really believe he would forego the satisfaction of seeing you if he thought he was to meet her again. He told me that she was perpetually beating him, and that his bones sometimes ached from it; that she brought all sorts of Company of the very lowest Description into his apartments; that she was out late at nights, and she would take the Chaise-boys into the Chaise with her, and stopped at every little Ale-house to drink with them. . . . And I should be mortified in the highest degree to see the honourable feelings of my little fellow exposed to insult by the inordinate Indiscretions of any Servant. He has Ability and a quickness of Conception, and a correct Discrimination that is seldom seen in a youth, and he is a fit associate of men, and choice must be the Company that is selected for him."

Hanson was right. Little Lord Byron had mental powers very rare in a child of his age. A difficult life will often hasten the growth of intelligence. A happy child simply lives and accepts the truth from its parents; but a child brought up in the din of quarreling passes judgment on its parents and builds up its own image of the world — often a harsh one. May Gray had told him that the wicked are delivered into everlasting fires; if she had really believed it, would she herself have dared to live the life she did? No doubt the whole thing was a lie — a lie for grown-ups. Or was May Gray perhaps like Cain, damned from the beginning? If so, chaise-boys and alehouses could make no difference. But then God was surely unjust? What could one believe? Why did he, in his innocence, suffer? Since he had become Lord Byron, his mother was less patient than ever at the sight of his lameness. She had been recommended to try a Nottingham quack named Lavender, and had entrusted the ailing lad to his care. Lavender was a brute. His treatment consisted solely of forcibly twisting the child's hapless foot and screwing it tightly in some wooden contrivance. Byron was then taking Latin lessons from an American, Mr. Rogers; and this worthy man was pained by the sight of the agonized expression on his pupil's little face as they read their Virgil and Cicero together. It was caused by Lavender's instruments of torture. "It makes me uncomfortable, my lord, to see you sitting there in such pain as I *know* you must be suffering." "Never



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mind, Mr. Rogers, you shall not see any signs of it in *me*."

Like Hanson, Rogers had instantly become very fond of this plucky child. It was no common thing to find a ten-year-old pupil asking for the number of his lessons to be increased. "Mr. Rogers," wrote Byron to his mother, "could attend me every night at a separate hour from the Miss Parkynses. . . . I recommend this to you because, if some plan of this kind is not adopted, I shall be called, or rather branded with the name of dunce, which you know I could never bear. I beg you will consider this plan seriously and I will lend it all the assistance in my power." The neighbors were also pained to see this glowing young creature handed over to the mercies of May Gray and Lavender. The latter, during the visits for treatment, enjoyed the joke of sending the young lord to fetch him his beer, and Nottingham was scandalized at the sight of the master of Newstead limping through the streets, carrying with all possible caution (for he dreaded a beating) the quack doctor's pint of beer.

Yet he retained his gayety; even against his tormentor his revenge took a humorous form. Lavender was a pompous ignoramus, but pretended to a knowledge of all languages. The boy scribbled all the letters of the alphabet on a scrap of paper, arranging them haphazard in the semblance of sentences, and then laid this script before the conceited bully. What language was this, he asked. "Italian," answered the charlatan. And Byron burst into triumphant laughter. Impostors! That was what Lavender and May Gray were! Hatred of hypocrisy became one of his strongest sentiments.

In the end Mrs. Byron obtained a Civil List pension of three hundred pounds a year, which would enable her to live in London. John Hanson looked round for a school for Byron and fixed on Dr. Glennie's Academy at Dulwich; he also succeeded in persuading Byron's cousin, Lord Carlisle (whose mother was a sister of the vice-admiral), to become the boy's guardian. In his youth the Earl of Carlisle had been a prodigious dandy, who made the journey to Lyons just to buy embroidered silk waistcoats. He had published some verse, odes, and tragedies; and then, having married, he had embarked on a serious political career and become Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Had Mrs. Byron been other than she was, he might have been a devoted guardian of the child. But the very first encounter of this great gentleman of elegance and refinement with that noisy, irritable, slightly ridiculous woman sufficed to set the tone of their future relations. Mrs. Byron found Lord Carlisle haughty and affected, and labeled him as one of her "enemies," while the noble earl regretted his kindly step and resolved to see as little as possible of this woman who smelt of whisky, dressed badly, and spoke with a crude accent.

### "Your Mother Is a Fool"

Dr. Glennie, Byron's new instructor, was likewise quick to feel the consequences of Mrs. Byron's humor. Like all who were brought into contact with Lord Byron, he too had instantly felt for him a blend of affection and respect. He admired this crippled boy who tried so bravely to rival the sturdiest boys of the school in athletic pursuits. He enjoyed talking with him, for few children of his age were so well-read. He found originality in him. The boy recited verses and was familiar



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with almost all the poets; and on Sundays he would speak of the Bible with such lively zest that the book was manifestly a friend to him. The other boys at school liked him well enough, but they sometimes called him "the Old English baron," because he spoke rather too frequently of his title, and they laughed when they saw that stout woman with her brawny arms arriving for a bawling argument with Dr. Glennie. "Byron," said the most venturesome among them, "your mother is a fool." And gloomily he answered, "I know it."

But she loved her son in her own way; and possibly Lord Carlisle and Dr. Glennie would have realized this extenuating circumstance had they observed her with a more indulgent eye. Perhaps they would have noted her courage in penury and her generosity when generosity was possible; but she irritated them so much that they had no wish to probe her more deeply. They judged her vulgar — but she was also extravagant. One Saturday, without warning, she bore her son home and kept him indoors, in defiance of all proper usage. Dr. Glennie complained to Lord Carlisle, who made one attempt at intervention but only got his first taste of the Gordon furies, and wrote to the schoolmaster: "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron. You must now manage her as you can."

The opinions of his masters and companions strengthened a sentiment in Byron which had long ago been born of his own observations — namely, a fierce and silent scorn for his mother. Yes, he reflected, she was a fool. He felt responsible for her and bore her a grudge for not being a possible recipient for a tenderness which he knew would be in vain. In his younger days he had feared her. Now he stood up to her. When a passion seized her, she would chase him through the whole house; and the tragic and comic were strangely blended in the spectacle of this squat gnome pursuing that lovely, limping angel.

Color was given to the holidays by a fresh love, childish and heartfelt, for Margaret Parker, a cousin — "one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings." She was a slip of a girl, thirteen years old, whose dark eyes, long eyelashes, and Grecian cast of feature Byron was never to forget. "I do not recollect scarcely anything equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — all beauty and peace. My passion had its usual effects upon me — I could not sleep — I could not eat — I could not rest." He tried to write verses for her. In his eyes she seemed the incarnation of a divine gentleness, a divine tenderness, for which, impelled by a deep and sure instinct, he had searched the world from childhood to find refreshment for too ardent a soul. He had found it in two children and nowhere else.

During the holidays that year, in 1801, Mrs. Byron, while staying at Cheltenham, consulted a fortune teller of some notoriety at that time — a certain Mrs. Williams. This person told her that she was the mother of a lame son, who would be twice married, his second wife being a foreigner; and the two dangerous periods of his life, she said, would be his twenty-seventh year and his thirty-seventh. This prophecy was mentioned in the child's hearing, and he was deeply impressed.

### Harrow-on-the-Hill

In 1801 it was resolved that Byron should enter one of the great public schools, as befitted his rank. Harrow was chosen, and Hanson took him there. The school was not far from London; from the hill on which its brick buildings were grouped, amid great trees, it overlooked a wide panorama of wood and stream, beyond which — invisible yet present — lay the city. To Byron, at the age of thirteen and a half, the ascent to these unfamiliar scenes was deeply impressive. Alarming legends went the rounds regarding life at the public schools, the rigor of their rules, the cruelty of the older boys. What would be the welcome of this cruel, derisive society to a lame and callow boy? No doubt he was Lord Byron, but he had been told that nobody would care a straw about that; indeed, the American ambassador had lately sent his son to Harrow "because it was the only school in which no special favor was attached to rank."

For more than fifteen years the headmaster of Harrow had been Dr. Joseph Drury — a man of about fifty, good-hearted, just, and firm, who had endowed the school with such prestige that under his rule the number of pupils was amazingly increased. Eloquent, intelligent, and even-tempered, he devoted a great part of his



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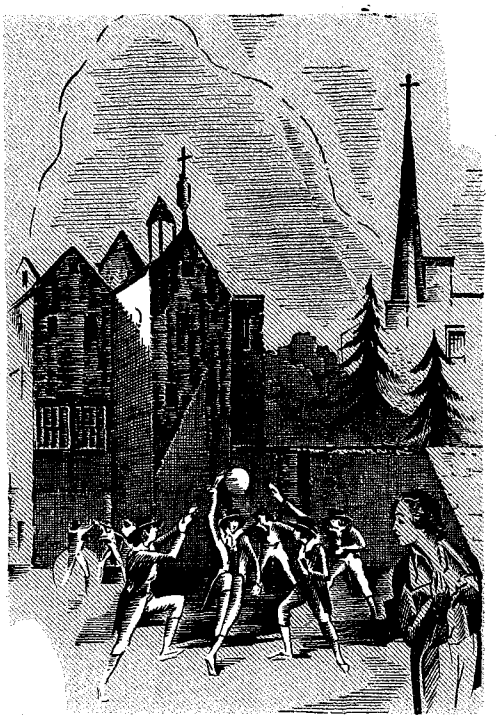
time to conversation, and even walks, with the boys. "It was a positive pleasure," noted one of them, "to be reprimanded by Dr. Drury."

Hanson introduced Byron to him, telling him that the boy's education had been neglected, but that there was a "cleverness" about him. The doctor thanked the attorney, saw him to the door, and after his departure took Byron into his study, trying to make him talk of his studies and enjoyments. "I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye." Drury was no superficial observer; he saw at once that the dominant trait in his new colt was pride, and that he was afraid lest, on account of his faulty preparation, he might be placed in a form below his age. The master gave him his word that for a time Byron would be entrusted to a teacher for private tuition, and would not be placed in a form until he could join the boys of his own age. And apparently this reassured the newcomer slightly.



His first days at school were unhappy ones. With three hundred and fifty pupils, it would have been a miracle if there had been none to tease a cripple who was naturally both truculent and proud. His legs had not improved, and he was now obliged to wear special boots which his mother had made for him by Sheldrake, the well-known London bootmaker. Sometimes he would wake up in the morning to realize that his companions were putting his heels in a basin of water — in cruel allusion to the precautions he had to take. He might, perhaps, have been able to placate his tormentors just by submission, but submissiveness was no part of his nature. A fatherless child, he had early learned to despise all authority. His mind recognized no duty of obedience to beings whose weakness he had discerned; and his pride forbade him to bow from prudence where he could not bow from respect.

Byron's first conquest at school was that of the delightful Dr. Drury. A few experiments had shown the headmaster that this young thoroughbred could be led by a silken string more easily than by a rope. He held him by the thinnest of reins, and was rewarded. Byron attached himself to his master; Dr. Drury was the first person holding authority over him whom he found to be both stern and just. And justice was something of which he stood in great need. He felt — because children, like men, always do feel these things — that Drury admired him. Lord Carlisle invited the headmaster to come and tell him of his ward. "He has talents, my lord, which will add lustre to his rank," declared the doctor. "Indeed?" said Lord Carlisle with surprise, but with no visible satisfaction.

After the master, the boys succumbed gradually to Byron's charm. It was a very complex charm, compounded first of unlimited courage in speech as in deed. There was nothing mean in this boy; he could not tell a lie. Nobody in the school rejoiced in a fight more than he. There was something chivalrous in his bearing. He had taken a fancy to a younger boy named William Harness, who was lame like himself; and seeing Harness being ill-treated by a bigger and stronger boy, he said to him: "Harness, if anyone bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can!" Robert Peel was at Harrow at this time, unhappy beneath a proud exterior. What was to be done with a child who recited Pitt's speeches and lived in a world of his own? The solemn gravity of young Peel was a temptation to teasing schoolboys, and they played practical jokes on him. One of his tyrants inflicted the bastinado on him, and as Peel was writhing beneath the raining blows, Byron came up. He was not strong enough to fight the torturer, but he asked in a voice quivering with fright and indignation, "How many stripes do you mean to inflict?"



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"Why, you little rascal, what's that to you?" answered the other.

"Because, if you please," said Byron, "I would take half!"

The Harrow boys were good judges of character, and after a year recognized that this companion of theirs was of metal unalloyed. He liked games and longed to excel in them in spite of his physical inferiority. He particularly enjoyed swimming and diving; in the water his infirmity ceased to be a handicap. Naturally brave and rebellious, he was soon the inspiring force in all perilous adventures. At times the mountain colt strained his silken thread almost to the breaking point. When, after one of these pranks, he saw Dr. Drury looking sadly toward him, he was pained, for he was fond of his headmaster. But it was something stronger than himself; his hand, like that of one of his Scottish ancestors long ago, had "an evil turn in it." Sometimes he was himself amazed by the actions he had just committed. A rush of blood had surged up and he had hit out. How could he help it? He was Byron.

## Graveyards Preferred

THAT FIRST YEAR of school had not been very happy; at the beginning Byron had given pain and had been pained. But his infirmity itself helped to make him a personage of note, one whom the masters did not confound with the rank and file of the boys. He tired quickly and was of a dreamy character — both traits which made him frequently seek solitude. And they saw him climbing, with a book under his arm, toward the church in its narrow surrounding graveyard on the top of Harrow Hill. There was a grave there beneath a great tree, the tomb of an unknown man, John Peachey by name; and on that stone, sheltered by the branches of an elm, Byron used to sit. From her window, Dr. Drury's wife used to watch him limping painfully as he climbed the stony path of the graveyard. "There goes Byron," she would say, "struggling up the hill like a ship in a storm without rudder or compass."

The sentiment that drove Byron thus perpetually toward the graveyard was somewhat complex. He was troubled by the idea of death. Terrified in childhood by so many accounts of Hell, he preferred to picture the dead as entering on a dreamless sleep in just such tranquil corners as this one, under pale leafage stirring softly in the breeze. He had lately learned of the death of his fair cousin, Margaret Parker, who had died at fifteen — she whom he had called "most beautiful of evanescent beings." He thought of her dark eyes, her long lashes. Had they really laid that frail body in a coffin and buried it in the earth — that body he had gazed on so happily? The bitter sweetness of these despairing thoughts astonished him. His reverie took form in rhyming phrases —

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Not worth nor beauty have her life redeem'd.

The boys passing that way used to point to Byron in the distance, sitting there on "his" tomb. He knew the astonishment he aroused, and knew that astonishment always borders on admiration. There was coquetry in his sadness.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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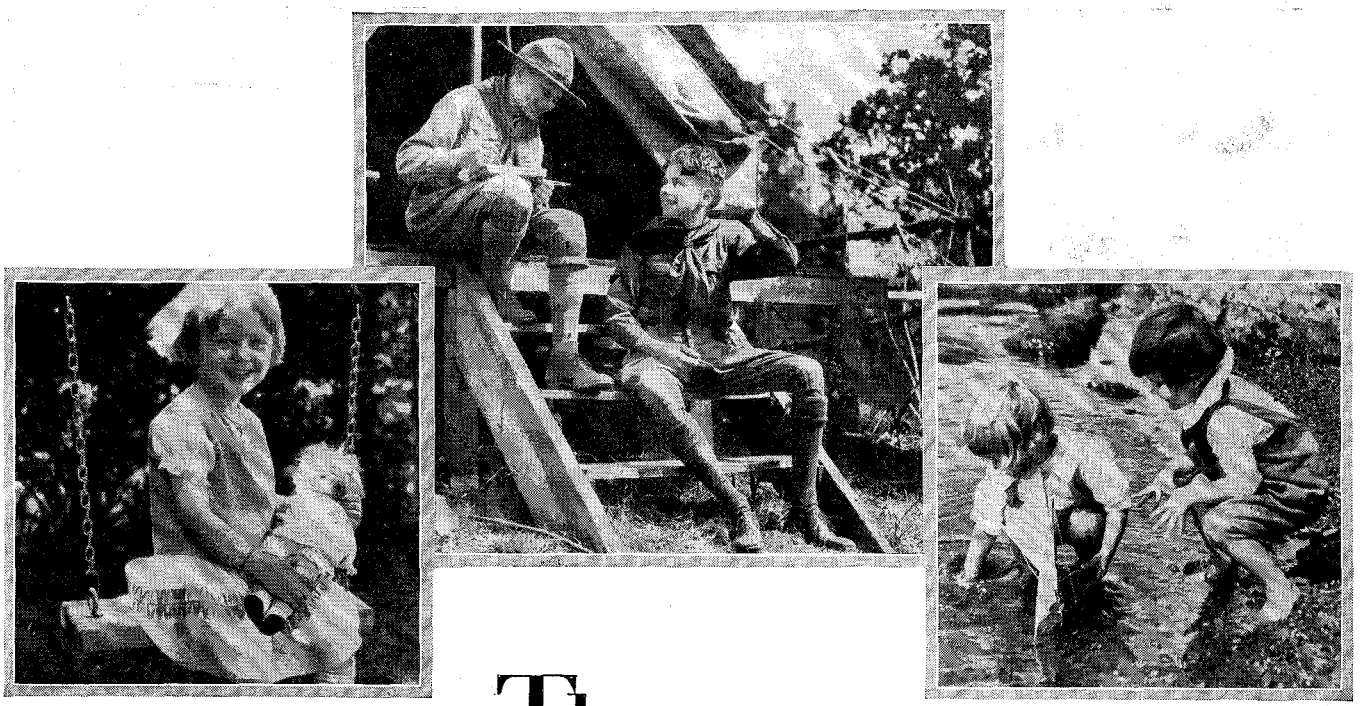

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# TRAVEL

## Travel at Home

*by* **HENRY GODDARD LEACH**

To boot, to saddle, to horse and away! Although I am contented enough on my holiday identifying red and yellow fungi in the Adirondack woods, there is one man whose summer I envy more than all others; that is desert-tanned Roy Chapman Andrews, out in Mongolia searching for the bones of prehistoric man above his nests of dinosaur eggs. After Andrews those I envy most this late summer season are not our wearied tourists in Europe but those Hundred-Per-Centers who have saddled native cayuses to visit our own American primitives and to watch the religious dances in New Mexico and Arizona. "Pilgrims," my cowboy friend, "Texas" Wood, calls them, in contrast to "tourists," who travel in Fords.

About the time these words appear in print all the scattered ancient nation of Acoma will reassemble on the ancestral mountain made holy by Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop;* fires will be lit within the pueblos of Zuñi; five nations will congregate in Gallup to display their pageantry to the "Americans"; the intricate sand-paintings of the Navajos will have been completed and swept into the oblivion that awaits symphonies and all abstract beauty; and last but not least, the Hopi will dance with their snakes in a religious ecstasy as sublime as the most elaborate Roman ritual.

To boot, to saddle, to horse, and to New Mexico. Last year my wife and I were among the pilgrims to America's pagan shrines. The comfort-loving "Santa Fé" delivered us after a last train breakfast of mountain trout *à la Harvey*. We made our headquarters at Alcalde — fifty miles north of Santa Fé, near a ford across the Rio Grande, and a few miles from the site of the first capital (1595) of the Spanish Adelantado of New Mexico. We did not go on a "pack" trip that year, but alternated days in the saddle with days visiting distant pueblos by automobile.

Alcalde is midway between the snow ranges of Sangre de Cristo and the Jemez. The village is a community of the Penitential Brotherhood (*Los Hermanos Penitentes*). Yes, these also are Americans. One evening we watched these Penitentes march into their nonconformist church to the weird pipe of the *peyto* and a chant. The door was open and we tiptoed near it and in a huddled group looked in at the saints' images, the candles, and the service. "This way, please," whispered our Texas cowboy guide with almost sacerdotal reverence. "If you really want to go into the church, I will go with you, but if you do, you must kneel on the floor."

We stayed outside in the shadows. Presently the Penitentes came out of the church again — backed out, facing the altar. Again the weird *peyto*, and the march back to the Morado, and the swish-

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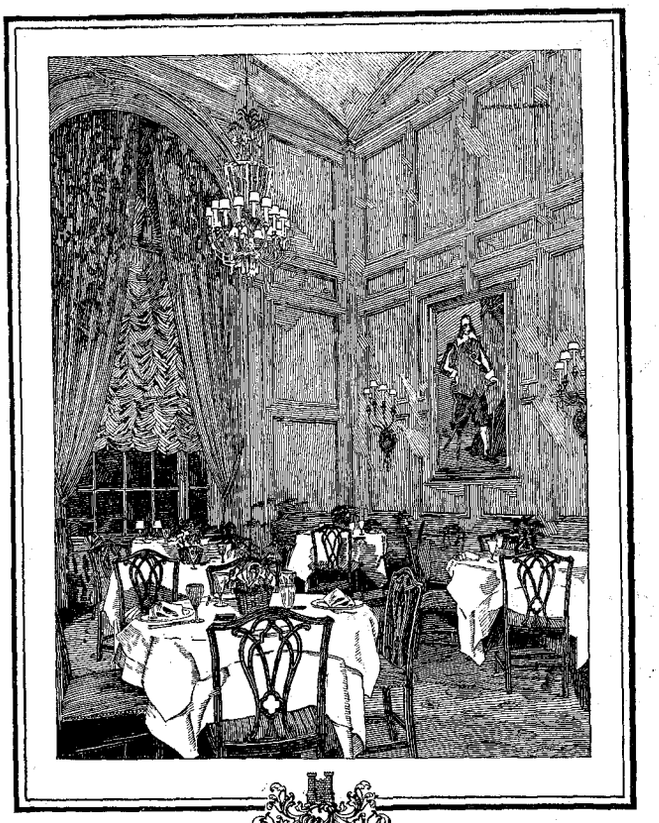

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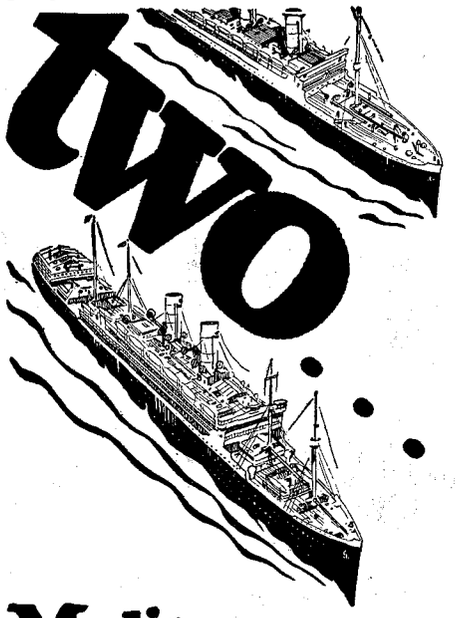

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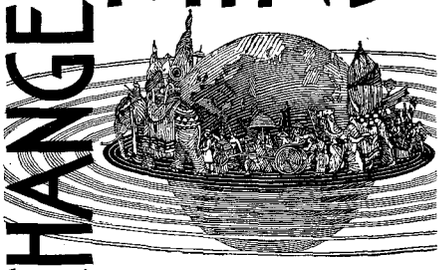
## Travel

ing of whips on bare backs, practicing perhaps for the vigorous hours of flagellation inside the adobe temple of mysteries. Those of the ranch who waited up for the later watches of the night no doubt saw strange happenings outside the Morado and the placing of the wooden crucifixes along the trail which we passed on horseback in the morning. Last year an Alcalde boy died of his self-inflicted wounds.

There are no painted Jezebels on the streets of Alcalde, no windows opening on clicking typewriters, no subscribers to THE FORUM. These mestizos may be as "different" as some other Americans, but they do not jeer or leer when you pass them. They are polite without being obsequious. They are calm and exhibit other kindly virtues salubrious for the American character. One cannot live long at San Gabriel Ranch with the Penitentes all about one and the San Juan Indians coming in from their reservation three miles away, composed and smiling, and with the manly, helpful Texas cowboys, polite over all our "dudish" folly, without becoming more tolerant, without realizing how many kinds of us it takes to make America. My Nordic superiority complex seems petty in this country inhabited by the colorful, bronzed descendants of cliff dwellers and men whose Spanish-Catholic ancestors settled the Rio Grande a century before my vaunted Protestant forebears colonized Massachusetts Bay. Yankee prejudices are quickly burned away under the ultra-violet sun of our Amerindian Southwest.

IN THE course of our motor excursions out of Alcalde, we came to San Ildefonso Pueblo where, in the company of Arthur Davison Ficke, the poet, and his wife, we saw the corn dances which happened to be given on that day. Some fifteen pairs of young people danced themselves — always in perfect rhythm — to the verge of exhaustion. If females could be fertilized by dancing, San Ildefonso was assured not only of a good corn crop, but also of a lusty progeny. The costumes outdid those of Mr. Ziegfeld's young ladies. The men wore spruce boughs on their shoulders and "turtles" on their legs. Ficke and I discussed the possibility of bringing the fat but agile Agapita — one of the two clowns or "delight makers" — to New York and putting him on for one performance at the Hippodrome, where, as an Indian Will Rogers, he could imitate the pompous ways of white people. We watched him here in the open, surrounded by whites


# CHANGE YOUR MIND



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from Alcalde and Santa Fé and visiting Indians from Santa Clara and San Juan.

Our motor trip to Ácoma was a complement to Miss Cather's vivid chapter on Ácoma and Friar Balthazar. En route we passed the populated pueblos of Santo Domingo, Isleta, and Laguna. Laguna was a dazzle of sunlight and red costumes almost translucent against the violet grays of adobe and the near white of the powdered dust. In the cool interior of the ancient church we saw a rich collection of old Santos and over the Christian panels on the altar-piece an equally sacred panel of the Indian sun and moon. Recently, however, the sacred turtles were removed from the wall of the nave; doubtless sun and moon will follow. Laguna, on the automobile road, is becoming commercial and degenerate.

Not so Ácoma, which is off the beaten track. Before the tourist reaches the mesa of Ácoma he passes the Enchanted Mesa, a deserted prehistoric home of the Ácomas. Lummis and Cather and other writers have retold the tradition, how the Ácomas from this flat-domed mountain were in the fields when a terrible storm arose. When they returned to the mesa they found that the bouldered incline by which they and their ancestors had gone and come to the table of dwellings four hundred feet above the plain was torn away. From the cliff came the groans of the aged and the sick. But they could not help them. Sorrowing they took up their residence on the neighboring mesa now called Ácoma. From that day no Ácoma will sleep near the Enchanted Mesa. For long it was supposed to be unscaleable; Professor Libbey first ascended it by use of a ship life buoy shot over the ledges, and Mr. Lummis by extension ladders.

We approached Ácoma repeating the tapestried prose of Willa Cather's novel. In intricate design, Miss Cather's descriptions are as calm and elaborate as the great Navajo sand-painting rug I saw exhibited in Gallup; three squaws took three years to do the weaving, which was preceded by a tribal dance and their personal purification.

We went up the dizzy rock trail, testing the prehistoric finger holds. We were followed by an Ácoma squaw, carrying a baby on her back and trying to sell her turquoise necklace to my wife. Somewhat winded, we reached the summit and the apparently deserted city rising in tiers of houses — some on three levels — of brick and adobe, with windows paned with pre-Spanish mica. The city was built to house two thousand, but to-day only one hundred sleep there, for, confident of the peaceful protection of Uncle Sam, they no longer guard the ascent but go ten miles across the long mesa to the north and till their fertile farms on the Rio San José. The mountain city seemed awful with the hush of history and pre-history, the ghosts of scores of Spaniards and thousands of slain Ácomas. One would shiver here with an eerie chill on the hottest day of the year.

Then suddenly and silently we were surrounded by human rock tortoises — bronzed Ácoma women and children, laughing weird prehistoric laughter and yet offering their brightly patterned pottery and turquoise necklaces. The governor's daughter stepped forward. The governor himself lived far away in Acomita, and she had been left behind to collect tribute from visitors. She handed me a statement signed by her father; one dollar a head she demanded for trespassing, five dollars for taking photographs. She was a modern Pocahontas; she did not smile as the other women, but drooped her lashes half in disdain, half in injured pride at performing this office of petty tax collector.

Presently the women vanished as mysteriously as they appeared; only a wizened old man guarded the silent city. But as we descended the sand trail, we heard laughter behind us, and looking back up against the blue sky we saw four women in gay shawls perched on a boulder. They laughed as we went down but when we looked back again they were gone. The citadel of Ácoma was silent.

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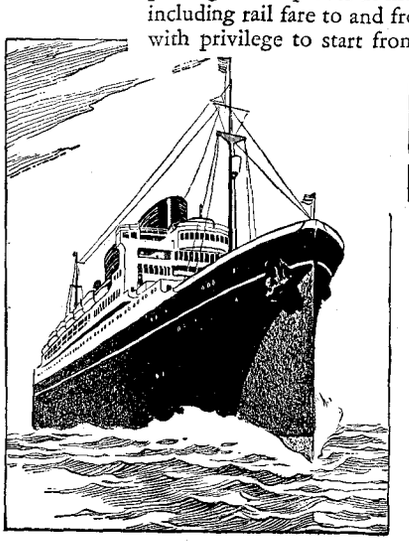

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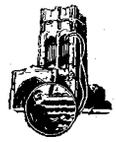

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# Business is CHANGING

*by* **DONALD REA HANSON**

SOMEONE once remarked that the United States was a nation of economic illiterates. In view of the recent remarkable changes in business philosophy and financial policies it would seem nearer the truth to say that this is a nation of economic iconoclasts. Many of the pet theories of economists and principles of business which have guided the policies of corporations for decades have been smashed with impunity by the modernists in business.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for investors to judge what is sound policy for the present on the basis of what proved to be sound policy in the past. Those who have followed far-sighted executives who have not been hindered by economic theory, have profited materially, while those who scoffed and clung to the old principles have missed many opportunities. It is not our purpose here to say which of the new schools is the sounder from the standpoint of the investor, but rather to illustrate a few of the remarkable policies that have been successfully set in motion.

## FORD'S REVOLUTION

IN NO industry have old-fashioned concepts of business management been shattered more ruthlessly or successfully than in the automobile industry. In the breaking of traditions Henry Ford has been the leader. Some fifteen years ago he startled the business world by putting into effect the policy of paying a minimum wage of five dollars a day. At that time five dollars a day was well above the wage scale in most trades and represented an addition to the cost of production of Ford cars which many believed would prove disastrous to Mr. Ford. But Ford soon demonstrated that high wages, apart from the advertising value of this experiment, really produced high returns in efficient plant operation, reduction in labor turnover, and absence of labor troubles. The old theory was that wages must be kept down to the lowest point possible, in order that the labor item, in the cost of production, might permit a low selling price and a consequent advantage over competitors.

This theory was never more widely advocated than shortly after the drastic deflation of 1920. While industry was in the doldrums it was a common saying in business circles that business could not show improvement until "labor was liquidated," the supposition being that wages would be deflated in much the same way that commodity prices were deflated at that time. But this liquidation never developed on a scale comparable with that of commodity prices. Some wage reductions were effected, but labor retained a large share of the advance that was attained during the industrial activity which accompanied the war.

About this time other leaders in American industry began to wonder whether there was not something wrong with the old theory that low labor costs were necessary to prosperity. One of the first to give voice to a new view of the problem was Eugene G. Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. In a widely quoted article which appeared five or six years ago Mr. Grace argued that high wages were necessary to the maintenance of prosperity. In substance, he said that by improving standards of living among employees and increasing their purchasing power, it became possible for them to satisfy a desire for more goods, that commodities formerly beyond the limits of their pocketbooks would be purchased, more money would get into circulation, and accordingly activity in industry as a whole would be stimulated. The policy now seems to be followed so generally by captains of industry that it is difficult to believe that less than a decade ago such a program was deemed extremely radical.

## SHORTER DAYS

THEN followed the demand for an eight-hour day in the steel industry. Many of the leaders in the industry were convinced that if the working day were cut from twelve hours to eight it could only mean an increase in the cost of producing

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*Mr. Gene C. Gould, President of the San Juan County Bank, Friday Harbor, Wash., is a banker held in high esteem by his community. His father was President of the San Juan County Bank before him.*

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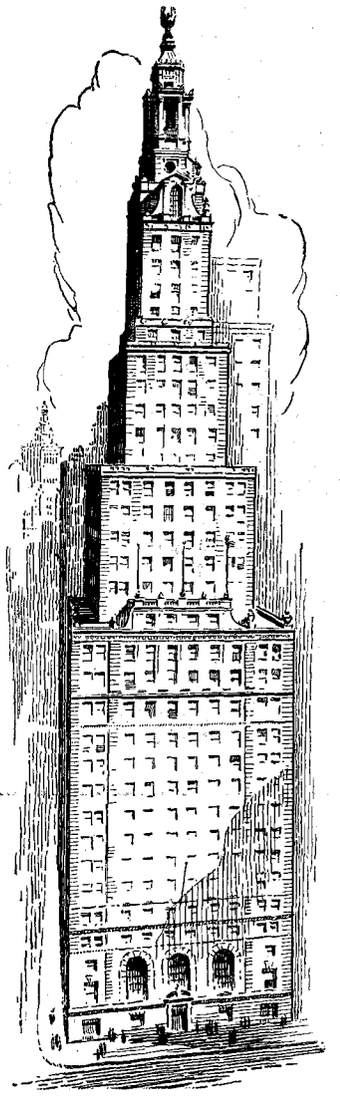

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## Downtown

steel. The late Judge Gary, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, was long convinced that an eight-hour day in the industry would lower, instead of increase, the cost of production, but he hesitated to lead the movement toward the shorter day for fear that the experiment might not justify his private opinion. Six years ago, however, the eight-hour day was adopted, without a proportionate reduction in the daily wage. The slight initial cost in steel production was readily absorbed, and it began to be evident that there were many collateral advantages. As expected, the rise in the standard of living was reflected in a greater purchasing power. Efficiency was increased. The cumulative fatigue which a twelve-hour day imposed upon employees was banished. Production per man per hour was increased. Profits in the steel industry began to grow, and this year a record-breaking production of steel has been achieved, far exceeding even that of the war years, which, a decade ago, nobody expected to see duplicated within a decade.

### SHORTER WEEKS

TEN YEARS ago Wall Street was greatly disturbed by the proposal of an ultra-radical labor agitator that the coal mining industry be put upon a five-day week and an eight-hour day. There were other agitators who insisted that a five-day week should be the rule for all industry. Most conservatives stood aghast at such proposals, for they violated every principle of the old-fashioned industrialist, who believed in hard work — especially for the laboring man.

Less than three years ago Henry Ford indicated his support of the five-day week theory by putting it into effect in all his factories. It does not appear that Mr. Ford was influenced particularly by sentiment or by labor union pressure. On the contrary, it is easy to believe that he was actuated by the conviction that the short week would produce tangible and desirable results on the income sheet. But his reasoning was ingenious. The chief argument was that the working man needed leisure. Having leisure time, Mr. Ford contended, he would have time to spend money. Spending money would put it into circulation, help one business or another, tend to swell the cumulative expenditures, and facilitate prosperity. Manufacturers began to ask themselves whether it was worth while, after all, to open shops for a half day Saturday, and many insisted that economies were possible in cutting it out. Now 30 per cent of the workers in the automobile industry are on a five-day week. About 15 per cent of the workers in the building trades are on a short week voluntarily, and during

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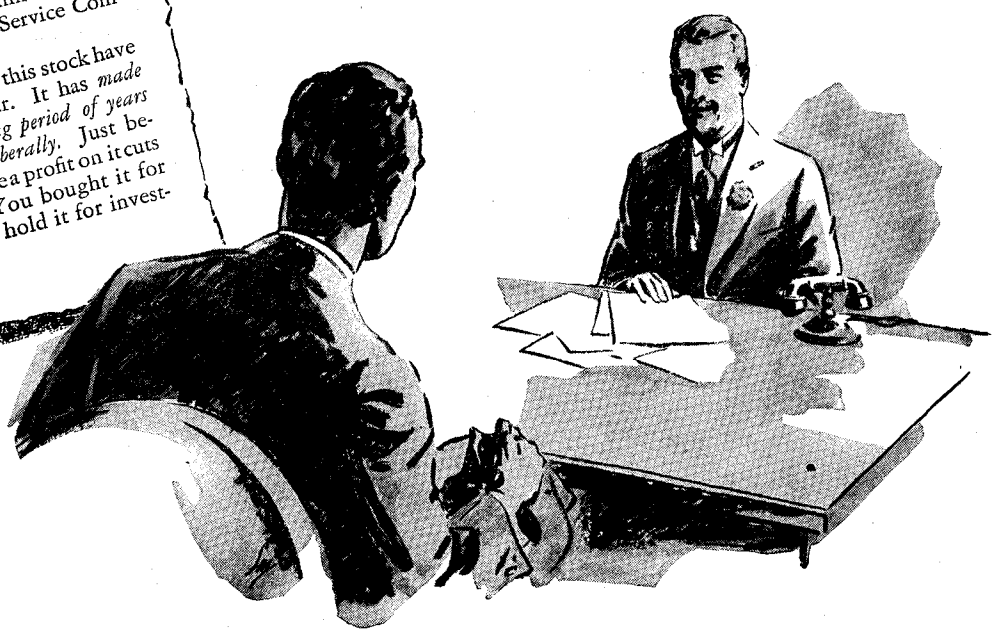
# "What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

*Question*—"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

*Answer*—"We think very well indeed of Cities Service Common stock.

"The holders of this stock have nothing to fear. It has *made good over a long period of years and it pays liberally.* Just because you have a profit on it cuts no figure. You bought it for investment; hold it for investment."

The above clipping is from one of America's great dailies and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished on request.



# "It pays liberally . . hold it for investment"

## *answered this authority*

WHEN an investment editor gives his opinion of the character of a security, he measures it first by its *management* and then by its record of *earnings.*

When management and earnings have successfully withstood the test of time—have been tried in good times and bad—then the appraiser of an investment security knows that he can give it his unqualified approval. He also knows that, even though the market value of the stock has increased, it is wiser to hold for investment than to sell for immediate profit.

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the current summer several of the largest industries, including the General Electric Company, have adopted the five-day week as an experiment, with a view to determining the economic advantages of the plan as a regular practice.

### EXCESS PRODUCTION

ONE OF the popular criticisms of American industry after the war was that there was too much excess capacity, then standing in the form of idle machinery and closed plants. The pessimists insisted that industry could never revive with so much idle plant eating the heart out of balance sheets through depreciation and the cost of hiring watchmen and labor for the care of idle machinery. Now E. J. Kulas, president of the Otis Steel Company, comes forward with a new theory. Commodity shortages, he says, cause saturation. They result in unstable prices, consequent curtailment of consumption, and instability in business. The new idea which Mr. Kulas offers is to keep supply just ahead of consumption, in order that there shall be no more shortages. In order to keep prices down and reduce inventories all along the line, from the producer to the retailer and consumer, excess plant capacity is necessary. In his own experience, he declares that excess capacity prevented a breakdown in production and a consequent loss of business. It gave his company an opportunity to go after more business, and it also allowed his officials to devote more time to experiment, improvement of old products, and the development of new ones.

Time and again new ideas such as these have flown in the face of established theories and proved successful. While the automobile industry was fearful of overproduction in 1926, one of the largest producers, the Hudson Motor Car Company, spurred its market to greater and greater heights by increasing production. Had its officers been fettered by tradition they would have curtailed output on the theory that a reduced supply would sustain prices. Instead they were able to cut costs by increasing production. Then they lowered prices, and consequently enlarged their profits.

Now one after another the old-fashioned principles are giving way to new. Years ago high commodity prices were regarded as essential to prosperity. To-day, more often than not, leaders believe that low prices will bring greater prosperity. Three years ago installment purchases were being condemned on all sides, as certain to ruin business and bring a credit crisis. To-day installment purchases are given credit for much of the prosperity we have enjoyed since 1926. Ten years ago a common stock was considered a speculation. The only invest-

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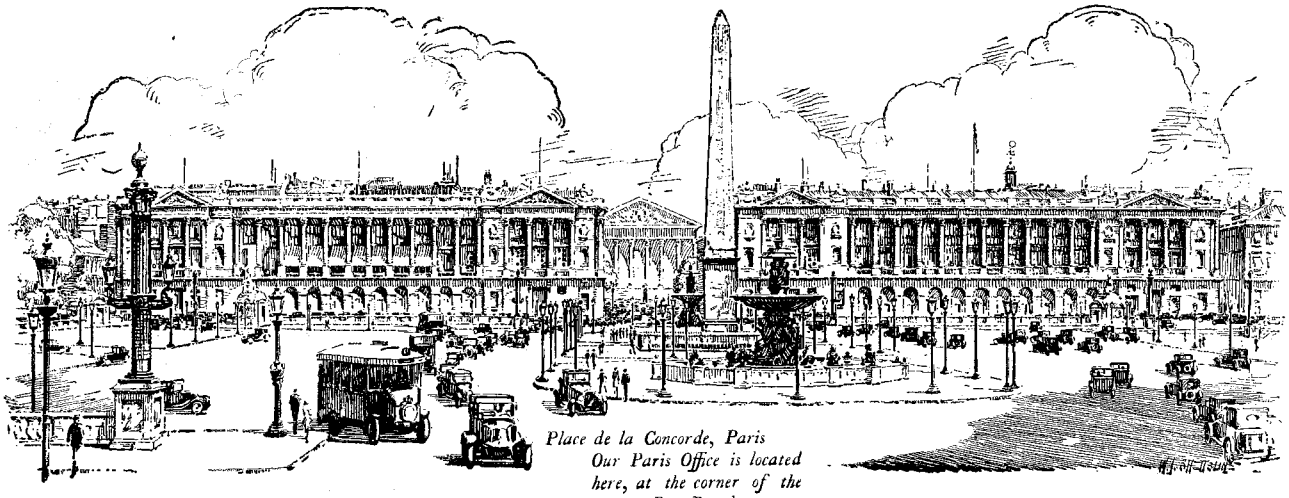

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ment then was a well secured bond. To-day the theory is that a diversified list of common stocks is the best investment possible. As a result, the bond market has been flat for two years.

For decades the professors of economics have preached the sanctity of the business cycle theory. Depression must follow prosperity; illustrations could be cited all through the pages of history, beginning with the Book of Genesis. Many of the academic observers were confident last January that industrial activity must be curtailed in the spring of 1929. Week after week passed and in June the steel industry, a dependable barometer, broke all precedents by refusing to slow down for the hot weather, going into the summer months at full tilt and slowing down only when plants had to suspend operations for repairs. Perhaps a reaction will follow this activity, but the confidence of many people in the business cycle theory has been sorely tried by the results of the past decade.

### THE NEW LENDERS

WHEN the Federal Reserve System was founded, the theory was current that reserve credit should not be made available for stock market speculation. Conditions have changed since then. Now many of the greatest industries are turning to the stock market for new money instead of borrowing from the banks. A new, powerful body of private lenders has sprung up in competition with the banks and is advancing $4,000,000,000 or more in the shape of brokers' loans. It is impossible to tell what proportion of this amount is being employed in speculation and how much is legitimately financing industry. The responsibility of the Federal Reserve Board to industry and agriculture is conceded everywhere. Now the question is: has not the Federal Reserve Board a responsibility to business which requires that nothing shall be done to discourage these advances to industry by non-banking lenders? On January 1 and July 1, when corporations temporarily withdraw funds from Wall Street, is it not legitimate to employ Federal Reserve credit to meet these temporary deficiencies?

For seven years the industrial activity and prosperity of the United States has amazed not only foreign observers, but a large proportion of the business community at home. We do not intend to imply that the riddle of perpetual prosperity has at last been solved by American industrialists, but consideration of some of the new practices and principles suggests that the basic causes are gradually becoming better understood and their application should materially assist in prolonging the present good times.

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# The New Frontier of Industry

FOR three centuries America marched west. As the frontier advanced, industries born of and nurtured by the farms and trade of new settled lands clustered in fast growing cities. In moving westward, Americans moved cityward also. Industry tended to concentrate because, among other reasons, an adequate power supply was to be had only in limited areas.

The westward and cityward movements left great gaps of scantily developed country. Thousands of small communities dot such districts. They have been mere market places—built upon the general store, not the factory. Now that the frontier no longer moves west, a new frontier is discovered in the "open spaces." Industry is steadily advancing upon the new frontier, filling in the areas between the populous centers formed during the westward sweep of settlers and railroads.

This new trail for the factory has been blazed by electric power.

Just as concentrated power distorted the distribution of industry, drawing it from the small town and countryside into the crowded cities, so diffused power is releasing industry from its metropolitan confinement. The electrified small community can accommodate the industries which look to America's new frontier for economical and logical location. And the modern motor highway and railroad have made wider markets easily accessible to the small-town factory.

The movement of electric power to the new industrial frontier is chief of the elements on which the small towns of America have built their present-day progress and prosperity.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

## Middle West Utilities Company

*The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

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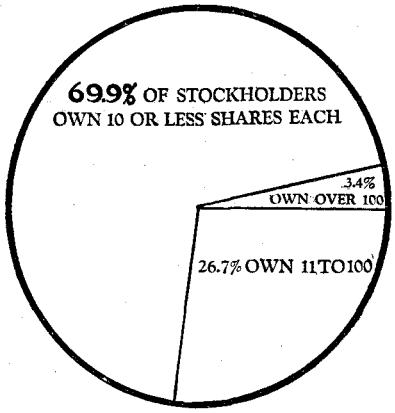


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# *Investment Literature*

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND PERSONAL TRUSTS. A booklet dealing with the various types of trusts, their application to individual needs; methods of handling estates; inheritance tax problems; and the services of the bank as executor, administrator, custodian, and guardian. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWELVE TESTS FOR INVESTMENT. A booklet particularly valuable for the inexperienced investor. It lists twelve questions which should be satisfactorily answered before purchasing any security, with the reason for each test carefully explained. It also contains a discussion of the relative merits of stocks and bonds from an investment point of view. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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### *Investment Literature*

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE. A worth-while booklet designed to assist investors in making perhaps the most important decision in their investment matters — the selection of the bond house by whose recommendations they are to be guided. Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or*

***Financial Department***
**FORUM MAGAZINE**
**441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK**


# More Profits in New York

Here are a few definite practical suggestions for increasing profits in the metropolitan territory.

*Cut your costs—*

an obvious way to increase profits. Especially worth while in so big a market. But what costs can be cut? Receiving, storing and handling goods in New York will probably cost you much less if you have Bush Distribution Service do it for you.

*Increase sales efficiency—*

let your salesmen concentrate on the job they know. Free them from the distraction of stock and delivery problems. Let Bush Distribution Service have that task, which is one they know.

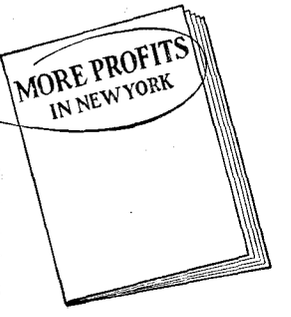
*Increase prestige and good-will for your product—*

Spot stock at Bush will do away with dealers' complaints about slow deliveries—will actually make them contented and enthusiastic over the sure, steady flow of goods as wanted.

*Guard against substitution—*

with Bush Service bringing your product to them promptly and surely, dealers will not substitute to your disadvantage. Perhaps your goods will be substituted for competing products when yours are always in stock.

*How to get*




A booklet telling how other manufacturers have been helped by Bush Distribution Service—just ask on your business letterhead. If you describe your product and your method of sales, this booklet will be supplemented by a Bush Service letter telling specifically what Bush can do for you.

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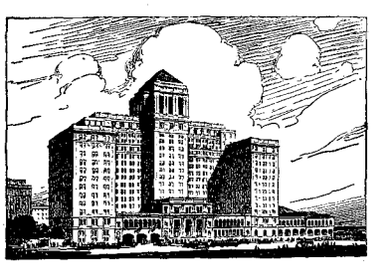

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American and European Plans
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*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

## The Next Pope

*"Some Kluxer" sent the Reverend Schwartzmeier a copy of the July Forum, directing his attention to the article "America and the Pope," by David A. Orebaugh. This is what came of it.*

Orebaugh says nothing new in his diatribe. He simply rehashes the old junk that has been doled out by ignorant preachers to half-wit Protestants (and their name is legion) for generations. Tom Heflin is a standard sample of the product of that "campaign of education."

If Heflin, Orebaugh, and yourself had a modicum of sense, you would be able to see that when Signor Mussolini settled the Roman question he opened the door for an American to fill the chair of Peter. So long as things remained as they were, it was necessary to elect only Italians to that highest dignity on earth. Now that the Vatican City is independent of all Italian control, the Cardinals in the next conclave may with perfect freedom turn their eyes to America for the next Pope.

When the sacred college meets to elect a successor to Pius XI, it would not surprise the American priesthood to see the triple crown settle on the head of Chicago's Cardinal, George William Mundelein. The Eucharistic Congress which he sponsored in 1926 gave the European Cardinals a sample of the pep that is Chicago. Nor will they forget the bounteous hospitality shown during their stay in Chicago.

Cardinal Mundelein will be a singularly happy choice for the Papacy. His outlook is cosmopolitan, and his election at the next conclave will bring to the Vatican City the best traditions of the Old World together with the "go-getter" spirit of Chicago.

REV. JOHN SCHWARTZMEIER
*Chicago*

## Those Four Years

*These readers disagree with James Truslow Adams' diagnosis of the ills of modern education.*

Having just read James Truslow Adams' article in the June FORUM, I am writing to beg you not to let it go unchallenged. As a college graduate who not only does not feel that the years have been wasted, but rather believes them the most profitable ever spent, I feel sure someone can be found to champion the cause of the modern educational system.

That the system has its faults, no fair-minded person can deny. But that Mr. Adams put his finger on any of them I seriously question. What comes out of any system depends on what goes into it. The fact that Mr. Adams could not read German or Latin, or speak French, was not the fault of the institution that graduated him. There are, among my acquaintances who progressed only as far as an A. B., those who can perform all three of the feats Mr. Adams confesses himself incapable of. Whose the fault—Mr. Adams' or the system's?

As for Europeans knowing other languages than their own, Mr. Adams has left out of consideration the fact that on a continent where a few hours' journey brings one into a "foreign" country, one learns many languages perforce. It is therefore questionable whether the school system is entirely responsible for the Europeans' linguistic fluency.

Referring to culture, Mr. Adams claims that nowhere did he come in contact with the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. As we all know, every college course is divided into subjects that must be taken and subjects that may be taken. Why didn't Mr. Adams utilize his elective hours in the pursuit of these desired cultural subjects? Again, whose the fault? (*Dorothy L. Black Jacobson, Montreal, Canada*)

### WHY BLAME THE TEACHERS?

Being a school teacher I was especially interested in what Mr. Adams had to say. For his article closes with this:

"Does it (our whole educational muddle) not also spring in part from the lack of character and of a coherent philosophy of life among those who should be

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our educational leaders? To the latter, in taxes and endowments, we are giving money reckoned in hundreds of millions. We are giving them also a hundred million years or so of the lives of our young in every generation. In exchange, what are they returning to us in national ideals and culture? It is a fair question, which I call upon them to answer."

Mr. Adams admits that the schools are under the absolute control of the political, unprofessional Boards of Education, the pragmatic taxpayer, the patriotic organizations, the reform organizations, all of the busybodies of American life in fact, but *not under the control of the school teachers*. How then can he turn upon us demanding an explanation of the breakdown of education, over which we notoriously have no control whatever?

We have no report of stewardship to make. We have nothing to do with education. We have been given no millions of dollars and no millions of hours of children's lives. These have been kept closely in the entire control of the great American public. They have made the schools they wanted and ordered the functioning of education as they saw fit. There is absolutely no appeal from the will of the public as expressed through the Boards of Education.

We resent the situation much more than Mr. Adams seems to suspect. We are a defeated profession. It is humiliating and discouraging. We should like to take over the work of education. We hope, unreasonably of course, to be able some day to do so. If and when we do, we will accept the responsibility for what we do. (*Howard Bohnet, Santa Fé, N. M.*)

### Culture for the Few

The very means he advocates for combating the utilitarian view of education is one of the prime causes of its extension. When culture is viewed as the portion of a select few having leisure and special ability, then it is sure to have an effeminate significance in the minds of the masses, and the cultural and practical will be placed in separate categories. (*C. F. Kloss, Cincinnati, Ohio*)

## What is Patriotism?

*Forum Definitions*

Three different conceptions of patriotism were evident in the definitions submitted in this contest. The first was the attitude of "jingoism," or blind patriotism — "My country right or wrong!" The second was the point of view which advocates observance of the law only so long as the individual is convinced that the law works in the best interests of his country. The third, and least frequent, view was that which holds in contempt all patriotism as an expression of egotism and selfish insularity.

In selecting the winning definitions this


# WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU *of* THE FORUM MAGAZINE

¶ Since the inauguration of the WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU a month or so ago we have had the pleasure of outlining a number of bibliographies on a wide range of topics for use in clubs programs.

¶ The discussion of present day questions of civic, social, economic, and international interest presents a very real difficulty to the inexperienced speaker. If your club has a particular subject for study the WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU will be glad to outline a course of study, a series of programs, or an individual speech.

¶ All inquiries addressed to the WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU—THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt and adequate attention. *There is no charge of any kind for such services.*

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## Our Rostrum

month we have tried to include each of these categories. The following have been awarded prizes.

1. Patriotism is that spiritual force in a man which causes him to act, and to advocate that his government act, in such a way that his country will be admired, loved, and respected by the thoughtful citizens of all countries, including his own. (*Lewis F. Gardaralli, Dorchester, Mass.*)

2. Patriotism is a love for one's country which prompts one to give the fullest allegiance and yet enables one to realize when the policy of the government is incompatible with her truest welfare, and at such a time to work against the generally accepted policy, even at the risk of persecution, striving always for her highest good and progress. (*Mildred Lacey, Johnson City, Tenn.*)

3. Patriotism — inherent love of country, expressed by devotion to its welfare, strict adherence to its laws and traditions, and constant support of its authority and interests. (*Jasper B. Sinclair, San Francisco.*)

4. Patriotism is a conviction, fostered by generations of propaganda, that the people who comprise one's nation are superior to all others, one's government the finest, one's army and navy the greatest; that other inhabitants of the earth are "foreigners" and inferior, to murder whom in warfare is a virtue, and to be killed by whom insures national immortality. (*Francis Ewing Repplier, Norwell, Mass.*)

Next: — *What is* THE GOOD LIFE? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by September 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

## Error Acknowledged

The Editors wish to call the attention of FORUM readers to two errors which slipped into the text of Mr. James Truslow Adams' article — "To 'Be' or to 'Do'" — in the June issue. Through a misapprehension of Mr. Adams' meaning and a perhaps too-Gallic passion for lucidity, our sandpapering and polishing department, which usually spends its energy dotting blind i's and crossing headless t's, changed one sentence on page 324 to read: "There (Europe), idle students are everywhere." Mr. Adams had originally written: "Idle students there are everywhere" — implying, not that Europe is overrun with idle students, but that idle students may be met with in every country. Again, on the same page, after giving a table showing the ratio of books published in several countries to units of ten thousand inhabitants, Mr. Adams had originally written: "Even such 'backward' nations, according to our ideas, as Spain, Russia, and Poland produce much more than do we." This was inadvertently changed to read: "Even such 'backward' nations . . . produce more well educated men than do we" — thus making it appear that Mr. Adams had established an absolute measuring rod for the quality of a nation's education in the quantity production of its publishing houses. This was obviously absurd, and we humbly apologize both to our author and our readers for these two perfect specimens of good intentions gone wrong with which an Editor's staff sometimes paves his hell.

## Does the World Need Religion?

*A symposium of readers' opinions concerning the subject of last month's Socratic dialogue.*

A magazine of controversy would be hard pressed if its readers were as unanimous in their opinions on all questions as they were in answering that discussed in the August FORUM by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Max Eastman, Clarence Darrow, and others. An avalanche of letters assures us that the modern world has not outgrown, and never will outgrow, the need of religion

Several of the writers differentiate between the religious spirit and theological creeds, saying that while the former will always be found in man at his best, the latter have, to a great extent, been outmoded. Thus Professor Kenneth Scott Latourette, of Yale University, prefaces his remarks by observing that the answer depends "partly on what kind of religion is meant. Some kinds the world is clearly outgrowing, or at least ought to be outgrowing — animism, for instance, and purely nationalistic cults." Percy Rector Stephens, of New York City, agrees with him, saying that "the elimination of superstition through education, and the explanation of the mysteries of natural phenomena through science, leave no place for dogmatic religion in our present-day life. The philosophy of religion, however, is, and always will be, a necessary part of man's mental and spiritual composition."

Even those who do not believe that the intelligent man's need for religion is as strong as in former times, insist with Stuart Henry, of New York, that it cannot be entirely eliminated, for it will be essential "as long as we have vast ignorant populations, as at present. To them re-

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ligion supplies solace and hope, satisfactory or beguiling, available from no other source."

The views of the vast majority of readers may be represented concisely by the opinion of Samuel T. Bledsoe, of Chicago, who says, "I do not believe the world has, will, or can outgrow the need of religion. Without religion there would be more dishonesty in business, more immorality, and less regard for our fellow men."

The following hold that religion — in its larger sense — is still necessary, but that some of its denominational manifestations have lost their former vitality: George A. Packard, Boston, Mass.; Gustave L. Becker, New York City; Ernest O. Brostrom, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. L. M. Terman, Stanford University; Dr. Harry W. Tyler, Newton Center, Mass.; Miss Amy E. Pope, San Francisco, Calif.; Dr. Joseph McFarland, Southwest Harbor, Maine; Paul L. Feiss, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. Leonidas Robinson, Bowling Green, Ky.; Brigadier General Eli L. Huggins, San Diego, Calif.; Mr. Howard Kahn, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. Eleanor L. Lord, Ogunquit, Maine; Walt Mason, La Jolla, Calif.

### Religion Indispensable to Mankind

These did not stipulate any exceptions to their view that the modern world has not outgrown the need of religion: Harrison A. Bronson, Grand Forks, N. D.; Dr. Florian Cajori, Berkeley, Calif.; Dr. Frank W. Collier, Washington, D. C.; the Honorable Lee Cruce, Ardmore, Oklahoma; Dr. George Van Ness Dearborn, New York City; E. E. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; Robert A. Elwood, Absecon, N. J.; W. Cameron Forbes, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Wilbur G. Foye, Middletown, Conn.; Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein, New York City; the Honorable John M. Garner, Washington, D. C.; Dr. George M. Gibson; John W. Hammond, Schenectady, N. Y.; Emmet [illegible]. Harte, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dr. B. C. [illegible]ening, Miami, Fla.; Dr. F. Scott Hershey, Lake Helen, Fla.; Bishop Clement Hoyler, Green Bay, Wisc.; Dr. Thomas W. Hughes, Topeka, Kansas; Dr. Oliver D. Kellogg, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. B. H. Kroeze, President of Jamestown College, Jamestown, N. D.; Roger Leavitt, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Dr. Henry W. McLaughlin, Richmond, Va.; T. A. Merrill, Washington, D. C.; Dr. George W. Muhleman, Asheville, N. C.; Dr. Francis L. Palmer, Faribault, Minn.; Dr. James Hosmer Penniman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank S. Regan, Rockford, Ill.; William H. Ridgway, Coatesville, Pa.; Alvin W. Roper, Winona Lake, Ind.; Dr. Frederick W. Sardeson, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. Spencer Smith, New York City; O. W. Smith, Oconomowoc, Wisc.; William H. Smith, Birmingham, Ala; Ormond Stone, Clifton Station, Va.; Honorable Florence E. Allen, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Heber D. Curtis, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Henry A. Griswold, New York City; M. P. Skinner, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill, Swarthmore, Pa.


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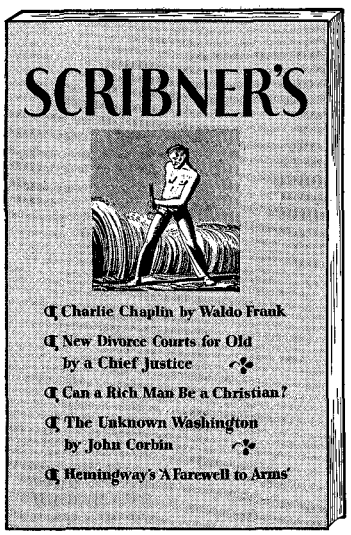
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# TOASTS

If one has children and doesn't wish them educated according to prevailing methods, the simplest alternative is to start a school of one's own. This is exactly what Bertrand Russell — best known of English philosophers, and author of *Education and the Good Life*, *Sceptical Essays*, etc. — has done. In order that their two children shall have the education they wish for them, Mr. and Mrs. Russell have founded the Beacon Hill School, in which initiative and intelligence are cultivated by avoiding unnecessary repressions and inhibitions. There are twenty children in this English school — all born between the years 1920 and 1926 — and the Russells hope to keep these same children under their care until they reach University age.

Upon his arrival in Washington in October, 1928, F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, took over the legislative work in regard to prohibition enforcement which was formerly in charge of Dr. Wayne B. Wheeler. Since then every item of the Drys' legislative program — including the Jones-Stalker Bill and the increased appropriation for enforcement — has been secured. An American United Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. McBride has long been interested in the prohibition movement and engaged in early prohibition campaigns while still active in the ministry. After his graduation from Muskingum College, Ohio, and Allegheny Theological Seminary, Dr. McBride was ordained, held various pastorates, and in 1911 entered the service of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League. He was in turn District Superintendent, Assistant State Superintendent, State Superintendent, and in 1924 was elected General Superintendent.

An Irishman, but born in Devonshire, L. A. G. Strong was headed for business, until he rebelled at the age of sixteen and went up to Oxford with a scholarship in classics. This inevitably led to the writing of verse and short stories, and after publishing two books of verse — the first, *Dublin Days*, had some success in America — Mr. Strong tried a book of short stories. That was four years ago. This fall A. and C. Boni will publish this young Englishman's first novel, *Dewer Rides*. Mr. Strong writes, "Scholastic work at Oxford has kept me going all this while and I like my double life too well to think of changing it. After being an invalid for many years, now, at thirty-three, I am able to live life in reasonable comfort."

L. A. G. Strong

Although he made a good start — grandson of a portrait painter, son of a composer, and pupil of Willa Cather in a Pittsburg high school — Norman Foerster is a bit dubious about his ending, since he has become, as a professor of literature, "part of the college circus and the graduate school mill." He is the author of two books written from a humanistic point of view — *Nature in American Literature* and *American Criticism*. Mr. Foerster became interested in these subjects through Irving Babbitt, about 1910, "at a time," he says, "when neither subject had academic respectability." From his post at the University of North Carolina, Mr. Foerster is now editing a symposium on humanism.

Mary Austin

Being a connoisseur of the fine arts, Thomas Craven has considerable knowledge of the fine art of living, gained in his travels on the open road and in the performance of all sorts of odd jobs in odd places. Just at present he is doing free lance writing and art criticism. Both the July and August issues of The Forum presented articles by Mr. Craven, the difference in subject matter emphasizing his versatility.

As President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., is the most prominent exponent of Protestantism in America. Both the microphone and his syndicated articles of daily counsel in the newspapers have made his beliefs familiar throughout the country. Aside from these activities and his work as Minister of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, Dr. Cadman finds recreation in travel and in the collecting of English china and English antique furniture.

Western Maryland College, Columbia, and Union Theological Seminary trained Theodore Darnell for his work as a Presbyterian minister. He followed this profession until five years ago. In 1925 and '26 he was head of the Department of Journalism at George School, in Pennsylvania, and since that time he has been affiliated, as Church Executive, with the Community Church of New York, of which John Haynes Holmes is the guiding spirit.

Benjamin Miller is a young American artist, whose studio is in Cincinnati. He is primarily interested in black and white drawings and wood engraving. The Philadelphia Print Club was so enthusiastic about Mr. Miller's work that they awarded him their prize for this year.

After much deliberation and consideration, Mary Austin, whom various English writers have called the most intelligent woman in America, has decided to write her autobiography, and is now at work on it in her home in Santa Fé. She is an authority on primitive literature, and has made known the drama, the poetry, and the psychology of the American Indian. She has been a frequent contributor to The Forum and leading periodicals throughout the country.

Born in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and educated in the Wilkes-Barre parochial schools and St. John's College — now Fordham University — Dr. James J. Walsh later studied medicine in this country and abroad and served for seven years as Dean of the Fordham Medical School. Early in the century Dr. Walsh wrote *The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries*, which no publisher would touch, but which, privately published, is now in its seventieth thousand. At present he is writing a life of Mother Alphonsa, Hawthorne's daughter, who organized the work of caring for the poor suffering from cancer in New York.

Only recently has Margaret Emerson Bailey turned to poetry, but her essays and short stories are well known, the latter having been listed on the roll of honor in both the O'Brien and O. Henry collections.

Hamilton Holt is known as an internationally-minded American. Now President of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, Dr. Holt has been a founder of nearly every American-European organization in existence and is equally active in all the peace movements. He was liaison officer between the American delegation and the League to enforce Peace, in 1918.

Those who have enjoyed the biographies by André Maurois — Shelley, Dickens, Disraeli, and, now, Byron — will probably be interested in knowing that his new novel, *Atmosphere of Love*, already popular in France, will be published this fall by Appleton.

R. T. H. is a young Englishman, author of one of last spring's best selling novels. Donald F. Rose appears monthly in these pages, either as book reviewer or humorist — or both.

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